THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]POST

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Garet Garrett–F. Scott Fitzgerald–Helen Topping Miller–Ben Ames Williams
Isaac F. Marcosson–Sophie Kerr–Horace M. Albright–Sidney Herschel Small

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"Right much life in that soap," says Mrs. King's Eliza ! .. "and in the children, too!" adds Mrs. King !

ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No.* 14

We heard about Eliza recently when we were going about from house to house in a pretty little Virginia town, asking women what kind of laundry soap they used. When we asked Mrs. King*, she laughed and said, "You really should talk to Eliza about her P and G Naphtha Soap."

"Eliza is your maid?" we asked, with caution.

"Eliza," said Mrs. King impressively, "is the pillar of this family. She has lived with us for ten years. She brings up the children, makes the most wonderful fried chicken and beaten biscuits, *and* hangs out the whitest clothes you ever saw."

"And she likes P and G?"

"Indeed she does. Once I asked her why she liked it. 'There's right much life in that soap,' she said. You see, she doesn't have to rub so hard to get the children's clothes clean. And they are a test of any soap—how *do* nice little children get so dirty?"

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*Of course, this is not her real name.

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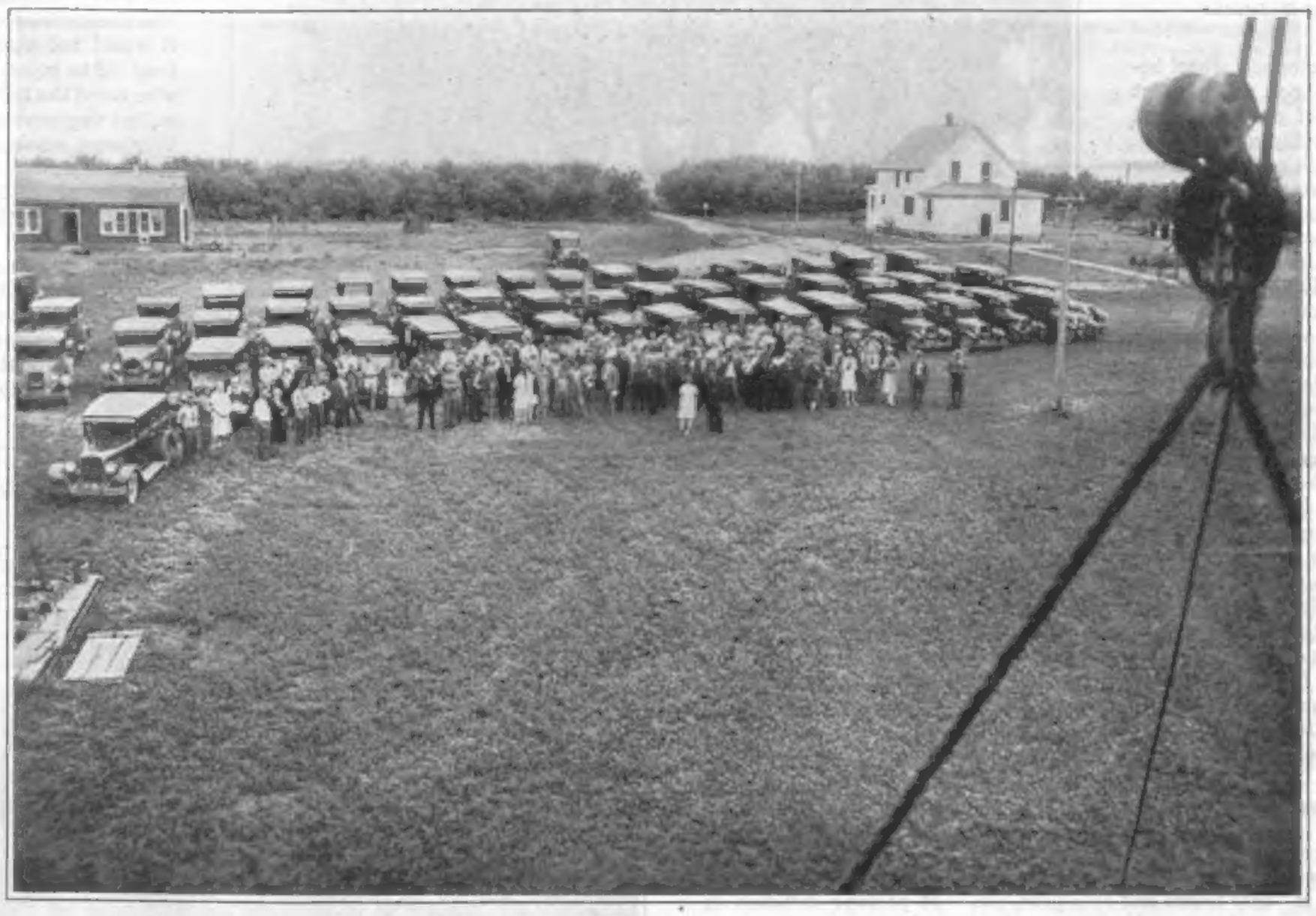
The Revolution in Agriculture

By GARET GARRETT

BY ANY way you come to even a provisional truth about the problem of American agriculture, you must pass through a bog of contradiction, wishful thinking and historical delusion. To start with a conviction of what should be is fatal, because then at every sign pointing two ways at once you will prefer the reading that turns you as you are already inclined to go.

A certain writer of unpopular economics was invited to the Northwest to see for himself how that country had come back. It was North Dakota particularly. He spent several days motoring about the state with farmers, farm managers, country bankers, merchants and others. Then they asked him what he thought of it. He said: "It is wonderful. In five years a great dairy industry appears on this wheat-sick land. Butterfat shipments threefold what they were. From running livestock on the land and better farming, the yield of grain and flax is so improved that the value of the increase alone, in five crops, may be $12,500,000 one year, a growth of one-fifth in tons of revenue freight originating in the state, life insurance sales increasing. Enough money in the overalls pockets of farmers to buy a trainload of fine imported bulls on one trip across the state. All that this suggests you have done with no luck, no benefit of magic, no incantation of law. Merely the sky over you, the soil under you, industry and hard thinking between. But as for telling the truth about it, as you seem to wish, I ask you: How shall that be done without serious prejudice to your case for farm relief?"



Northwest Farmers Interested in New Methods Now Go Once a Year on a Tour of Discovery. This is How They Descend on a New Idea

They turned it off with laughter, wanting farm relief none the less.

After a few hours with those who appear in newspaper headlines as farm chiefs, meaning persons self-appointed to lift the voice of agriculture, the Democratic candidate for President gave out a statement touching "the appalling agricultural distress."

In the last Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture you will find a page and a half devoted to "Silk substitution for cotton by farm women," and read: "Only a few years ago women's and misses' undergarments, summer dresses and stockings were practically all cotton, but today silk and rayon play a prominent part." In the same book, under Home Economics, you may read: "Accumulated facts on American food habits show that the average farm family is much better fed than the average city family of the same income level." And then: "Long-continued time studies with housewives are furnishing a very good picture of how the rural housewife is spending her time. In lightening her load, electric equipment is of great value and is becoming increasingly available."

The contradictions are of both fact and opinion and occur without end in the nature of the subject. There is no inflection in setting them typically forth. It is only to show that American agriculture is a book of many pictures. Farm women and misses as well as others should wear silk and rayon. Farm women should all have electric equipment in the kitchen. Whether or not the average farm family should be much better fed than the average city family of the same income level, one's only feeling is to regret that the city family's table is not equal.

That there is distress on the farm is true; but so also there is distress in the city. How much of it is owing to human frailty and how much to stress of economic change, and whether from either or both causes there is more of it on the farm than in the city, are questions no one can answer exactly. To speak of agriculture as a whole is very loose to begin with, and to speak of the appalling distress of agriculture, as if it were a horizontal fact, makes no sense whatever. Take one more contradiction. This is interesting because it is all in one piece from a sane, successful and thoughtful farmer. He is Roy Johnson, of North Dakota, and addressing the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, May 7, 1928, he says:

"During the last three years the Association of Standard Farm Papers has carried on a master-farmer project in various sections of the country. This consists in the rating by a competent committee of a group of men, nominated by their neighbors, on a score-card basis as to their ability and success as farmers. I am acquainted with the accomplishments of the group selected in the Northwestern territory and I want to give a few facts concerning them collectively to show how a large number of farmers, of whom they are a small representation, are progressing in spite of the problems handicapping agriculture.

"The Northwestern group selected for the year 1927 was composed of sixteen men coming from the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, South Dakota and North Dakota. All but four of these were born on the farms. They averaged fifty-two years in age. They had farmed for an average period of twenty-five years. They were all married and had an average-sized family of five children. The average size of the farms owned by them was 388 acres, which was from 50 to 100 per cent larger than the average-sized farm in their respective states. The acreage which they planted to soil-building and weed-combating crops varied from two to five times larger than that of the average farmer of the respective states. The average amount of their investment was $47,000, on which they earned not less than a 5 per cent dividend during the last five-year period.

"The standard of living which they enjoyed is shown by the following facts: Fourteen of the sixteen had water systems in their homes; thirteen had electric lights, the others having gas lights; thirteen had bathrooms; fourteen had power washing machines; and all had musical instruments, libraries and current periodicals and dailies. None

A Herd of Holsteins

of their children had stopped school before finishing high school, and at least one in every family of proper age had attended or was attending college."

Then, as himself one of these master farmers of the Northwest, he tells in detail of his methods and gives the result. The net profit has been 6.3 per cent on his capital in the past four years.

"This comparatively low earning," he says, "must cause you to wonder why men continue to stay on the farm, and I can only say it is through the love and enjoyment of an independent country life, the pleasure of rearing children on the farm, and the desire to improve and hand down what has come to them from the preceding generation. This is not an occasional experience, because my country is filled with examples of the second generation farming on the same farms formerly occupied by their fathers, or on farms near by; and from what observations I have made, this is also true of other sections of the country. Another reason why people continue to farm when the returns do not seem to warrant it is due to a paradox concerning farm profits that is often stated in this manner: The farmer is the only person who can lose money at his occupation each year, raise and educate a family, sell out in his old age and retire on the proceeds."

Lunching Out-of-Doors

One Reason for Farm Relief

HE IS doing it; he says he is representative of a large number who likewise are doing it; he knows there is no luck or mystery in it—only brains and enterprise, conditions for all alike. Nevertheless, he adds these words:

"It is possible on an income such as I have told about to enjoy in the country a standard of living comparable to that of the average town and city dweller, and it is this standard of living that the average farmer employing reasonable intelligence and diligence should be privileged to enjoy, but which at the present time is beyond his reach, and which in the main is caused by conditions that he alone, or as a group, cannot entirely remedy. It is for this reason that the problem is one of national proportions. . . . The United States is confronted with a very momentous issue, which is whether an independent agriculture, enjoying the advantages and a standard of living comparable with that of town and city dwellers, can be maintained. . . . The only alternative is that of peasant agriculture which is common in other countries and toward which we have lately been drifting."

That is to say, agriculture, as such, considered as a human occupation, must somehow be made more attractive and more profitable.

So every farmer thinks, and it is the only point at which you may say farmers think alike. But so many people think who stand outside. Business is of that opinion, for the selfish reason, if not any other, that it needs the buying power of a more prosperous agriculture. Industry is of the same opinion, and for the same reason. Chambers of commerce all over the country are urging the thought. All political platforms assert it.

This is not as it was in any time before—certainly not as in the days of the Greenback delusion, when the East defended the principle of sound money against the idea of the West that cheap money would solve the farmers' problems of debt, loss and overproduction. Then it was that East and West were opposite, and of this many bitter memories survive.

There is no such division now. Industry, with its great surplus capacity for producing goods that farmers buy, is as anxious to increase the prosperity of agriculture—which is to say, its buying power—as agriculture is to have it increased. A Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, appointed jointly by the National Industrial Conference Board and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, made a report last year on The Condition of Agriculture in the United States and Measures for its Improvement. Although it found that agriculture had largely recovered from the acute disability of postwar deflation in values and markets, nevertheless what remained, it said, was "the larger problem of achieving some sound adjustment to the deep-lying forces which over a long period of time have tended persistently to depress the relative economic position of the farmer." It came to the farmers' conclusion—to the current opinion—namely, that American agriculture must somehow be made more attractive and more profitable.

But how?

There the dispute takes off. Some are for doing it by McNary-Haugenism, which is a scheme whereby it is supposed the farmers would be able to dump their surplus products in foreign markets at a loss and then raise prices at home by as much as the tariff is. There is, for example, an import tariff of forty-two cents a bushel on wheat; but we produce an exportable surplus of wheat and for that reason the whole of the crop, inside as well as outside, sells at the world price. We are sellers of wheat, not buyers; an import tariff without imports is like a gate set in the midst of an imaginary wall. But if the exportable quantity were cut off and dumped away in foreign markets, leaving a quantity just sufficient for domestic use, and this domestic quantity could not be increased save by imports, then it is supposed you could add the tariff to the American price of wheat. Others propose to accomplish substantially the same result by a system of export bounties. This is called the debenture plan. More conservative people think the right way is to set up a Federal Farm Board, with credit and power sufficient to stabilize prices and improve the farmers' merchandising facilities.

Rooted to the Soil

GROPING for an idea or a plan that shall quicken agriculture with more prosperity, and no agreement beforehand as to what causes the ills it must be cured of, people fall into vagaries, absurd suspicions and many evils of the mind. It is easy for those who favor one plan to believe those who reject it are unsympathetic and wish to see agriculture reduced to a state of permanent inferiority in order that the cities may continue to buy their food for less than it is worth; and perhaps quite as easy for those who are clear that a certain plan will not work to believe that those who obstinately press it are insincere. The McNary-Haugenists are particularly frail. They said Mr. Coolidge was the enemy of agriculture because he vetoed their bill. But Mr. Coolidge is of their opinion, too, that agriculture ought to be made more attractive and more profitable. His reasons for rejecting the McNary-Haugen bill were principally two: First, that it was unconstitutional; and, second, that it would not work as the farmers had been led to expect. Well, many of those who voted the bill through Congress admitted they were not sure it would work; they were anyway for trying it as "an economic adventure." These were the honest words of Senator Robinson, who wanted to pass the bill over the President's veto.

Why business and industry should wish the prosperity of agriculture to be somehow enhanced is clear enough. The reasons are economic; object, markets. But quite without such reasons the subject of farm relief would rotate in a penumbra of romantic and protective emotions. Few of us are without some ideal of agriculture as a way of life, and this is easily understood, since until very recently it had been immemorially the way of life for the entire human race. The industrial phase of civilization is new and strange and to many natures terrifying. Our deepest æsthetic and poetic feelings are bound up with man in relation to the earth. Distress in the textile industry of New England and distress on the farm touch us differently, not that in one case it is any less tragic than in the other, not that the cause may not be obsolescence in both cases, but perhaps because it was for so long that the welfare of agriculture was the first anxiety of conscious life and we cannot forget it. As annually the vital statistics appear showing a further migration of population from the farm to the city, there is an irrational sense of foreboding among us, and then waves of gloomy comment on the decline of agriculture.

Farming in North Dakota. A Master Farmer's Boys Cultivating Potatoes

For all such reasons the fundamental facts are obscured. We glance at them and look away. To state them baldly seems unfeeling. They ought not to be true. There occurs

in most of us a curious twinge of heart at the mere suggestion that farming shall become industrialized. What then becomes of this old free and independent way of life from which all of us are derived? What becomes of the yeoman farmer as a figure? Does he turn into a wage earner? Then someone says we must find a way to save agriculture as it is, for the sake of that figure, and we forget that whether we like them or not the facts will bring their own logic to pass. That is what they are doing, and there is no other farm problem.

The first remorseless fact is that the potential food supply increases faster than population. Why it does is a question to be presently regarded. Take it here as a statement and consider its implications. Agriculture as it is, notwithstanding the great migration to cities, still contains an excess of population that may be guessed roughly at one-third of the total. It contains also a corresponding excess of acres.

In 1927 the Secretary of Agriculture said: "In the last seven years the farm population of the United States has probably declined more than 3,000,000. In 1920, according to the census, the farm population was about 31,000,000. An estimate made of the farm population as of January 1, 1927, put the total at approximately 28,000,000. This loss of farm population is commonly believed to be the result exclusively of unfortunate agricultural conditions engendered by the postwar depression."

More Surplus

"THIS is not the case. Undoubtedly the depression of the last few years has accelerated the loss of population from the country to the towns. But the loss is in large measure a product of natural conditions which do not necessarily mean that agriculture is a declining business, but which are quite compatible with its progress and prosperity. From 1919 to 1924 there was a decrease of 13,000,000 acres in crop land in the United States—the first decrease ever shown by census statistics in the agricultural area of the nation. There occurred at the same time a decrease in the number of farm animals, a decrease in the number of farms and a decrease of farm population. Ur ler such circumstances one would hardly expect an increase in the volume of farm production. Yet an increase took place, and a very substantial one. It is estimated that crop production in the period 1922–1926 was nearly 5 per cent greater than in the period 1917–1921. Likewise, the output of animal products is estimated to have increased fully 15 per cent. The increased productivity of the farm worker is estimated at 15 per cent."

This increase of productivity per acre, per animal and per individual farm worker is from the application of scientific knowledge to agriculture, and the greater use of mechanical power. Fewer acres and fewer farmers produce more than ever, and even yet very much less than the optimum quantity. This is progress, to be sure, but a kind of progress that may be emotionally represented as a tragedy because it is producing and will continue to produce change much faster than people commonly are able to reconstruct their habits and ways of thinking. The power of accommodation to change is low precisely where you would suppose. That is at the bottom. There is the obsolescence of method and mentality. What shall be done with it?

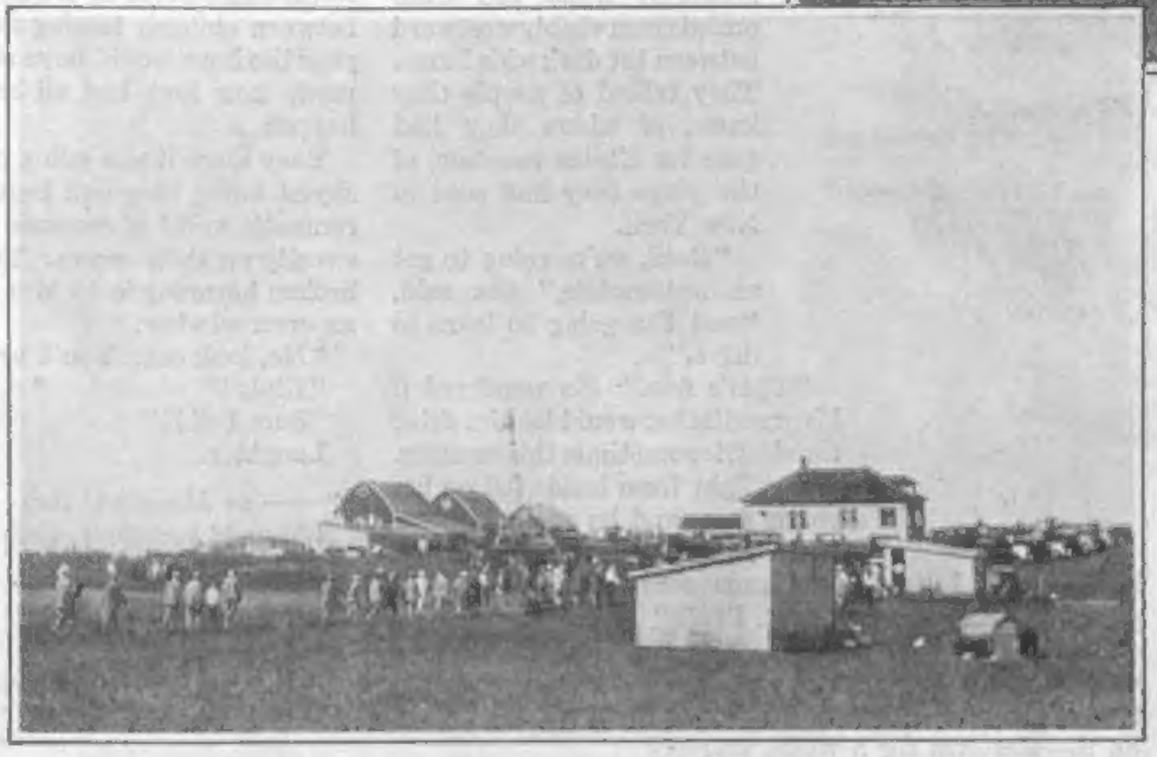
Efficiency is in every case the individual solution. But efficiency is at the top. It is not exceptional, for there is plenty of it, but neither is it average. Moreover, at this point you begin to touch what appears to be a riddle. Efficiency increases production, and as production increases faster than the population, prices tend to fall.

If agriculture in general were suddenly to become as efficient as the top third of it already is, the surplus annual production of food would be quite unmanageable. There would be no reasonable price for anything. That is what the master farmer from North Dakota was thinking of when he said to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States:

"I do not want to leave the impression that self-help or the adjustment of farms individually to existing conditions will solve the whole farm problem, because the placing of all the farms of the country on the basis I have just described would simply aggravate the problem by providing greater surpluses, and prices would be correspondingly lower."

What a strange conclusion—if it were true! The more efficient agriculture becomes, the more help it will need. The more the average farmer helps himself, the more he will need to be helped.

A Master Farmer's Plant in North Dakota, Where Several Hundred Visiting Farmers Who Want to Know How He Does It Have Just Parked Their Cars



Hog Houses on Skids and Field Peas in the Grass for Hog Pasture

A Greater Yield to Lower Costs

THIS is the absurd conundrum the farmer revolves in his sleep and in all his leisure time; and it brings him to say that the United States Department of Agriculture, the state colleges of agriculture, the agricultural engineers, whoever they are, and the implement makers, are all working against him, against the welfare of agriculture, and for the cities that are always wanting cheaper food. They keep telling him his remedy is to reduce his costs by increasing the productivity of his labor and his acres, whereas they must know as well as he knows that as he does this he creates more and more surplus, and it is the surplus that ruins the price.

One who had the courage to face this question squarely was C. T. Dowell, dean of the experiment station of the Agricultural College of Oklahoma. He said:

"We are criticized quite frequently by some who say that the main purpose of experiment stations is to increase production. This is not true. Experiment stations and agricultural colleges do not wish to increase the total production of agricultural products. We do wish to produce agricultural products at as low a cost as possible. . . . If we produce more bushels or pounds per acre, it means that our cost per bushel or per pound is made less. It means

(Continued on Page 56)

Taking Notes on Control of Sow Thistle

Learning the Advantages of a Trench Silo

HE THINKS HE'S WONDERFUL

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

He Had Always Learned Things Quickly

AFTER the college-board examinations in June, Basil Duke Lee and five other boys from St. Regis School boarded the train for the West. Two got out at Pittsburgh, one slanted south toward St. Louis and two stayed in Chicago; from then on Basil was alone. It was the first time in his life that he had ever felt the need of tranquillity, but now he took long breaths of it; for, though things had gone better toward the end, he had had an unhappy year at school.

He was a handsome boy of fifteen, with an expression by turns eager and abstracted, and very bright dark blue eyes. He wore one of those extremely flat derbies in vogue during the twelfth year of the century, and a blue business suit become a little too short for his constantly lengthening body. Within he was by turns a disembodied spirit, almost unconscious of his person and moving in a mist of impressions and emotions, and a fiercely competitive individual trying desperately to control the rush of events that were, in reality, the steps in his own evolution from child to man. He believed that everything was a matter of effort—the not always sagacious principle of American education—and his fantastic ambition was continually leading him to expect too much. He wanted to be a great writer, a great athlete, popular, romantic, brilliant and always happy. During a year at school, where he had been well punished for his freshness—that is, for fifteen years of thorough spoiling at home—he had grown uselessly introspective, and this interfered with that observation of others which is the beginning of wisdom. It was apparent that before he obtained much success in dealing with the world he would, as the saying is, know that he'd been in a fight.

He spent the afternoon in Chicago, walking the streets and avoiding members of the underworld. He bought a detective story called In the Dead of the Night, and at five he recovered his suitcase from the check room and boarded a St. Paul train. Immediately he encountered a contemporary, also bound home from school.

Margaret Torrance was fourteen; a serious girl, considered beautiful by a sort of tradition, for she had been beautiful as a little girl. A year and a half before, after a breathless struggle, Basil had succeeded in kissing her on the forehead. They met now with extraordinary joy; for a moment each of them to the other represented home, the tender skies of the past, the summer afternoons ahead.

He sat with Margaret and her mother in the dining car that night. Margaret saw that he was no longer the ultra-confident boy of a year before; his brightness was subdued, and the air of consideration in his face—a mark of his recent discovery that others had wills as strong as his, and more power—appeared to Margaret as a charming sadness. The spell of peace after a struggle was still upon him. He didn't talk much and he was polite to Mrs. Torrance in a courteous Southern way that he had from his father. Margaret had always loved him a little—she was the grave, conscientious type who always loved him and whose love he could never return—and now she could scarcely wait to tell people how attractive he had grown.

After dinner they went back to the observation car and sat on the deserted rear platform, while the train pulled them visibly westward between the dark wide farms. They talked of people they knew, of where they had gone for Easter vacation, of the plays they had seen in New York.

"Basil, we're going to get an automobile," she said, "and I'm going to learn to drive."

"That's fine." He wondered if his grandfather would let him drive the electric sometimes this summer.

The light from inside fell on her young face, and he spoke impetuously, in a rush of happiness that he was going home: "You know something? You know you're the prettiest girl in St. Paul?"

As the remark mingled with the thrilling night in a warm blur on Margaret's heart, Mrs. Torrance appeared to fetch her to bed. Basil sat alone on the platform for a while, scarcely realizing that she was gone, at peace with himself for another hour and content that everything should remain patternless and shapeless until tomorrow.

II

FIFTEEN is of all ages the most difficult to locate—to put one's fingers on and say "That's the way I was." The melancholy Jacques does not select it for mention, and all one can know is that somewhere between fourteen, boyhood's majority, and sixteen, when one is a sort of counterfeit young man, there is a time when youth fluctuates hourly between one world and another—pushed ceaselessly forward into unprecedented experiences and vainly trying to struggle back to the days when nothing had to be paid for. Fortunately none of our contemporaries remember much more than we do of how we behaved in those days. A more discreet historian would perhaps draw a curtain of oblivion over Basil's madness of that summer.

To begin with, Margaret Torrance, in one of those moods of idealism which overcome the most matter-of-fact girls, gave it as her rapt opinion that Basil was wonderful. Having practiced believing things all year at school, and having nothing much to believe at that moment, her friends accepted the fact. Basil suddenly became a legend. There were outbreaks of giggling when girls encountered him on the street, but he suspected nothing at all.

One night, when he had been home a week, he and his friend Riply Buckner went to an after-dinner gathering on Imogene Bissel's veranda. As they came up the walk Margaret and two other girls suddenly clung together, whispered convulsively and pursued one another around the yard, uttering strange cries—an inexplicable business that ended only when Gladys Van Schellinger, tenderly and impressively accompanied by her mother's maid, arrived in a limousine.

All of them were a little strange to one another. Those who had been East at school felt a certain superiority, which, however, was more than counterbalanced by the fact that romantic pairings and quarrels and jealousies and adventures, of which they were lamentably ignorant, had gone on while they had been away.

After the ice cream at nine they sat together on the warm stone steps in a quiet confusion that was halfway between childish teasing and adolescent coquetry. Last year the boys would have ridden their bicycles around the yard; now they had all begun to wait for something to happen.

They knew it was going to happen, the ugliest girls, the shyest boys; they had begun to associate with others the romantic world of summer night that pressed deeply and sweetly on their senses. Their voices drifted in a sort of broken harmony in to Mrs. Bissel, who sat reading beside an open window.

"No, look out. You'll break it. Bay-zil!"

"Riply!"

"Sure I did!"

Laughter.

"—— *on Moonlight Bay*
We could hear their voices call ——"

"Did you see ——"

"Connie, don't—don't! You tickle. Look out!"

Laughter.

"Going to the lake tomorrow?"

"Going Friday."

"Elwood's home."

"Is Elwood home?"

"—— *you have broken my heart* ——"

"Look out now!"

"Look out!"

Basil sat beside Riply on the balustrade, listening to Joe

They Snorted With Glee at Their Daring. Once a Shadow, With Loud Human Shoes, Crossed the Street Far Ahead

Gorman singing. It was one of the griefs of his life that he could not sing so people could stand it, and he conceived a sudden admiration for Joe Gorman, reading into his personality the thrilling clearness of those sounds that moved so confidently through the dark air.

They evoked for Basil a more dazzling night than this, and other more remote and enchanted girls. He was sorry when the voice died away, and there was a rearranging of seats and a businesslike quiet—the ancient game of truth had begun.

"What's your favorite color, Bill?"

"Green," supplies a friend.

"Sh-h-h! Let him alone."

Bill says, "Blue."

"What's your favorite girl's name?"

"Mary," says Bill.

"Mary Haupt! Bill's got a crush on Mary Haupt!"

She was a cross-eyed girl, a familiar personification of repulsiveness.

"Who would you rather kiss than anybody?"

In the pause a snicker stabbed the darkness.

"My mother."

"No, but what girl?"

"Nobody."

"That's not fair. Forfeit! Come on, Margaret."

"Tell the truth, Margaret."

She told the truth. A moment later Basil looked down in surprise from a casual struggle with Riply Buckner; he had just learned that he was her favorite boy.

"Oh, yes-s!" he exclaimed skeptically. "Oh, yes-s! How about Hubert Blair?"

He renewed his struggle with Riply Buckner and presently they both fell off the balustrade. The game became an inquisition into Gladys Van Schellinger's carefully chaperoned heart.

"What's your favorite sport?"

"Croquet."

The admission was greeted by a mild titter.

"Favorite boy."

"Thurston Kohler."

A murmur of disappointment.

"Who's he?"

"A boy in the East."

This was manifestly an evasion.

"Who's your favorite boy in St. Paul?"

Gladys hesitated. "Basil," she said at length.

The faces turned up to the balustrade this time were less teasing, less jocular. Basil depreciated the matter with "Oh, yes-s! Sure! Oh, yes-s!" But he had a pleasant feeling of recognition, a familiar delight. Imogene Bissel, a dark little beauty and the most popular girl in their crowd, took Gladys' place. The interlocutors were tired of gastronomic preferences—the first question went straight to the point.

"Imogene, have you ever kissed a boy?"

"No." A cry of wild unbelief. "I have not!" she declared indignantly.

"Well, have you ever been kissed?"

Pink but tranquil, she nodded, adding, "I couldn't help it."

"Who by?"

"I won't tell."

"Oh-h-h! How about Hubert Blair?"

"What's your favorite book, Imogene?"

"Beverly of Graustark."

"Favorite girl?"

"Passion Johnson."

"Who's she?"

"Oh, just a girl at school."

Mrs. Bissel had fortunately left the window.

"Who's your favorite boy?"

Imogene answered steadily, "Basil Lee."

This time an impressed silence fell. Basil was not surprised—we are never surprised at our own popularity—but he knew that these were not those ineffable girls, made up out of books and faces momentarily encountered, whose voices he had heard for a moment in Joe Gorman's song. And when, presently, the first telephone rang inside, calling a daughter home, and the girls, chattering like birds, piled all together into Gladys Van Schellinger's limousine, he lingered back in the shadow so as not to seem to be showing off. Then, perhaps because he nourished a vague idea that if he got to know Joe Gorman very well he would get to sing like him, he approached him and asked him to go to Lambert's for a soda. Joe Gorman was a tall boy with white eyebrows and a stolid face who had only recently come into the crowd. He did not like Basil, who, he considered, had been "stuck up" with him last year, but he was acquisitive of useful knowledge and he was overwhelmed by Basil's apparent success with girls.

It was cheerful in Lambert's, with great moths batting against the screen door and languid couples in white dresses and light suits spread about the little tables. Over their sodas, Joe proposed that Basil come home with him to spend the night; Basil's permission was obtained over the telephone.

Passing from the gleaming store into the darkness, Basil was submerged in an unreality in which he seemed to see himself from the outside, and the pleasant events of the evening began to take on fresh importance.

Disarmed by Joe's hospitality, he began to discuss the matter.

"That was a funny thing that happened tonight," he said, with a disparaging little laugh.

"What was?"

"Why, all those girls saying I was their favorite boy." The remark jarred on Joe. "It's a funny thing," went on Basil. "I was sort of unpopular at school for a while, because I was fresh, I guess. But the thing must be that some boys are popular with boys and some are popular with girls."

He had put himself in Joe's hands, but he was unconscious of it; even Joe was only aware of a certain desire to change the subject.

"When I get my car," suggested Joe, up in his room, "we could take Imogene and Margaret and go for rides."

"All right."

"You could have Imogene and I'd take Margaret, or anybody I wanted. Of course I know they don't like me as well as they do you."

"Sure they do. It's just because you haven't been in our crowd very long yet." Joe was sensitive on that point and the remark did not please him. "You ought to be more polite to the older people if you want to be popular. You didn't say how do you do to Mrs. Bissel tonight."

"I'm hungry," said Joe quickly. "Let's go down to the pantry and get something to eat."

Clad only in their pajamas, they went downstairs. Principally to dissuade Basil from pursuing the subject, Joe began to sing in a low voice:

"Oh, you beautiful doll,
You great—big—beautiful doll ——"

But the evening, coming after the month of enforced humility at school, had been too much for Basil. He got a little awful. In the kitchen, under the impression that his advice had been asked, he broke out again:

"For instance, you oughtn't to wear those white ties. Nobody does that that goes East to school." Joe, a little red, turned around from the ice box and Basil felt a slight misgiving. But he determinedly continued: "For instance, you ought to get your family to send you East to school. It'd be a great thing for you. Especially if you want to go to college, you ought to first go East to school. They take it out of you."

Feeling that he had nothing special to be taken out of him, Joe found the whole implication distasteful. Nor did Basil appear to him at that moment to have been perfected by the process.

"Do you want cold chicken or cold ham?" They drew up chairs to the kitchen table. "Have some milk?"

"Thanks."

Somewhat intoxicated by the three full meals he had had since supper, Basil warmed to his subject. He built up Joe's life for him little by little, transformed him radiantly from what was little more than a Midwestern bumpkin to an Easterner bursting with *savoir-faire* and irresistible to girls. Going into the pantry to put away the milk, Joe paused by the open window for a breath of quiet air; Basil followed.

"The thing is if a boy doesn't get it taken out of him at school, he gets it taken out of him at college," he was saying.

Moved by some desperate instinct, Joe opened the door and stepped out onto the back porch. Basil followed. The house abutted on the edge of the bluff occupied by the residential section, and the two boys stood silent for a moment, gazing at the scattered lights of the lower city. Before the mystery of the unknown human life coursing through the streets below, Basil felt the purport of his words grow thin and pale.

He wondered suddenly what he had said and why it had seemed important to him, and when Joe began to sing again softly, the quiet mood of the early evening, the side of him that was best, wisest and most enduring, stole over him once more. The flattery, the vanity, the fatuousness of the last hour moved off, and when he spoke it was almost in a whisper:

"Let's walk around the block."

(Continued on Page 117)

"You Can Have the Fourth, Basil, and the Eleventh and the Second Extra. . . . How Did You Hurt Your Lip?"

Barber, Barber, Shave a Pig

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Emma Ann Spears Sat on the Top of a Gate and Hunched Her Shoulders as She Watched Her Yearlings Come Out to Drink

ON THE income-tax records she was written down as Emma Ann Spears, widow of Daniel.

Her new gray switch did not match her hair, her dress was too large and brown was not her color. She had powdered her neck in a half-hearted attempt to conform and the powder showed against the tan. Her feet hurt and she halfway suspected that the bed in this hotel room she had rented for a couple of hours was not all it should be. Her hands were rough and the racket out on Michigan Boulevard was hellish. And new money was the very deuce to count.

Four thousand seven hundred and twenty-five dollars, all in crisp fives, tens and twenties. She had changed all the fifties and hundreds. Take a hundred-dollar bill into Axion, Indiana, and the whole town would be broke by the time you got it changed.

Emma Ann counted the beautiful green sheaves twice. Four thousand seven hundred and twenty-five for that black, thick-headed devil, Wilding Bell's Trumpeter III, a nine-months-old Angus calf—a calf she had fought with all summer, dragging his head out of buckets, dosing him with worm cure, shooing him off lawns with a broom, turned now into flat bundles of precious paper decorated with pictures of Garfield and James K. Polk. Emma Ann sighed. Well, this was another joke on the girls.

They were always nagging at her to settle down and be a lady. By being a lady they meant certain things vague and abhorrent to Emma Ann. Negligees and manicures and having women like Mamie Bourne in to tea. Riding in the big car all the time with Art stuck up in front in a fireman's cap and gauntlets. Sending down once a week maybe to inquire how things were going round the barns, going to cattle shows languidly, in gray silk and silly shoes to look at stock through a lorgnette!

"Cow raising," commented Emma Ann aloud, "ain't done that way!"

"Huh?" queried Art sleepily, from a rocker.

"I was thinking about my girls," explained Mrs. Spears, snicking the last rubber band in place. "They've always been after me to gentle down and act like a lady—one of them county dowagers that give dinners and play bridge."

"I always did say you was throwing yourself away on that bridge game," mused Art—"a good poker player like you!"

"Cards come natural to me, Art. My father was the slickest gambler ever rode a side-wheeler. But what my girls want is elegance. No old corduroy breeches and no barnyard heels. Rings on my fingers and silk shimmies otherwheres. No hanging round cow barns all night to see is Trulove's Violet going to drop a bull or a heifer. And right here's four thousand-odd substantial arguments that you can't run a stock farm on elegance."

"Yeah." Art reached for the matches. He was long and lean and of an indefinite age. For nineteen years, since pneumonia had cut Dan Spears' active life short, Art Hammer had been agreeing amiably with any proposition advanced by Dan's widow. He had grown meanwhile from a lanky boy to a lanky man with a sad mustache and a beard always a couple of jumps ahead of the razor. Art was a fixture on the Spears stock farm. He had seen everything happen. He had seen Lancaster's Trumpeter sweep the country, with his picture in the rotogravures—Emma Ann in a badly fitting white dress holding the rope. He had seen rows of blue and purple ribbons multiply upon the walls of the little office and Spears calves bring four-figure prices before they were able to get four legs in line.

He had seen much. But he had never seen Emma Ann's judgment err.

"If I had spent my time being elegant and languid," went on that lady, jamming the money into a shabby old hand bag, "like my elegant and languid daughters, I'd never have given that Trumpeter calf a second look. I'd have relayed orders for somebody to knock him in the head the first day for being too pathetic and repulsive for consideration. And then I'd have had less to leave my sons-in-law."

"Leave them rustle for it like we've had to," counseled Art, dropping ashes on his unlovely vest. "Well, you said for me to wait. You want me to bring round the car now? You going to take that money home that way?"

"You needn't worry about being held up"—his employer was dry. "If there's anybody in the world weak-minded enough to hold up my car, they'd take one look at you and me and apologize. You look like an exodus from the hookworm belt and I look like these motherly old humans who write testimonials for herb laxatives and get their pictures in the weeklies."

"It's them clothes," suggested Art, shambling up. "If you'd get you one of them flapper hats and some pink stockings, maybe——"

Mrs. Spears transfixed him with a terrible look. "My good gosh!" she said prayerfully. "I don't get reformed enough in the house—I got to be broadcast from the cow shed! I ain't stylish enough for the hired hands, even!"

"Well, you said yourself you looked like them women in the Gazette and Advertiser."

"Just because I say it, it don't follow every cow hand I got has got to agree with me! No wonder you're still resurfacing your own breeches and sewin' black buttons on white shirts! You've got about as much finesse with the female sex as that Trumpeter calf. Now get out of here and tell 'em if they put any thin grease in that transmission they'll hear from me! There are times when it's almost impossible to be a lady."

Art shuffled toward the door, looked back hesitantly, setting his old hat on one side.

"Be a kind of joke on 'em if you'd take all that money and rig yourself up, wouldn't it?—get you a diamond ring and maybe one of them permanent waves—them counting on the money to take a trip to Atlantic City."

"You talk like you had dementia præcox or something! Next thing you'll have a flock of alienists holding an inquest over the flickering remnant of your intelligence. You can't shave a pig and make a blue-eyed kitten out of it. And you can't put anything on an old iron-gray, fumed-oak war horse like me that will look right except maybe wrinkles and a placid expression. Now get out of my sight before I forget how many pay days I've wasted on your worthlessness!"

Emma Ann Spears sat on the top of a gate. One russet boot was crossed over a plump knee, a wide felt hat was pulled down over her eyes and she hunched her shoulders as she watched her yearlings come out to drink.

It was spring and the birds were wildly melodic in the apple trees behind the stables; the lilacs offered arrogant plumes of perfumed splendor to the sun, and Jen Myrick's

boy Thad was riding the seeder and keeping straight with the headland, for a wonder.

The young males had wintered in fine shape and she could spot a couple of embryo champions among them, but there was no joy of springtime in her face as she watched the black shouldering line.

A bleak frown tightened her brows, her mouth was moody, she tapped her toe irritably upon the crosspiece of the gate and dug her elbows unhappily into her knees. Art Hammer, whistling out of the shed at the tail of the crowding yearlings, took one look at his lady employer and stopped whistling. The mistress of the herds was rarely wroth, but when bad weather did portend between her brows, even the heifers remembered that they were big girls now and walked with discretion and dignity.

"It's that lordship feller—he's got her worried," Art decided, giving a curly Ethiopic son of Trulove's Guinever a prod with a length of cornstalk. "It's all right to sell a bunch of calves to a lordship, but he don't have to come and stay all night and bring along a retinoo and a flock of silk hats and all that society junk. And Dot settin' the house on end like old George Vee himself was coming."

If Emma Ann Spears' thoughts were perhaps more intelligently coördinated on the subject of the Honorable Sir Rothmere Wickersham, of Tottenham, Ontario, they were none the less gloomy. Though she had sent the enterprising Canadian photographs of a dozen Angus yearlings, all potential sweepstakes winners, yet he insisted on coming to Axion himself to pick out new blood for his herd. And Emma Ann knew what havoc an honorable sir could work in her more or less peaceful home. The Prince of Wales had almost demoralized the entire state when he stopped for an hour at old John Armond's farm to look at polo ponies.

Old John was Emma Ann's most cherished enemy, for all he was the father of her son-in-law, whom she adored. Back in the days when the Spears farm had been devoted to racing stock the Armond stables had been Emma Ann's only rival worth considering. Dorothy Ann, her daughter, had been a little bitter when the British royal sprig had passed them by to honor the Armond acres.

"If only you hadn't sold the colts, mother!"

"Huh!" Emma Ann dismissed the suggestion with businesslike scorn. "Anybody but a stubborn old fool like John Armond knows that the horse is through. This United States contains about a hundred polo players and a hundred million-odd other humans who eat round steak regularly. And it took half a heifer to buy that coat you got photographed in! I may not get my hand kissed, but I can still sign checks with it!"

But now that this honorable outfit was coming, there would be no escape. Probably he would be a horsy red-necked person in plus-fours and a little trick coat. More than likely he would look at her Angus thoroughbreds through a monocle.

"If he does I'll have to fire Art next morning!"

There was a little consolation in the thought that very likely this Honorable Rothmere Something wouldn't know a thing about the points of a potential herd male and she could steer him deftly away from her cherished Trumpeter strain. Not that she would let him pick any cull stuff, of course, but there was no use selling a man championship stock so he could go in the ring and beat you with it!

She could manage the honorable easily on her own ground, which was any ground outside her own domicile. It was the domestic and social aspects of the visit which caused her to glare at her world as she slumped on the gate. She knew her daughter, Dorothy Ann.

Dorothy Ann's cultural and social ambitions troubled her mother almost as much as freight rates and rumors of distant outbreaks of anthrax. Emily, the other daughter, was safely married to Jack Armond, Jr. Along with a husband, Emily had acquired a little sense—so her mother admitted. But Dot was still difficult.

Every time Dot subscribed for another six-dollar magazine Emma Ann had to finance a hysteria of new chintz, pewter lamps, needle-point and ship models.

"Everything in the house is a brand-new antique." She tried to comfort herself. "She can't change things very much unless she wants to live in another period. We've got Maintenon upstairs and ancient Italian in the cellar."

But very well she knew that she was whistling in the dark. The antique which Dorothy Ann would insist on altering was Emma Ann Spears herself.

Already she had stuck on that gate a half hour, dreading to return to the house, though every head on the place was turned out to grass and the cow hands whistling as they worked with pitchfork and hose. Well she knew what she would find within. She had seen the wagon in the driveway, delivering green boxes.

Clothes! Matrons' models! Youth-giving creations! Slenderizing styles! Lorgnetty things of black lace! Old-fool-coquettish things in blue and lilac! Beads in icy showers! Gosh, how she hated beads! She hated rising with a sickening tinkle and spatter as the glittering abominations rolled in every direction to crunch grittily underfoot later. She hated sitting down on them, hard and slippery and rattling.

There would be hats too—the sort Dorothy Ann always picked out for her—arrogant hats with things sticking up behind—sporty things that looked gorgeous in windows and like nothing human on Emma Ann Spears. And scarfs! Lord, how she hated things that flapped and dangled!

"I've got clothes hanging up now that I've never had on! And Lord knows how many dresses with a thousand snappers with no snappees to stick 'em in!"

She dropped heavily to the ground and tramped toward the house.

Matt, an old-time jockey who had once ridden her mounts and was now pensioned on the place, was turning an ice-cream freezer. Hattie, the black cook, was picking a turkey over a steaming bucket, the smell of wet feathers acrid on the air.

"What is this—Chinese New Year?" demanded Mrs. Spears. "You must want this Canuck to think we only sell a calf once in five years."

"Orders from the lady boss," argued Matt. "Figure we'd ought to have a piece of red carpet to spread down to the front door and one of these here marquees. Band

(Continued on Page 125)

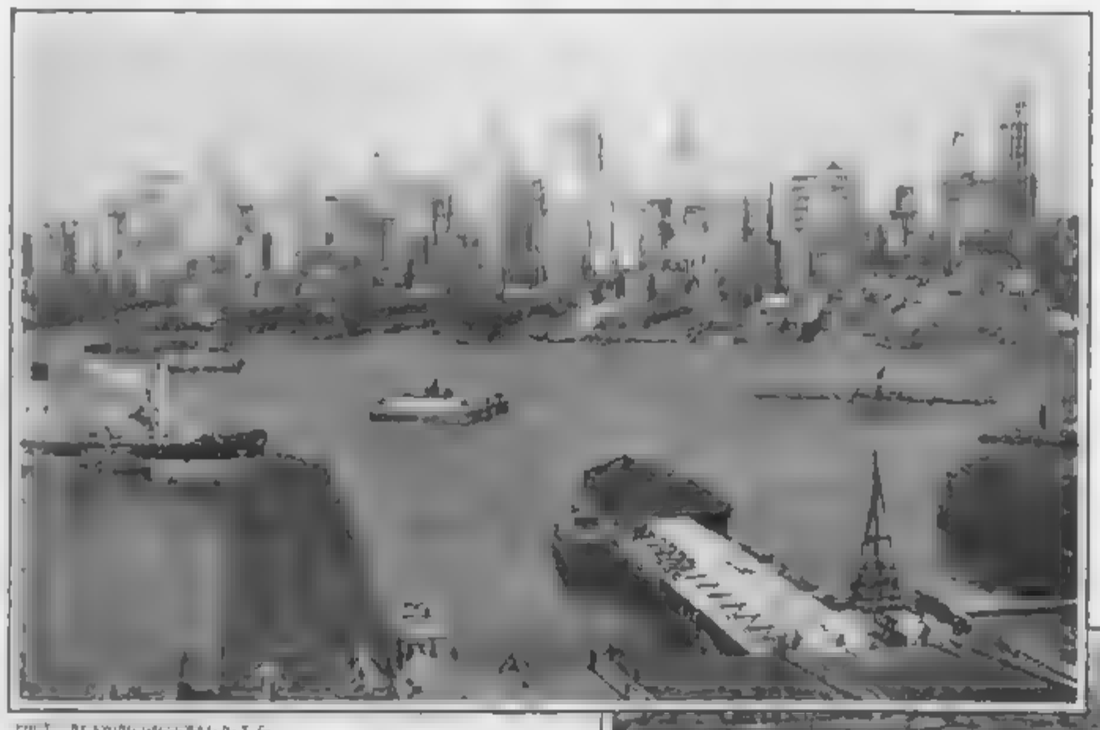
He Knew Angus Cattle, and He Did Not Flinch or Flicker an Eyelid When Emma Ann Quoted Prices

COMMERCE BUILDING

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ALLOWING for the depreciated dollar, our exports are 58 per cent higher than in 1913. In actual volume, they are 129 per cent greater than in the period between 1910 and 1914. During 1927 our commerce reached the immense total of nearly $5,000,000,000. An item once regarded as mere velvet—the sporadic movement of surplus stocks—is now necessary to our well-being. Although exports are seldom more than 20 per cent of our production, this one-fifth represents the difference, in many instances, between profit and loss. No less striking is the increase in our foreign investments. In 1913 they were $1,950,000,000. Today they reach more than $13,000,000,000, and this does not include the $10,000,000,000 war debt.

Our new place in the markets of the world was no self-starting proposition. It has been attained largely through the close-knit organization and far-flung activities of the foreign service of the Department of Commerce. In this work, which touches every American farm and fireside in some way, the vision, knowledge and economic statesmanship of Herbert Hoover registered an outstanding achievement.



The Lower Manhattan Sky Line From Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, Across the East River

No wonder an Englishman once remarked to me: "Our competition is not only with American industry but also with the American Department of Commerce."

Just as Marshal Foch was the organizer of victory in the World War, so was Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, the organizer of our prosperity. The parallel is eminently in order. Before the great French generalissimo assumed the supreme command, the various Allied units were, in the main, operating independently. Foch coördinated them for final triumph.

Leading the Army of Commerce

SO WITH our foreign-trade effort. Prior to 1914 a few great concerns—they did not exceed fifteen—had branch factories abroad and got their hooks into oversea commerce. For the smaller fry, however, it was an uncertain struggle, because it lacked direction and commercial intelligence.

Hoover made his department the mainspring of a concentrated drive. It became the adviser in international law, tariffs, routes, conditions and packing for the average producer, whose total of trade, when all is said and done, is the backbone of export business. It has the same relation to foreign commerce that small savings bear to the national reservoir of wealth.

Hoover was able to do this because organization is his middle name and efficiency his fetish. It was the engineer in him, backed by a ramified experience abroad, that planned and plotted the charts of our world-trade progress. He became commander in chief of the army of American trade promotion, as it were, which sailed the seven seas, penetrated the forbidden places and showed the way for the Yankee products wherever the trade winds blow.

An Air View of the Harbor Locks of Liverpool Which Tame the Mersey's Rise and Fall

It so happens that through the circumstance of my work I have followed the Hoover trade trails, which means that I have watched them in many lands. I have seen nearly every one of his foreign offices in action and can appraise what they have done. I may therefore be indulged in a personal reminiscence which reveals Hoover's well-nigh uncanny grasp of international affairs.

Before I started on the numerous trips that I have made to study economic conditions—I speak now of the period since 1921—I invariably went down to Washington to talk the specific journey over with Hoover. Whether I was bound for China, Japan, the Near East, Europe or Latin America, he was able to visualize conditions in advance. Invariably, on my return, I was impelled to say to him that his diagnosis was accurate. Hoover was able to do this, first, because of his intimate knowledge of the regions I visited; second, by reason of his astonishing assimilation of the vast amount of information that streamed into his office.

This leads me to dwell, in passing, on another quality in the man. In the course of much wandering I have had to size up most of the dominant personalities of this world, both in politics and in business. I have yet to find an individual who surpassed Hoover—few approach him—in swiftness and accuracy of comprehension, whether of a document or a situation. Moreover, contrary to the general belief, he is effectively articulate. No one of my acquaintance anywhere can enunciate that most difficult of all subjects, economics, with greater clarity or forcefulness. He is the author of the best-selling formulas in the whole lexicon of American business

Since I am dealing momentarily with the personal Hoover, it may be well to point out a fact which seems to have escaped his historians. Everybody knows by this time that he is the son of a blacksmith, but few have stopped to realize that Mussolini also is the scion of a village smith. The vigor, simplicity and character of that common husky parentage—something of the durability of the metal that the elders wrought with muscular arm—have been transmitted to the second generation, in each case to make a distinct impress on the course and character of events.

Any estimate of Hoover the foreign-trade go-getter—and such is the primary purpose of this article—must first involve what might be called his internationalism. It constitutes an asset which has been persistently capitalized for the national advance.

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Naples Harbor Crowded With Sailing Ships Which Feed the Steamers

Tutored by Experience

HOOVER could not have organized the Department of Commerce as a potent trade-promotion machine without the supreme advantage embodied in his knowledge of alien countries and peoples. The Hoover who prospected mineral resources and laid out mines in Siberia, Australia, the Transvaal, New Zealand, China, Japan, Burma, Rhodesia and the Malay Peninsula was the forerunner of the business scout who pioneered the path for American commerce in these countries and elsewhere. That earlier engineering job meant technical investigation, economic surveys, industrial organization, and, binding it all up, administrative ability. The commercial attaché in Calcutta or the trade commissioner in Shanghai later on got the benefit of the earlier observation and contacts of his chief, once Hoover set up his office in the Commerce Building at Washington. All his wide experience therefore equipped Hoover to become the guide of our caravans of commerce that now penetrate to the ends of the globe.

In connection with Hoover's international experiences is a story which may not be amiss here. It shows how fate

plays its pranks to bring people together in unexpected and dramatic fashion.

To comprehend it you must first get a close-up of Émile Francqui. At fourteen he was a penniless Belgian orphan. He worked his way through a regimental school and got a sublieutenant's commission in the army. After three years of service in the Congo he became military instructor of Prince Albert, now King of the Belgians. Subsequently he returned to the Congo and impressed himself upon colonial expansion. His name, as I discovered when I crossed the heart of Africa, is known wherever the Belgian flag flies. Today he is Belgium's foremost financier, cohead of the great Société Générale and director-general of the three dominant Belgian trade and navigation interests in the Congo. Incidentally, he was a member of the commission that stabilized the Belgian franc and settled the Belgian war debt to us.

Europe's Industry Americanized

IN 1896 the late King Leopold, who had the keenest business sense of any ruler of modern times, was shrewd enough to see China as the field for a great economic penetration. He sent Francqui out to get what came to be known as the Peking-Hankow mining concession, which he did. Five years later Francqui again went to China as agent of the Compagnie de L'Orient, which coveted the

The West Bank of the Mississippi, at New Orleans

K'aiping coal mines, then believed to be the richest in the world. British and German interests also desired this valuable property, which had been operated for some time by a Chinese company. Francqui got the mines and took possession of the property. Most of the galleries had to be reconstructed. Among the engineers he employed was an alert smooth-faced young American named Herbert Hoover.

The years passed and both Hoover and Francqui rose in their respective ways. When the German avalanche inundated Belgium, Hoover became head of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium—the famous C. R. B. The Comité Nationale was formed by Belgians to feed and clothe the population and became the disbursing agent of the C. R. B., with Francqui as director. On his first trip to London to negotiate with the relief authorities he was interested to find that their chief was the smooth-faced young engineer whom he had employed in China in 1901. It was their first meeting since their strenuous days in the Far East.

Hoover's international contacts, however, have done much more than make him the chief figure in the kind of dramatic meeting that I have just described. As I have already pointed out, they helped to equip him to project the Department of Commerce as a vast business accelerator. In the future, as in the past, they will stand the nation in good stead.

During the next few years the United States will need every ounce of trade strategy that she can bring to bear. Take a swift look at existing conditions and you find out that the coming decade is bound to witness the fiercest of all struggles for markets everywhere. Foreign commerce has become a vital part of the whole modern economic system.

To a greater degree than has ever obtained before, oversea trade expansion is the formula that Europe has written to stabilize recovery and wipe out the huge indebtedness to the United States. The war changed her from creditor to debtor. She is now moving heaven and earth to readjust the balance so far as it is possible to do so. Industrial production is at top speed. Foodstuffs are on the increase from Germany to Italy because shortage in them has helped to roll up adverse balances of trade. Thus our farmers are directly affected by the fresh alignment of economic forces.

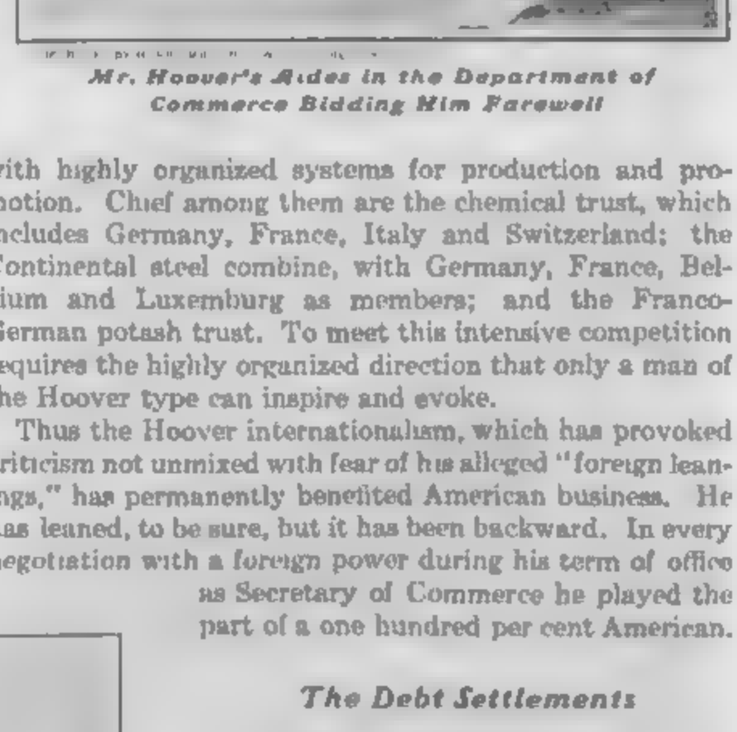
It means that if the European debts can be paid with goods—this is particularly true of Germany and to a lesser degree of England—we shall be obliged to watch our step in Latin America, Canada and the Far East, the chief domains where we have wrested supremacy from the British and the Germans.

Furthermore, Europe is far better equipped to wage trade battle than heretofore. The ill wind of the World War blew her good in that it revolutionized production. Hand labor has been succeeded by machine processes. The much-discussed Americanization of Europe expresses itself in a wide attempt at mass output of automobiles in England and France, electrical machinery and novelties in Germany and artificial silk in Italy. In many quarters we are confronted with our own processes and frequently with our own plant equipment.

In a word, European industry—to use the German phrase—has been rationalized. It has effected elimination of nonessential plants, reduction of waste effort and economy of overhead. A conspicuous illustration is afforded by the German chemical trust—the famous I. G.—which has cut down the number of its products by two-thirds.

Once upon a time we faced the competition of isolated European countries. Today all Europe is practically lined up against the United States as a coördinated producing and selling unit. Pan-Europe is the slogan. This results from the widespread trustification. The initial step was the development of the cartel system, first in Germany and later in England. These were national mergers that could go the limit, because Europe has no hampering Sherman Law.

Now they have developed into international combines



Mr. Hoover's Aides in the Department of Commerce Bidding Him Farewell

with highly organized systems for production and promotion. Chief among them are the chemical trust, which includes Germany, France, Italy and Switzerland; the Continental steel combine, with Germany, France, Belgium and Luxemburg as members; and the Franco-German potash trust. To meet this intensive competition requires the highly organized direction that only a man of the Hoover type can inspire and evoke.

Thus the Hoover internationalism, which has provoked criticism not unmixed with fear of his alleged "foreign leanings," has permanently benefited American business. He has leaned, to be sure, but it has been backward. In every negotiation with a foreign power during his term of office as Secretary of Commerce he played the part of a one hundred per cent American.

The Debt Settlements

TAKE the Allied debt settlements. As Secretary of Commerce he was a member of the funding commission. In no performance did he more deeply impress the vitality and integrity of his Americanism and the sincerity of his stewardship of the people's savings invested in Liberty Bonds. He was deaf to every academic argument that the cancellationists brought to bear.

Here was one of the real measures of the man. Hoover the relief emissary had plumbed the depths of European war and

(Continued on Page 109)

A Harbor Scene at Buenos Aires

A Quay-Side Scene at Rio de Janeiro

BEYOND ALL CONJECTURE

"You Knew Already There Was Going to be This Big Murder!" Cried Ike, in His Big Booming Voice. "How Did You Know?"

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

TO DIE at a ripe old age in the same house where you were born—on the Island of Manhattan—one must either be very, very rich or very, very poor. For a person in ordinary circumstances the wish is a good deal like reaching for the moon on a particularly bright night—it seems possible, but one gradually grows up and forgets about it. For the ground underfoot is like a precious palimpsest of many erasures. In other parts of the world it is humdrum enough.

For instance, Cornelius Vlemynck's remotest progenitors had made it a practice for uncounted generations to die in the same delft cottage they were born in, on the delft banks of the Schie; until that historic Vlemynck with a wandering foot put that fatal feather bed behind him and cast his lot with those adventurous souls within the stockade known as Nieuw Amsterdam at the confluence of the North and East rivers, in the New World. Later there was to emerge a Cornelius Vlemynck—through a constantly descending line of devisees—of Number — Fifth Avenue, which number, containing only one figure and that a very small one, would be south of the Brevoort and north of the Arch—a very desirable place indeed, located on the first page, near the top, of the old, old bluebooks.

On the evening Cornelius Vlemynck died he had occupied this house, a four-story brownstone from which the high stoop had been removed in later times, just sixty-five years lacking a few days, which was enough to insure him a good obituary even though he had not possessed other distinctions. People passed by in crowds when the fact was printed, many simply to see for themselves a New York house in which one man could live so elegantly for so many years.

There had always been a white-shirted manservant standing inside the vestibule door waiting for people to come up the steps, though the only callers Cornelius Vlemynck had, of later years, were real-estate brokers, to buy the ground lease. To each of them he related, with great dignity, his ambition in life—to die in the house he was born in—and since he had the means to indulge himself, and was so adamantine in his purpose, they all departed finally wishing him luck. No argument moved him. He was lonely in his old age; otherwise he wouldn't even have consented to see them.

"You can't stand in the path of a glacier," they would say. "The private house is too regal for one man in a democracy. It has to go. You dam progress."

"I do, indeed!" agreed the old gentleman fervently, with a final *s*.

"Look at So-and-So, who left a lumberyard in the middle of Broadway—he drove retail trade over to Fifth Avenue—and left his heirs whistling up a hollow tree!" The real-estate men said: "We are assemblers of parcels. If you won't sell we will build around you and use you for permanent light and air."

In the end that is what they had to do; and before its owner died this historic mansion of old New York was boxed in at the bottom of a well by skyscraping apartment hotels.

Mr. Vlemynck was very vain of his slender height. He was given to bright colors and *outré* effects, and his abundant hair—kept snowy by bluing—showed under his hat brim like lumps of freshly ginned cotton. He did his own marketing, taking with him his fat cook, Martha, who had teeth like pearls and a smooth skin as clear as skimmed chocolate.

At one in the morning on May twenty-first, having written with a bold hand that never quavered the last superscription of his correspondence and affixed the necessary stamps thereunto, he took his hat and his cloak and his stick and went softly down the padded hall and out, being careful, in the kindness of his heart, not to waken the manservant, who, as the hour waxed late, had finally fallen asleep at his empty post. Cornelius Vlemynck drew the vestibule door shut behind him and listened for the click of the spring lock. Crossing the broad sidewalk, he moved diagonally over the velvety asphalt, a safe enough procedure at this hour, for the busses had stopped running and the Avenue was deserted, and the only signs of life were porters of the tall apartment hotels, dusting out the interstices of the rubber hall strips at the edge of the sidewalk. A mail box stood on the corner below, but the night being fine, Cornelius Vlemynck squared his shoulders and passed it by. He walked to the east, then southerly through the park, passing some raucous pothouses on the southern rim, which still thrived in spite of—or maybe because of—the law at this ungodly hour of the morning.

Something led him into Sullivan Street, where the descent from polished door knockers is very rapid. There was a mail box at the first intersection, and he was in the act of counting his letters and wondering if he had cross-hitched any of his missives—that is, put any inclosure in a wrong envelope; that would be awkward, but it is an extremely human failing—when the languid footfall of a patroling policeman, probably on his first tour through

the side street to the river and back, attracted his attention. The policeman, a young fellow, crossing the street, noticed the very tall old gentleman standing there with a handful of letters he was holding up to the light of the street lamp; he noted with a smile the extravagant white hair hanging in cottony lumps under the broad-brimmed hat; he noted the florid face, the bright tie, the flowing cloak and the general carnival effect of the whole outfit.

And he said, nodding, "Where is the party tonight?" He thought Mr. Vlemynck was in costume. But he saw his mistake instantly in the surprised countenance of the old man. "It's beautiful tonight, isn't it, sir?" he added hastily.

"Indeed, yes, it is!" agreed Cornelius Vlemynck with grave courtesy. The policeman, amused, cast a last look over his shoulder at the old gentleman. Mr. Vlemynck had discovered one envelope to be unsealed. Summoning his courage—for he disliked the taste of dextrin, even when flavored with some essential oil—he liberally moistened the flap with the tip of his tongue and pressed it down, making a wry face over the thought of the millions of germs he must be ingesting. The policeman passed on.

"Seven," counted the old man, paying in the letters, "eight, nine ——"

The mail box shut with a surly clang. He hung there for a moment. He turned himself toward home, as an old man will, before relinquishing his support. But he had scarcely crossed the first flag of the sidewalk when an odd surprised look shot across his face and he reached out quickly for a staircase balustrade. He tugged at his collar to loosen his gaudy cravat; his hand went to his heart and he tugged there, too, as if to loosen something inside. He tried to cry out, but his knees sagged and he sank gently to earth, clenching his fingers. He slipped down the single step into a little areaway and rested there in the shadow against the high stoop. A little later an unlucky nightbird came prowling along in his regular quest for some blind drunk out of the pothouses. Skillfully he went through Cornelius Vlemynck and took everything—his bill fold, his watch and his keys; there was nothing left but an empty hulk.

The night wore on, the stars moved to the other side of the little street; Antares blinked itself out against the ridgepole of a roof and Vega came to the zenith. Passers-by who saw the reclining figure did not pause to inquire, but shaking their heads, gave it a wide berth; it is always best—these shadows that sleep in doorways.

A little after two there was a police whistle, some windows went up and heads came out; a small group accumulated about the high stoop and waited in silence. After an interminable delay an ambulance rolled into the street, its bell tapering off to nothing as the wheels stopped at the curb. A young interne pushed his way through the crowd, his white uniform glowing in the night light.

He said, after a single look, "Another thick cop! Do you think I'm a hearse?"

"Ain't you going to take him?" said the policeman.

"You know damned well I'm not!" returned the shaveling medico as he swung on his seat again, twisting a wrist through the safety loop. He lighted a cigarette; they wound up the bell and started back home.

It was not until daylight that the scuttled hulk that had been Cornelius Vlemynck found a temporary resting place on a marble slab that pulled in and out on rollers, his fine clothes hung in a bag. North of the Square everybody knew the gay old beau with his cottony white hair, his florid countenance, his lurid ties, his spats and the affected cut of his clothes. South of the Square nobody knew him

"He is somebody," said the gatekeeper at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, the pier of outgoing souls. But that was as far as his curiosity went. His whole life, passed on the River Styx, made him keen in allotting caste to his guests.

The medical examiner, passing down the aisle after a look, said, out of his complex experience:

"That was either prussic acid or nitrobenzol. There is a very pretty differentiation under certain conditions, and it takes a good man, well grounded in his toxicology, to discover it. We'll do that the first thing in the morning."

Nobody, of course, would inquire at the police station for the absent Cornelius Vlemynck, much less at the morgue. It simply was not done in his circle. Toward noon Martha took off her gay bandanna and kerchief which he insisted she wear when she accompanied him to market. The second man brought word downstairs that neither the tepid bath that had been drawn for him nor the fresh things which had been laid out for his use had been touched.

The waitress, who was also the upstairs girl and more curious than the rest, peeped through the keyhole and brought word that his bed had not been slept in.

His lawyer telephoned at four, and the butler told him, with a twinkle, and the lawyer chuckled and cautiously hung up, as if withdrawing from an eavesdropping. There are thousands and thousands of missing people who never come to port. One step off the path, when everything is right for it, and they are gone like a breath—a consummation devoutly to be wished by many wretched souls, doubtless, but they never seem to achieve it by trying; it is achieved only by accident, the door of the unknown opening and closing and keeping its secret.

Note how fate intervened. If the manservant had not fallen asleep at his empty post he would have gone to the mail box—after Mr. Vlemynck had inspected each and every missive, as he always did to see if they were sealed properly—and come back to find his master dead or hopelessly involved in dying. They would have telephoned his physician, who would have said, "Ah, yes, I know all about it." He did, that physician. On his books he had a dozen florid old gentlemen like Cornelius Vlemynck, all carrying around livers they had misused in the tropics. He could write their death certificates without calling—especially in the middle of the night. There would have been an élite funeral and nothing more.

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"You Can't Stand in the Path of a Glacier," They Would Say. "The Private House is Too Regal for One Man in a Democracy. It Has to Go. You Dam Progress"

Pie, or Shall We Say—PIE!

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

America is the Only Habitat of the Real Honest-to-Goodness Pie

THESE remarks on a delightful subject somewhat neglected by the world's best literature do not pretend to be a scientific or an exhaustive treatise. They are made entirely in the amateur spirit, both as a pie maker and a pie eater. I do not claim professional merit, professional skill. All that I do claim is a considerable experience with and an undying appreciation for a properly made American pie.

I say American pie because observation in other countries has forced me to the belief that America is the only habitat of the real honest-to-goodness pie, both two-crust and slat-top. In Great Britain, if you ask for apple pie you receive a modicum of stewed apple, watery and with insufficient sugar, and a small piece of crust which seems to be singing the national ballad about possessing a heart of oak. This description goes for any fruit pie. And they don't even call them pies, but tarts! Their meat pies are another story, quite, which I shall take great pleasure in telling later, but to their fruit pies I can only give about one and a half in a total score of ten. The other delectable forms of pie which are known to the lowliest American menu card have never even been heard of in Great Britain.

On the Continent there are even fewer pies than in Great Britain. The only real pie I have ever seen in France was an eel pie, and a most delicious one, which was served me at an inn in Mâcon—not, needless to say, as dessert, but as the fish course. By every sign save its contents, it resembled the oyster pies of my childhood in Maryland. But one eel pie does not—cannot—make a pie-ish nation, and the little tarts heaped with fruit which the French pâtisseries offer have as much relation to a magnificent woozy blue-purple huckleberry or blackberry American pie as a Basque *béret* has to a Western ten-gallon sombrero.

A Dish for Pioneers

IN SPAIN pie is unknown—so now we have the primary reason for the voyage of Columbus. In Italy I have seen a certain sweet which was called pie, but which was really a saccharine and pasty cake masked in white icing and decorated with endless scrolls and sprays and dots and dashes of pink and green. Any intelligent New England pumpkin pie would have laughed itself into a custard at the idea of calling this object pie.

No, the pie is America's own. Years of intensive baking by ardent housewives have given it its present shape, its present infinite variety, its present toothsomeness and its present popularity. Pioneer women gathered wild plums and wild berries and made pies, and, when all else failed, they invented strange mixtures known as vinegar pies and crumb pies and shoo-fly pies, sweetened with sorghum, thickened with flour—crude, perhaps, but still pie. When Johnny Appleseed's first harvest was gathered, we may be sure that apple pie reigned supreme in every home fortunate enough to have a share of the fruit. And in my opinion it has reigned supreme, king of the pies, ever since that happy day.

It is impossible to conceive of anything better to eat than a good—a really good apple pie. It must be sweet, but not too sweet, and there should be a suspicion of crisp sugariness here and there. It must be juicy, but not too juicy, and the juice must have cooked to a peachy pinkness and run out slowly, rich and thick. The crust must be delicately browned, not pallid white; and if the juice has boiled up through it here and there, saturating it with fruity sweetness, these little areas do not do more than enhance its proper charm. And now we come to the much debated question as to cinnamon.

Two separate and distinct schools of thought have risen on the matter of cinnamon in apple pies. The pro-cinnamon school contends with rabid intolerance that an apple pie without cinnamon is like an egg without salt, uneatable, flat, stupid, sans all savor. The anti-cinnamon school with equal vehemence insists that to put any spice on apples is to coarsen them, make them fit for none but the undiscriminating palate, spoil all their delicacy and ruin them so far as the epicure is concerned. Families and friends are divided, homes broken up, wherever the controversy breaks out. The straddling craven who says he loves apple pie either with or without cinnamon is set upon by both parties and murdered. For my part, I will say boldly and fearlessly that if the apples are not fine of flavor, I think a dash of cinnamon helps. But not too much—oh, not too much!

There are many variations of apple pie, all of them pleasing. It may be made of dried apples or fresh—even of apple butter. The fruit may be cooked in the pie or separately. There may be paste over the top, or criss-cross slats, or it may be left open; or if you fancy the deep-dish variety, put paste over the top alone and no bottom crust. Cheese may be served with it, and apple pie à la mode, with a great dollop of rich vanilla ice cream topping the hot fresh-baked pie, has a legion of admiring devourers.

But to me there is one apple pie par excellence. To make it you must have the earliest, littlest, spiciest green apples, and from these a slow-cooked apple sauce is made, strained and sweetened. Then make your pie crust, by any rule you choose, and line the pan carefully. Pour in the apple sauce and put on an upper crust with some of those little hieroglyphic V-shaped cuts in a jolly pattern and crimp neatly round the edge. Bake as usual and let get cold. Then, just before the pie goes to the table, take a sharp-pointed knife and cut carefully round the upper crust, just inside the crimped edge, and lift off. Add half a cup or so of the richest, thickest, most creamy sweet cream and stir it in with the lightest, most careful hand. Then put back the upper crust and send to table, and hear the loud cries of joy and rapture.

Next After Apple Pie

THERE is no article of diet which is such a universal stand-by as apple pie. It may be dessert; it may be the whole meal; it may be any meal, from breakfast onward to the midnight luncheon. It may be eaten by anyone of any age, always provided that it is a first-class apple pie and not one of the deleterious second or third raters far too often seen. It is good hot, cold or lukewarm. I have never tried frozen apple pie, but if I ever have the opportunity I shall surely do so. I don't know whether it would be good buttered or dipped in gravy, but I doubt if anything short of basely adulterated ingredients can make it wholly inedible.

Ask everyone you meet his favorite pie, and you'll be told cherry or peach or huckleberry—in most cases apple won't be mentioned. But say, "What about apple pie?" and the answer comes, nine times out of ten, "Oh, I mean my favorite after apple," in a tone indicating that apple pie must be taken for granted as the premier.

Cherry pie, as years go on, seems to be becoming extinct. Time was, when I was young, everyone had plenty of sour

The Negro Women Used to Bring Water Pails Full of Low-Bush and High-Bush Huckleberries to the Back Door

cherries to can and preserve and pickle, and plenty more to make into pies. But nowadays the big sweet cherries seem to have crowded out the sour varieties, and big sweet cherries, however luscious they may be for eating out of hand, are lacking in the fundamental merit of being good in pies. If Billy-boy's girl friend was doing a little busy work with the pie pans in her kitchenette these days she probably wouldn't be baking a cherry pie, for the simple reason that she would find it almost impossible to get the cherries. What a fraud that song is too! Anyone who has ever gone up against the tiresome soppy task of pitting cherries knows full well that a cherry pie cannot be baked as quick as a cat can wink her eye—no, not even by the smartest young thing who cannot leave her mother!

Most men adore cherry pie. Yet I know one New York editor whose favorite is another and even rarer sort—red raspberry pie. If any young contrib should send him a manuscript accompanied by a first-rate fresh-baked red raspberry pie, I suspect that he would accept it, be it ever so badly written. So perhaps it is better not to hint at his identity, lest his shameless greed be his editorial downfall.

For my part, I think that red raspberries are at their best *au naturel*, and at their very best when you gather them yourself, out in the raspberry patch, a great big handful at a time, to be eaten by throwing back the head, opening the mouth to its fullest extent and cramming it to its extreme capacity. That is the way to enjoy red raspberries. If you insist on the amenities, you can have them with cream and sugar, or with ice cream, or in an ice, or even in a short cake—but I cannot freely join in any passion for red raspberry pie.

Treated With Loving-Kindness

BUT huckleberries! Or blackberries! Ah, there's another story! The negro women of our neighborhood used to bring water pails full of just-picked low-bush and high-bush huckleberries to the back door. The price of a pailful was fifty cents. And this meant huckleberries with cream and sugar for breakfast, and huckleberry pie for dinner, and huckleberry muffins for supper, with several cans stored away for the winter. The trouble with most huckleberry pies is that the juice is either too thin or too thick, and the berries not properly cooked, so that they retain a certain acid tang. They should be cooked with the sugar before the pie is made, and when the hot fruit is put into the lower crust a dusting of flour should be added with the nicety of judgment of a Solomon. Too much flour makes a gummy juice, too little leaves it thin. But when it is just right, it is food for the Olympians.

Blackberry pie is almost as good. On my father's fruit farm we used to have two kinds of blackberries, one a smallish firm sort, well-flavored, excellent for shipping; but there was another variety, a huge, soft, juicy berry which seemed foreordained by heaven for the pie pan. It couldn't be shipped; it crushed in the slight depth of a quart basket, but as a home delicacy it was unequaled. Bees and wasps and peppy little yellow jackets hung round the clusters of berries, drinking the delicious juice, so that picking it was not without its adventures. But no child who loved blackberry pie as I did ever demurred at gathering the fruit for it because of bees and wasps and yellow jackets. Blackberry pie also needs the skillful dusting of flour just before the top crust is put on, if it is to be perfect.

We used to have two other dishes of blackberries which seem to have vanished—blackberry mush and blackberry fritters. The mush was made by stiffening fresh-stewed blackberries with either flour or cornstarch, molding and chilling, and serving with plenty of cream. The fritters were nothing more than a rich flannelcake batter into which was beaten at the last moment a generous cupful of raw very ripe berries. The mixture was fried on the griddle and served with a golden-yellow wine-flavored pudding sauce. Magnificent! A very simple blackberry pudding, made by covering a deep dish full of stewed berries with triangles of thin bread, buttered and liberally dusted with sugar, the whole baked in the oven and served with cream—and more sugar if you had a very sweet tooth—was another favorite dessert. It was swell, as the intelligentzia say.

Strawberries and plums are not so good in pies; they do not seem to be specially created for the purpose. Nor, for that matter, does the pear, though now and then you meet a pear-pie maker who turns out a product of genius, nothing less. But the peach—now there is a different story! Peach pie is hard to spoil, even by a novice cook. And when an expert makes one, then is the moment when the epicures and the gourmets and the gourmands likewise, like morning stars, sing together in ecstasy. There is something about peach pie that is undefinable.

I like my peach pie without a solid upper crust, the fruit peering warmly reddish orange through an inviting crisscross of crisp sugary slats. And I resent, with a bitterness which comes from seeing high things degraded and greatness debased, the horrid little peach tarts offered me on the modern restaurant's pastry tray—half a peach, upside down on a spoonful of sticky savorless custard, all riding in a measly little shell of alleged puff paste and masked with a vanilla-flavored sugar sirup. This is nothing to eat! To begin with, who, in eating peach pie, could possibly be contented with one half-peach? The answer is, exactly nobody!

No Child Who Loved Blackberry Pie Ever Demurred at Gathering the Fruit for It Because of Bees and Wasps

If Any Young Contrib Should Send Him a Manuscript Accompanied by a First-Rate Raspberry Pie, I Suspect That He Would Accept It, be It Ever So Badly Written

Aunt Eliza's Bid for Fame

IN MY Scotch-Irish family there was one aunt who married among the Pennsylvania Dutch, and it was she who, ever-blessed, imparted the recipe for making the local form of peach pie. It is as follows: Line a pie pan with the raw crust and fill it with halves of very ripe yellow peaches, hollow side up. Lay the peaches close together, sprinkle heavily with granulated sugar, then pour in enough thick sour cream to cover the peach halves, and sprinkle on more sugar if needed. Then put on your crisscross strips, pinch them well at the edges, and slide this concoction into the oven for a slow, careful baking. If you want to add two or three kernels taken from cracked peach stones, you'll have a subtle bitter-almond flavor—indeed, a few peach kernels add chic to any peach pie, whether made à la Aunt Eliza or not.

I don't think anyone ought to use fresh apricots in any cooked form—they are simply too perfectly celestial as they are. But dried apricots, and tinned ones, make a

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MATCHED SABLE

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

OUTSIDE the hospital there was a faint brightening, but it dimmed, and the black masses of the high southward buildings were lost, as if the retreating night hesitated and returned; then Roberta Lindsey saw that her window was touched here and there with blue zigzag bannerets of rain. They came faster and faster, striking on and over one another; now they turned to definite drops, almost snow. She lay warmly in her hard white bed, absorbed idly in following the racing drops; she even speculated as to which would first reach the bottom of the lower pane. Thin yellow light, coming through the transom, glistened on the growing wet spot on the floor, where rain drove in from the open upper window.

The nurses' quarters were perfectly still. Fighting off drowsy warmth, the girl looked at her watch, calling at once to the motionless figure in the other bed "Twenty to, Anne." As if in apology she added "You told me to wake you."

The other girl's blankets moved; an arm stretched out a moment, withdrawing instantly into the bed.

"You can have my breakfast," Roberta heard. "Anybody can have it who wants it. Call me three min's t' sev'n."

As Roberta watched her roommate slide more securely into the covers for the last and most delicious moments of sleep, she thought: "I don't blame her. She must have been called when that emergency came in last night. Surgery duty's the limit. I'm glad I'm almost through training. Nursing's the limit anyhow."

"Oh, I've Got the Blues, and I Don't Know Why"

It was light enough now so that she could see the sodden carpet of yellow leaves under the maples, and she noticed that the crimson pennons of the sumacs drooped and dripped and clung together. A gray day. Bleary, cold, and with sweeping showers of rain down the Hudson which would turn to snow. Smoke from the city sagged in the air until it lay like ropes of mist along the roofs.

She knew that Anne must be in the surgery at seven.

"What is it, and who's operating?" she asked clearly. "You'll catch the devil if you're late again. And the rain's coming in on your uniform."

"'Pendect'my," her roommate mumbled. "Masterson's operatin'. I hate'm. Yipped at me th' first time I was in the darned op'ratin' room—gimme this, gimme that. I'll give him! Every time he yells for somethin' I'll hand'm somethin' else. Just because he's a rotten op'rat'r, he takes it out in yellin'." Silence an instant, and then—"My uniform?"

Anne was out of bed; she seized the limp uniform, shook it a moment, and then hurled it into a far corner before closing the window. Her feet made tracks where they touched the floor, since she had stepped into the wet patch, and she leaped back into her bed, warming them.

High clear voices came through the transom: "Make it snappy, sister—snappy!" . . . "Who is in the shower, anyhow?" . . . "What kid swiped my clean cap?" . . . St. William's was going on duty.

Anne, sleep gone from her eyes, became a flash of white as she hurried into her clothes. As she dressed, she talked: "I'll grab me a cup of coffee from the diet kitchen. I can't abide this fellow who's operatin'. Why people will pick a man like him I don't know, but they do say he has a lovely bedside manner. . . . As for you, Bob, you can get out of bed, even if you don't go on duty until half-past. . . . Out you go!"

The bedcovers pulled off, Anne looked down at the smaller girl. "Get up, pint," she said. "And don't let Annie hear that you go into the garden this morning. . . . I'll bet you do. . . . But keep away from the new day supe. She's tough, that girl. She can chew nails and make 'em soft as cotton."

"Hurry, Anne," Roberta urged. "The supe's been watching you, but she hasn't started to pick on me yet." She pulled on stockings quickly. "If ——"

"Nice legs," the tall nurse grinned. "Very nice indeed. Oh, well, they're wasted. You might look good to your patients, Bob, but"—at the door—"you're only a news source to him."

Roberta flung after her: "I hope it's a good dirty case and they make you clean up the surgery after it." As the door closed, she added, her cheeks red, "And I hope the porters 're all sick and you have to fumigate."

It would have been better, she believed as she dressed, if she had merely said "Don't be sil'." Or just "Who?" Or, calmly and brazenly, "Can't I get me a man if I want?" She had, she supposed, done the worst possible thing; Anne would tease her unmercifully now. She rather wondered that her roommate hadn't started before.

Rain was driving down the river in an impenetrable curtain, and only when in some turn of the wind it lifted and shifted could she catch a glimpse of the scarf of smoke lying over the city. Rain and cold had once depressed her; this morning she was very happy. She smoothed her short dark hair quickly, and, glancing at her watch again, went to the closet and pulled on her coat.

"It's warm enough," she thought. "Ten dollars a month doesn't go very far when a girl's in training." It wasn't even, she decided, a good coat. "Good enough to run outside a moment in," Roberta said aloud. "First case I get, I'll ——"

The quarters were empty now; only Roberta and the five other girls on the Medical-B Floor, with different rules and hours, were off duty or not in the dining room. The night nurses hadn't come to bed yet. Roberta knew how hard it was to go off duty and, despite the careful plans for the day, do anything save tumble into bed and sleep. A girl was always so tired that she didn't care about going anywhere or doing anything after night duty. They always tried to save their patients so the day girls would be the ones to lose them, but men and women, curiously, seemed to insist upon dying just before morning.

She passed the elevator and slipped down the stairs quickly, almost fugitively. There would be time for breakfast later, or she could have one of the floor girls get her coffee after the patients had been made ready for the day.

An interne, on the first floor, came from nowhere and kept pace with her, attempting to make his long legs adjust themselves to her short steps. "What's the hurry, Lindsey?" he asked. "How come the cheeks are so nice and bright this morning? Now papa doesn't feel very well. He prescribes a li'l affection to make himself feel better."

As he linked his arm through the girl's, she smiled up at him; he tightened his hold instantly. All that Roberta said, very placidly, was: "Doctor McArthur's on the fourth floor making rounds, doctor," and the interne dropped her arm and hurried away. She wondered, still smiling, if Doctor McArthur were anywhere in the hospital. Internes, she decided, were more afraid of their superiors than nurses were; she was glad that this was so.

Shoving at the heavy side door, she saw that the day was full of the whipping of wet snow and the soft crash of the city. Roberta had not put on her cap, and her hair blew back in the wind. Before she could peer into the gloom, a figure detached itself from the side of St. William's and ran up the stairs.

"I don't think there's a thing doing," Roberta said primly. "We had some sort of an emergency last night, Dick, but I don't believe it amounted to anything." She paused, and then said suddenly, "You really could get the news very much better from the girl at the information desk."

"That egg wouldn't know if you had the mayor here with seven knife cuts and expected to die," the reporter said. "Gosh! I don't blame you for being sore, Bob. You shouldn't have come out. It's a rotten day."

Roberta realized that Anne's gibe had bitten deeper than she had supposed; she was honest enough, also, to understand that the businesslike opening to their short morning

conversation had become a formula. She wasn't, she knew, angry; she smiled as she wondered what Dick would say if she asked "Am I only a news source?"

She said only "You're pretty wet."

Her eyes widened as Stevens said earnestly, "Remember the first time I came to St. William's—on the Wharring story? Information girl said he wasn't here. And you told me, when she couldn't hear you, to get hold of one of the doctors. My gosh, Bob, you saved my life on that! If you hadn't ——"

"That's a nurse's business," Roberta said. "I wish you didn't get so wet, Dick."

They looked at each other a moment. The girl's head lowered when Stevens said "Thanks, Bob."

He stood between her and the rain and wind; they were both silent for so long that the man began to speak hurriedly.

"What we need," he said nervously, "is the proper kind of syndication on this beat. If the other afternoon paper boys 'd hand their stories around, we could take turns covering this sort of day. But we've got a Horace Greeley on the job who's trying to make a name for himself; what we get he wants, what he gets is always an office tip."

"Has he"—how did Dick say it?—"has he slipped any stories over on you?"

"He thinks he did. Found a fellow in the gutter over on One Hundred and Twenty-second Street and then fluffed a bootleg death up until it sounded like a good mystery murder with some class to it. He was pretty happy until he found that the morning papers didn't carry a line of the story. My paper wants news, and not fiction." Stevens grinned, and then added: "That is -a faked story has to be pretty good to get by."

"There isn't a single thing happening here."

Stevens said quietly, "I guess you know I don't come here for—entirely for news."

"And probably nothing ever will happen," Roberta concluded; she wanted to say that she knew he didn't. "There're a couple of operations; we don't get many emergencies; a million baby cases. We've got a nervous case coming today or tomorrow, and it'll be my luck to have him—or her—on my floor—for observation. He—yes, I'm sure it's a man—is going to be in 533, and ——"

"Is there going to be any class to him?"

The nurse smiled. "An inch for the mechanic and the front page for the millionaire. . . . No, he's just some sort of a salesman."

Stevens worked at his coat collar, dismissing the subject with "It sure is raining. . . . Are you off on Friday again?"

A hand on the door, Roberta said, "I'm going to sleep and sleep and sleep Friday." She knew, of course, that she wouldn't, and had no desire to.

"I'll be here when you go off duty. About eight Friday night?"

The girl's hand brushed at her coat, and when Stevens muttered again about the rain, she looked up. For a moment she thought she would be able to say nothing; words came swiftly then.

"It isn't that I don't want to go," she said fiercely. "I do want to. I get sick of this hospital, sick of fresh interns, sick of sickness. But just look at the darned old coat! I wish I were out of training and making money. I wish I'd gone to work in a store. I wish I were a telephone operator. I wish I had a job as a typist. . . . No, I don't—any of them. But just the same"—a hand on the coat—"just the same —— Oh, I've got the blues, and I don't know why."

If Dick had said "It's this miserable day," she believed she would have pushed him down the stairs. He had stepped closer to her, very wet but very earnest. Roberta couldn't, she realized, open the door and go inside, because the door swung outward and she was against it. Nor, because of Dick, could she move forward. A gust of wind blew cold drops against her face as she looked up defiantly.

She said swiftly then, "Anyone who comes down the hall can see us. . . . I've got to go on duty."

It seemed to her, even while she felt Dick's arm go about her, as if the gale of passion which had been slowly rising in them both had blown away the mists in which her mind had been groping.

"Anyone who comes down the hall ——" she repeated unsteadily; and then, clearly: "If anyone comes, let them look. . . . Please kiss me, Dick." With his arms still about her, she tried valiantly to say something flippant. She heard him whispering against her hair. "Of course I do," she said; and "Of course I will."

She watched him, just before the bell at St. William's struck eight, stride down the walk, head low against the half rain, half snow. She remembered how dark his eyes had been; began to laugh, next, in an icy pool of doubt.

"A nurse in training and a newspaper reporter," she thought with sudden bitterness. "I made Dick do it. But he couldn't have kept quiet very much longer."

As she swung the door closed behind her and pulled off the offending coat, examining her uniform automatically for the precision of its creases, her expression changed subtly.

"It won't be so bad," she decided. "I want to work anyhow. I wouldn't be satisfied if I weren't. . . . And I'll be darned if I get married in this coat!"

Roberta was smiling when she met Doctor Stone again, but the interne was not. "How come you told me McArthur was in the house?" he demanded.

"Wasn't he?"

"You knew he wasn't."

"Oh, doctor ——"

He frowned down at her. "The trouble with you, little Lindsey, is that you stay too much in the house. What you really need is to step out a little."

She had started up the stairs sedately, but halfway to the second floor she flew ahead; at the landing she called back, "I'll do my very best to follow your prescription, doctor."

The interne went back to the office to see if any of his fellows would swap nights off with him. He had, it seemed, to meet his mother, who was coming down from Utica on Friday.

Roberta Lindsey went on duty placidly. She was grateful for the passage with Stone; she felt perfectly herself again. She read the night nurses' additions to the charts. There was Room 533 to be prepared, and she saw that the restraining apparatus was in a drawer in the room. "Nervous" might mean anything, and usually did. There were, she saw, no doctor's orders at all for 533.

Anne, scurrying through the floor, called "Hello, news source," to her.

"We can't all start as city editors."

Anne stopped. "We? We?"

Lindsey bent over her charts, although her heart was plunging. "You heard me," she said placidly enough, never looking up.

Bells—treatments and sponge baths—doctors' orders and doctors themselves, demanding and receiving attendance. Probationers to be directed or watched, the telephone to be answered —— Yes, he is doing as well as could be expected this morning. Somehow, before the lunch trays were set up, Roberta saw that 533 had been

(Continued on Page 95)

He Was a Little Disturbed, and Did Not Weigh: "Some Women Can Wear Sable, Some Not"

BIGGER AND BETTER SLAMS

By James R. Crowell

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

A MATHEMATICAL genius has figured out that the number of hands of thirteen cards each possible in an auction-bridge game is 635,013,559,600; and that as it would take between two and three million years to deal the entire assortment, no one person is ever likely to see all the various combinations, despite scientific progress toward the solution of longevity.

Such figures are slightly beyond the ken of people operating on family budgets of $200 a month, and yet any 100 per cent bridge enthusiast will tell you that numerals don't come large enough to do justice to a graph illustrating the grip this game has taken on dear old Uncle Sam, his nieces, nephews and other folks. As to whether it is fanaticism of the most rabid sort or an epidemic of the most virulent character, you may take your pick. But you may be sure it is something considerably in excess of being nobody's business.

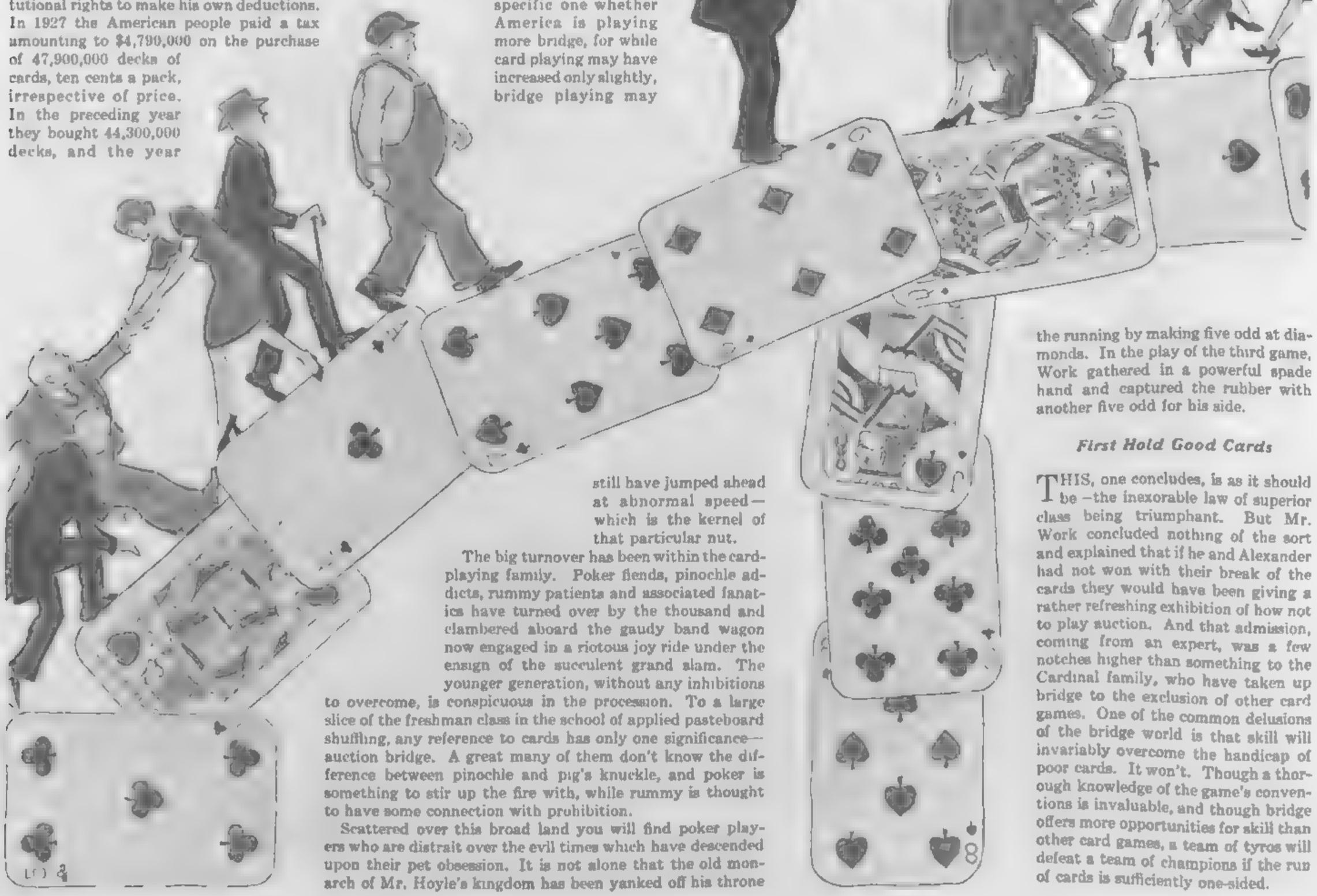
There are supposedly 6,000,000 persons in the United States playing auction, playing at it, fighting over it, loving it, cursing it and generally running amuck about it. I can't vouch for the accuracy of this estimate, nor can sundry others who are more vitally interested in tracing the elusive fact to its lair. It is sufficient to know that bridge has more players than has any other game, indoor or out. On that point there doesn't seem to be any reasonable ground for argument. Some investigators believe it has more players than all the other games combined—and maybe it has—who knows? The charm of any such contention is that it cannot be proved or disproved—not unless the Government takes an auction-bridge census, which doesn't seem probable for another four years at least, as neither platform makes any provision for it.

A New Monarch in the Kingdom of Hoyle

IN THE absence of a census, the best the Government can do for its bridge customers is to offer some more or less useful statistics, from which any citizen, native born or naturalized, is entitled under his constitutional rights to make his own deductions. In 1927 the American people paid a tax amounting to $4,790,000 on the purchase of 47,900,000 decks of cards, ten cents a pack, irrespective of price. In the preceding year they bought 44,300,000 decks, and the year before that, 38,200,000. In 1917 the sale was down to 32,200,000, but in 1916 it had been 44,300,000—a disparity which may be accounted for by the fact that in 1916 we had not yet entered the war and in 1917 we were in it full tilt. War, as I understand it, is about the only thing which interferes with bridge. Panic, pestilence or flood is without weight.

Taking the two high-water marks of the twelve-year period, it is seen that the sale of cards has jumped only 3,600,000 packs from the figures of 1916 to those of 1927. Now to one who was on the scent of data which would bear out the unqualified statement that auction bridge is holding the nation in the hollow of its hand, this anæmic increase was rather disconcerting. It just didn't seem right to talk about the game being such a marvelous institution if people were buying only 8 per cent or so more cards after a lapse of twelve years—50 or 75 per cent would have sounded more like it. So, though a somewhat eccentric and devout bridge hound on my own account, I was on the point of concluding that my fellow bugs should return to their padded cells and learn arithmetic.

What spared me from a rush of skepticism to the head was the fact that E. V. Shepard, demon statistician of the bridge world, galloped to the rescue of his comrades and with a few deft finesses extricated the monkey wrench I had slipped into the machinery of figures. It seems, as Mr. Shepard skillfully demonstrated, that there is a fairly robust distinction between the general question whether America is playing more cards and the specific one whether America is playing more bridge, for while card playing may have increased only slightly, bridge playing may still have jumped ahead at abnormal speed—which is the kernel of that particular nut.



The big turnover has been within the card-playing family. Poker fiends, pinochle addicts, rummy patients and associated fanatics have turned over by the thousand and clambered aboard the gaudy band wagon now engaged in a riotous joy ride under the ensign of the succulent grand slam. The younger generation, without any inhibitions to overcome, is conspicuous in the procession. To a large slice of the freshman class in the school of applied pasteboard shuffling, any reference to cards has only one significance—auction bridge. A great many of them don't know the difference between pinochle and pig's knuckle, and poker is something to stir up the fire with, while rummy is thought to have some connection with prohibition.

Scattered over this broad land you will find poker players who are distrait over the evil times which have descended upon their pet obsession. It is not alone that the old monarch of Mr. Hoyle's kingdom has been yanked off his throne but the blow which has almost killed father is the fact that defection has spread to those two strongholds which were regarded as impregnable—the professional baseball clubs and the great unorganized brotherhood of traveling salesmen. Next to poker disappearing from the régime of the ball player, old-timers can think of nothing which would be more radical except for baseball itself to vanish. Yet it is not a mere supposition that this tragedy has actually taken place. I have the word of several well-known sporting writers who travel with the clubs throughout the season that it is only too true. Bridge did it.

Early this season, before the regular schedule of the major leagues got under way, Milton C. Work, one of the foremost of the authorities on auction, was invited by Branch Rickey to attend a preseason exhibition game between the St. Louis Cardinals and the Browns. Arriving an hour or so before the game started, Mr. Work delivered a talk to the players on the difference between auction and contract bridge, and then engaged in a rubber with Grover Cleveland Alexander, Rabbit Maranville and Roettger—chosen by their comrades as the club's leading lights at the card table. On the cut, Work and Alexander teamed as partners against the two others. Maranville went game on the first hand and then Alexander put his side back into the running by making five odd at diamonds. In the play of the third game, Work gathered in a powerful spade hand and captured the rubber with another five odd for his side.

First Hold Good Cards

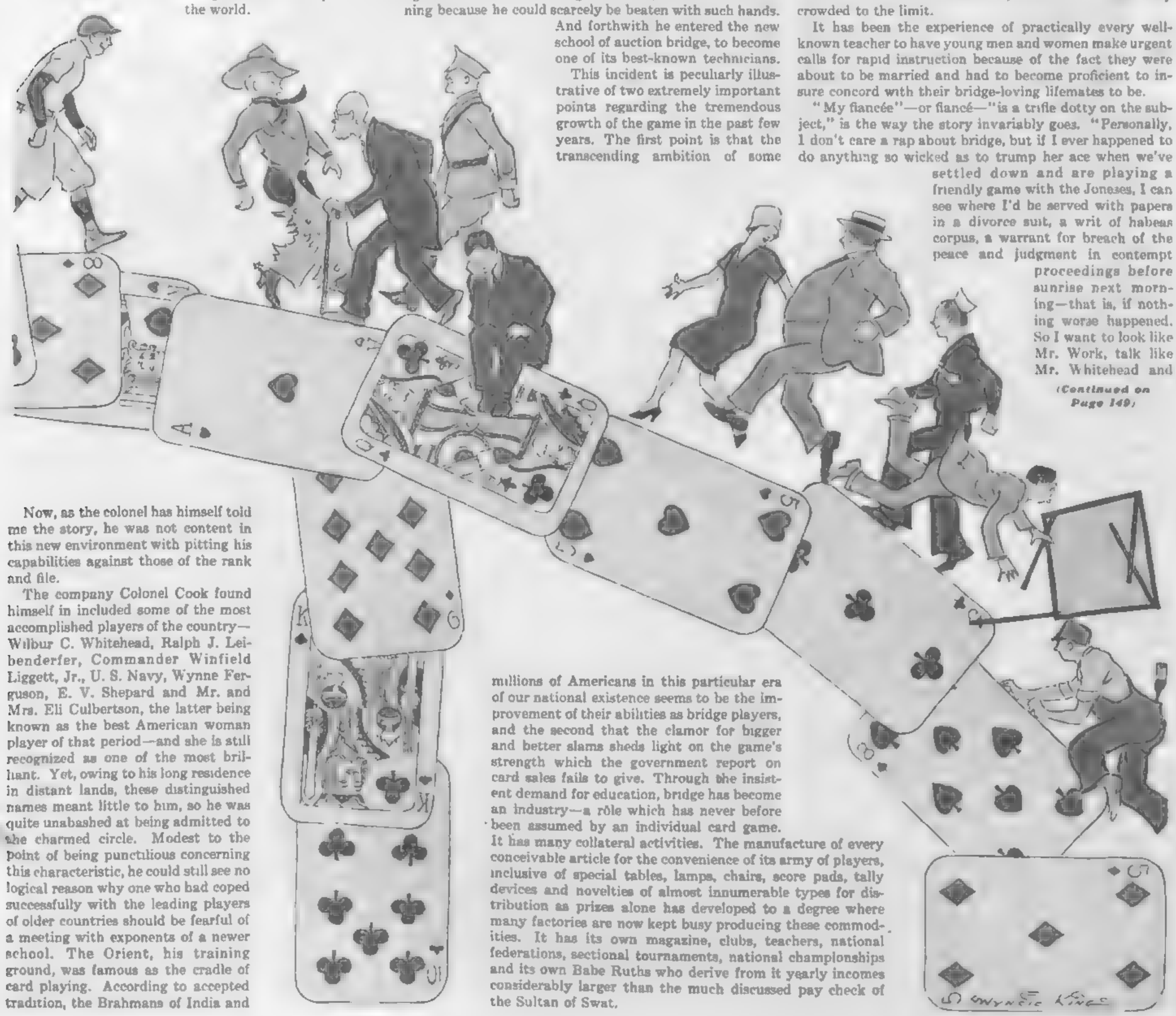
THIS, one concludes, is as it should be—the inexorable law of superior class being triumphant. But Mr. Work concluded nothing of the sort and explained that if he and Alexander had not won with their break of the cards they would have been giving a rather refreshing exhibition of how not to play auction. And that admission, coming from an expert, was a few notches higher than something to the Cardinal family, who have taken up bridge to the exclusion of other card games. One of the common delusions of the bridge world is that skill will invariably overcome the handicap of poor cards. It won't. Though a thorough knowledge of the game's conventions is invaluable, and though bridge offers more opportunities for skill than other card games, a team of tyros will defeat a team of champions if the run of cards is sufficiently one-sided.

Here is an illuminating case in point: Eight years or so ago the name of Col. Frank A. Cook was added to the membership roll of the Knickerbocker Whist Club of New York, one of the leading organizations of its kind in the country.

Colonel Cook, a West Point man, who had first seen service as a second lieutenant of the Fourth United States Cavalry during the Geronimo uprising on the Mexican border, joining at the same time the late Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood became an assistant surgeon, enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most accomplished bridge players in the Army. He had introduced the game in the University Club of Manila ten or twelve years previously and had played regularly at other army posts in the Orient, where the game was in high favor with the foreign populations.

Riding High Before the Fall

THE quality of Colonel Cook's auction was primarily and essentially what used to be known as the army game. Conventional bidding was no part of it. There was no distinction, for instance, between the initial bids and those made by third and fourth hand, and it was not necessary in either case that the card values contain certain basic requirements. The people of the Far East, where he had done practically all his playing, did not bother in those days with trifles of that character. Card sense was the one and only thing, and Colonel Cook, being in possession of large quantities of that, had left his impress from Manila to Shanghai as one of the outstanding geniuses of the bridge table in that portion of the world.



Now, as the colonel has himself told me the story, he was not content in this new environment with pitting his capabilities against those of the rank and file.

The company Colonel Cook found himself in included some of the most accomplished players of the country—Wilbur C. Whitehead, Ralph J. Leibenderfer, Commander Winfield Liggett, Jr., U. S. Navy, Wynne Ferguson, E. V. Shepard and Mr. and Mrs. Eli Culbertson, the latter being known as the best American woman player of that period—and she is still recognized as one of the most brilliant. Yet, owing to his long residence in distant lands, these distinguished names meant little to him, so he was quite unabashed at being admitted to the charmed circle. Modest to the point of being punctilious concerning this characteristic, he could still see no logical reason why one who had coped successfully with the leading players of older countries should be fearful of a meeting with exponents of a newer school. The Orient, his training ground, was famous as the cradle of card playing. According to accepted tradition, the Brahmans of India and the people of China were experts in the science of the card table centuries before America had even been discovered.

After one solid month of competition against the world's great, Colonel Cook was riding high. With an utter disregard for conventional bidding, with flagrant defiance of standards which had been set as the one and only medium for winning play, he emerged from the skirmish with some of our best-known scalps in his possession as trophies of war. But the charm of the siren song of battle on the fields of bridge conflict is that it goes on and on without end, like the ceaseless chant of the sea. A point which escaped Colonel Cook entirely—but was never lost sight of by his fellow players—was the fact that the story of one month's competition is inconclusive. Time is required for the law of distribution to assert itself, and in the judgment of his companions it was only a question of time before this newcomer from the Far East, with his trick army game, would drop into his proper groove.

The inevitable happened. Beginning his fifth week as a member of the Knickerbocker, Colonel Cook ran into a losing streak which was long drawn out—and painful too. His amazing run of cards faded and he faded with them, going into a temporary retirement at the tables of the smaller fry. He studied the situation. All about him had been talk of bridge conventions; other members of the Knickerbocker were unanimous in believing that they were vital to sound play. Then why had he so consistently won for a month from Whitehead, Leibenderfer, the Culbertsons and the others who were recognized as masters of the game? Out of his reflections came a great ray of light—he had been holding the cards; he had been winning because he could scarcely be beaten with such hands.

And forthwith he entered the new school of auction bridge, to become one of its best-known technicians.

This incident is peculiarly illustrative of two extremely important points regarding the tremendous growth of the game in the past few years. The first point is that the transcending ambition of some millions of Americans in this particular era of our national existence seems to be the improvement of their abilities as bridge players, and the second that the clamor for bigger and better slams sheds light on the game's strength which the government report on card sales fails to give. Through the insistent demand for education, bridge has become an industry—a rôle which has never before been assumed by an individual card game. It has many collateral activities. The manufacture of every conceivable article for the convenience of its army of players, inclusive of special tables, lamps, chairs, score pads, tally devices and novelties of almost innumerable types for distribution as prizes alone has developed to a degree where many factories are now kept busy producing these commodities. It has its own magazine, clubs, teachers, national federations, sectional tournaments, national championships and its own Babe Ruths who derive from it yearly incomes considerably larger than the much discussed pay check of the Sultan of Swat.

Of all the individual by-products, the sale of textbooks is the chief. It is estimated that between 400,000 and 500,000 are sold yearly in the United States, at an average price of $2 each, or a total of approximately $1,000,000. There are thought to be about 3000 teachers operating in various sections, with the number increasing at a rapid rate under the stimulus recently given by radio broadcasting. Charges for lessons cover a wide range. The question of what would be regarded as a fair fee came up recently at a course of post-graduate instruction for teachers conducted by Mr. Work, and the only answer he could give was to name the highest and lowest prices that had ever come to his attention—$100 an hour and $1 an hour. As in the case of most professional fees, the ability of the teacher to teach and the ability of the pupil to pay are the determining factors.

Bridging Over Marital Troubles

I KNOW of a woman, the sister of a high official of a prominent New York trust company, who has been teaching card playing in the South for thirty years. Whist, bridge whist, auction bridge and now contract have all come within the scope of her instruction. Traveling from town to town, she organizes classes for men, women and young persons and charges a flat rate for the entire course of ten or twelve lessons, usually about $30. This revenue, plus the larger sums received for individual instruction, gives her a gross monthly income of close to $1500 and a net of $1000. For thirty years she has made an excellent living out of her knowledge of the game; and now, with the great spurt auction has taken in recent times, her classes are invariably crowded to the limit.

It has been the experience of practically every well-known teacher to have young men and women make urgent calls for rapid instruction because of the fact they were about to be married and had to become proficient to insure concord with their bridge-loving lifemates to be.

"My fiancée"—or fiancé—"is a trifle dotty on the subject," is the way the story invariably goes. "Personally, I don't care a rap about bridge, but if I ever happened to do anything so wicked as to trump her ace when we've settled down and are playing a friendly game with the Joneses, I can see where I'd be served with papers in a divorce suit, a writ of habeas corpus, a warrant for breach of the peace and judgment in contempt proceedings before sunrise next morning—that is, if nothing worse happened. So I want to look like Mr. Work, talk like Mr. Whitehead and

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THE RICH MAN'S CITY

"Off a Liner, I Suppose." Doctor Gero Nodded; He Asked the Captain's Name and the Name of the Schooner

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

INSPECTOR TOPE, sitting at his desk by the window overlooking the narrow court between headquarters and the city prison, was reading. He was reading a small leather-bound book which fitted comfortably into his pudgy hands, and which he held, not between finger and thumb but in the half circle made by palm and fingers, in a fashion somehow affectionate. The morning sun laid a rectangle of light in the court outside, but his window was still in shadow. He had turned sidewise in his swinging chair so that the light might fall properly across the page.

Inspector Tope's professional concern was with homicides, but there are times and seasons when murders are few and far between, and this was one of them. Hence he had some leisure. He was a man near the retirement age. There were even those who hinted that he had already passed it. But the inspector did not want to retire and the department was unwilling to lose his services; so the question of his age was not discussed. He was a round, amiable man, with hair by this time as white as snow, and a beaming countenance and a mild blue eye. If he lacked the physical vigor which the regulations demand, this lack was not apparent in his bearing; for aside from his white hair there was no mark of years upon him. He walked with an alert, eager step, and his hands were apt to hang a little out from his sides, the fingers open, the palms turned forward as though in readiness to grip and hold.

And just now, as has been said, he had some leisure; so he sat at his desk and read. The leather volume in his hands was the Book of Proverbs.

Inspector Dave Howell came in to examine his mail before going out upon the business of the day. Howell handled bank frauds, bad checks, bucket shops, embezzlements and such matters. But now and then, as for instance in the case of old Willow and President Peace of the Fishermen's Trust, he and Tope worked together to a common end. Just now Inspector Howell tossed a word to the older man, and Inspector Tope looked up to nod and smile.

"What's that you're reading?" Inspector Howell asked, and the other told him. Dave Howell chuckled. "Come to that, have you? You must be hard put to kill time."

"Ever read it?" Inspector Tope mildly inquired.

"I had to read the Bible through when I was a boy," Howell confessed. "My folks were religious. Not since though."

"It's interesting," Tope told him gently. "It gives a man ideas."

Inspector Howell chuckled, and he sat down at his desk and picked up some letters waiting there. The older man returned to his book. When he was done with the letters Howell unfolded his morning paper and began to look through its columns. He turned directly to the sporting pages, but when he had given them a due appraisal he scanned the other pages too.

Thus his attention presently was caught by a small headline in the middle column of the first page, and he read with a quick interest the paragraph or two below.

"Hullo," he said aloud then, and he laughed. "Say, this is a queer one!"

Inspector Tope, at the difference in the other's tone, raised his eyes.

"What is?" he asked.

But as it happened, Inspector Howell had no time to tell him; for a patrolman appeared in the door to summon Inspector Tope away. A fishing boat, just in from the Banks, had picked up a floating body at sea.

There was no particular reason why Inspector Tope should have been sent to examine the body of a man drowned at sea. In the ordinary course of tragic events his attention was not enlisted until there appeared the probability, if not the certainty, that the dead man had been a victim of violence. But just now he had no immediate task in hand; time somewhat dragged, and he was glad to go. He walked down the hill from headquarters, a brisk, round figure of a man, his beaming cheeks like bright apples on this brisk January day, his hands swinging alertly at his sides.

The fishing schooner was tied up at her wharf when he arrived there. She was the Mary C, that morning returned with full holds. The inspector located her without difficulty, and as he approached where she lay he scanned the craft with an appreciative interest. Her topmasts were down, for she was in winter rig, and there was some ice on her rigging here and there. It had been cold on the homeward passage, though just now and just here the sun shone warmly from a clear sky and the air was almost mild. The inspector approached the Mary C, and then it occurred to him that Doctor Gero, the medical examiner, should be about. So he paused and looked back along the wharf; but the doctor had not yet appeared and the inspector went on alone.

They were unloading fish from the Mary C, but the captain was free to answer questions. To Tope's inquiry he nodded toward the wharf, where a dory lay shrouded under a piece of heavy canvas.

"Where did you pick it up?" the inspector asked, and the captain spat over the rail and told him.

"Any men lost from your schooner?" Tope inquired, and the captain shook his head.

"Nor any other't I heard on," he added. He looked toward the dory. "This chap was buried at sea."

The inspector eyed him in some curiosity. "Buried?"

"He's sewed up," the captain explained—"in canvas. Likely died on a liner or something, and they give him sea burial. One of the crew or steerage. I figure the weights come loose, so's he floated."

Doctor Gero spoke from the stringpiece of the wharf above their heads: "Morning, inspector!"

He was tall and slender, and his fair hair, in turning gray, had merely seemed to grow more fair, so that he wore a look of perpetual youth. The medical examiner was a man of long experience; he had looked on scenes of violence for many years and his eyes were grave and kind.

Inspector Tope returned his greeting and climbed up beside him on the wharf, pointing toward the dory.

"The captain says this chap was buried at sea," he told the newcomer. "He's sewed up in canvas, and the weights slipped out somehow, so that he floated. Off a liner, I suppose."

Doctor Gero nodded; he asked the captain's name and the name of the schooner and the location where the body was found.

"That's reasonably near the steamer lanes, isn't it?" he suggested, and the captain agreed.

"Who picked it up?" Doctor Gero inquired.

"Ike, over there unloading, and Jim Swing," the captain explained. "Guess you'll want to talk to them."

"Not now," Doctor Gero returned. "This is just routine, I expect." He turned toward the dory, under its shroud of gray canvas, and the inspector and the captain followed him. "I'll have a look at it."

Doctor Gero and the inspector dragged aside the fragment of sail which covered the dory, and the doctor peered down at the thing in the bottom of the craft. What he saw was a cylindrical roll of canvas, flattened and shapeless, and after a moment he said curiously:

"I don't see where the weights were fastened, captain."

The captain scratched his head. "Well, come to think of it, neither do I," he agreed. "I didn't look close. I judged they'd ripped loose or the like."

Doctor Gero smiled toward Tope. "We're wasting our time, inspector," he remarked, and he bent over the thing in the dory and touched it with his thumb, proddingly.

"How's that?" Inspector Tope inquired.

"Possibly I'm wrong, of course," the doctor admitted. "Let's see."

The long object in the dory's bottom was sewed in the roll of canvas and the coarse stitches were on the side that was uppermost. Doctor Gero opened his bag and selected a pair of scissors, and began to cut these stitches, but as he did so he stopped to look at them with a sudden attention. Then he shook his head and went on with his task. He cut the coarse twine for a distance of two feet or so, along the middle of the shape; but this was slow work, and in the end, as though impatiently, he exchanged the scissors for a small keen knife and slit the canvas through. A little group of men had gathered to watch what went forward, and someone muttered protestingly at this. But Doctor Gero, whistling through his teeth, cheerily continued with his task.

The proceeding seemed to Inspector Tope a decidedly curious one. He had seen Doctor Gero at work before, and the medical examiner was usually meticulous and precise in his every movement. Also he was accustomed to handle those things which were his concern with a decent reverence, but now, with his small, keen blade, he stabbed and slashed and ripped, and abruptly he plunged his hand into the opening he had made and began to pluck out the contents of this canvas roll.

Inspector Tope, who was observant in such matters, had been by the doctor's manner sufficiently prepared; yet what he saw now was curious enough and surprising enough. Doctor Gero pulled out a handful of rags and sawdust and half a brick and other odds and ends. He continued to reach into the slit in the canvas and produce more and more rubbish, while the heap of it beside the dory grew. And the tension which had rested on them all relaxed, and some of the watchers laughed and some exclaimed, and Doctor Gero put away his knife and brushed his hands. And he smiled at Inspector Tope.

"Wasting our time," he repeated. "Just a dummy. A suit of underclothes stuffed with rubbish. Someone's idea of a joke, I suppose. Can I give you a ride uptown?"

The inspector considered, and after a moment he shook his head.

"A dummy?" he repeated. "That's queer. No, I'll stay and play with these things for a while."

Doctor Gero's eyes widened. "Why? What for?" he asked curiously. The two had drawn aside. "It's a joke, that's all. What else could it be?"

Inspector Tope smiled deprecatingly. "Well, it might be a murder!" he returned.

The doctor looked—and was—surprised, but the inspector's record was one to command respect, so the medical examiner did not express his dissent. He even offered his services, but Inspector Tope declined them.

"This isn't much of a *corpus delicti*—yet," he pointed out. "Won't waste your time now, but we may need you by and by."

So the doctor departed. When he strode away, Inspector Tope was bending over the dory, carefully extracting from the canvas roll the sodden union suit which had been stuffed with rubbish till it assumed the shape and semblance of a man.

It was almost noon when Inspector Tope returned to headquarters. With a package tucked snugly under his arm, he walked up the hill at that alert, short-legged gait of his and turned in at the familiar door, and he made one immediate inquiry. The answer reassured him. The report that the schooner Mary C had picked up a floating body had not yet been put on the flimsy for the reporters assigned to headquarters; so no newspapermen knew what had happened, and the inspector directed that this secrecy should be maintained.

Having thus arranged to avoid publicity until he was ready for it, Inspector Tope sent for complete files of the newspapers for the few days past, and he began to read them methodically, column by column, ignoring not the smallest item they contained.

(Continued on Page 83)

"Wait a Minute." He Halted the Others and Reminded Them That Danger Might Lie Ahead.

ELSPETH COMES OUT

By Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IX

BY THE time that the Stone Lairds left Lyken Hold, Elspeth's conquest of Melville was so evident that Mrs. Lyken regarded her daughter with a new affection. To be sure, her expression even now did not soar to the maternal. At its loftiest it resembled the look that one bestows upon some lucky penny which, carried about for years without offering any support for confidence, suddenly delivers one from shipwreck.

That the week-end would have been wrecked without this talisman was undoubtedly recognized by my employer. For, even though this wise woman of Gotham who had put out on social seas in a laundry tub might not have admitted the unseaworthiness of her chosen craft, she was conscious of other elements of disaster. All her old fear of not doing the right thing was undoubtedly quickened, for example, by the moment when she had to admit to the Stone Lairds, both accustomed to playing bridge for high stakes, that she and Mr. Lyken had never learned the game. She was, too, again the prey of her most vivid emotions when all through the course of Saturday's long state dinner her husband responded only with his inveterate "Uh-huh's" and his curt, dry, "Yes, I think so's."

Oh, yes, she knew deep down in her soul that things had not gone well, and that under the smooth pebble-like faces of her guests was concealed a martyrdom of interest sacrificed for interests. So, obliged to discontinue for a moment the self-deception that helped her to support the stings of her position, she turned gratefully to Elspeth. And moved by a sense of the potency of her talisman, she overlooked entirely that scene over Christopher Lovegrove.

The change in her attitude was brought out by a conversation which she had with me immediately after the Lairds' departure. Seeking me out in my office, she sat down on the other side of the desk and viewed me with a long smile—that smile which seemed to gather into its radiant upturned arc every profitable outside thing.

"Well?" she questioned.

"Well," I commented.

She amplified my remark. "Everything turned out finely, didn't it? The chef never did better, and as for Elspeth—weren't you too surprised for words? And to think the dear child never had any experience with boys, either! Why, that young Laird was simply fascinated by her!" I nodded dryly, and immediately afterward she rushed on: "Do you know what I think, Mrs. Pemberton? I think that Elspeth is changed."

"Oh, and how would you describe the change?"

She knitted her brows in an attempt at scrupulous definition.

"Well," she brought out slowly, "it seems to me she's—well, you know—softening. Why, I believe she's going to make her debut, after all."

I granted that this indication of a mellow nature was certainly not lacking, and then, to my surprise, Mrs. Lyken turned upon me a long look melting in its complete surrender of self.

"It's you that have done it," she breathed.

"I!" exclaimed I, somewhat appalled at this spiritual redemption laid at my door. "What do you mean?"

"Why, it's just exactly what I hoped—the dear child has been impressed by you—by all that you stand for—and she has made up her mind at last that her mother knows best."

I had time to ponder upon this somewhat mixed motivation ascribed to Elspeth before she continued: "Oh, you don't need to deny it. I've seen the change in her ever since you first came to Lyken Hold. That's why I always say to myself, 'What if Mrs. Pemberton has nothing to do in this house? She's earned her two hundred a month just by restoring my child to me.'"

Up to this moment I had been almost touched by my employer's willingness to share with me the triumph of Elspeth's regeneration. I still think that her gratification overflowed toward me in a little wave of genuine kindliness. But those brimming waters were not quite free from a familiar source of contagion, and her last words assured me that only in this way could Matilda Lyken dull the ache of paying me my monthly salary.

I did not reply to her, but after a moment I asked suddenly, "When do you expect to bring Elspeth out?"

"Two years from this autumn, I suppose. She'll be just eighteen then."

"'I Say, How are the Falcons? Saw That Picture of You in Last Sunday's Paper'"

"H'm, only two years! That doesn't give us much time for a campaign, does it?"

She groaned. "As if I didn't know that! Didn't I urge her all last winter to have parties for the nice girls at Barrett? But, oh, no, she wouldn't hear to it. All she cared about was running around with that common little Doris Knaben—mind you, a hotel keeper's granddaughter!"

"I think," I remarked dryly, "that Elspeth's thirst for Doris Knaben's society is just about quenched. Mark my words, next autumn she'll cut her."

Mrs. Lyken faced the future which I outlined with eyes of starry resignation.

"Of course," she sighed, "I wouldn't want her to be mean—that's not like either Mr. Lyken or me. Still——" Her sudden halt was followed by a long silence during which a fresh anxiety gathered in those glossy brown eyes. "You don't believe it's too late now?" she breathed. "We can get her started right, even yet?"

"I think so," I returned optimistically. "Of course, as you know, debuts are like Rome. They're not built in a day. She ought to have been getting into the best set long ago—when she was a tiny child—so that when she really came out she wouldn't have to lift her finger. Still, Elspeth is a remarkable girl, and now that she has young Laird to help her, she ought to be able to do a great deal in two years' time."

Is thought just a delivery wagon of matter, or how does it happen so frequently that after intense consideration of an idea there is set right down at one's door the material means of embodying that idea? I was persuaded of the legitimacy of such speculation when, just a few days after this conversation with Mrs. Lyken, Stacker Decke dropped in upon us for an informal call.

As it happened, Mrs. Lyken was driving that afternoon and I was obliged to receive the man who was one of the cleverest social press agents. I had known Stacker Decke ever since my employment by Mrs. Cuttle. What an amiable-looking soul he was—this same Stacker Decke!

"It's a great pleasure to see you again, Mrs. Pemberton," he assured me with his most friendly smile as we shook hands in the great hall. "In fact I'm relieved that Mrs. Lyken happens to be out—I really want a few moments with you alone."

Stacker had a way of unfolding his words that made you think of the salesman at a silk counter. There was a little jerk of some inner roll of merchandise and out flew a silky length of voice. Another little jerk and more yards were laid before you. This manner was ingratiating, almost wistful, and it allied itself spiritually with a certain sadness under the smile of his blue eyes. Personally, I have always believed that Stacker had one great grief. It was that he couldn't wear earrings.

I made some perfunctory reply and we chatted then of various personalities in Mrs. Cuttle's old world. Meanwhile his eye roved over the magnificent living room. Finally he got up and made a tour. He looked out the windows toward the larkspur Sound with its white-winged boats; he rubbed his finger over the center table—a sumptuous piece said to have belonged to François Premier—he petted curtains and draperies as if they had been the silky ears of spaniels.

"This really is a palace," he remarked as he came back and sat down beside me. "I couldn't believe Teasdale when he told me."

"Teasdale?" I echoed vaguely.

"Yes, the young chap who came up here to write up Lyken Hold. And their town house?" asked Stacker. "I understand that it's going to be the most gorgeous home in New York"

"I believe so," answered I economically.

There was another silence, during which his eyes met mine with the plaintive expression which I had so often remarked. "Mrs. Pemberton," he began at last, "you're an excellent social secretary. Nobody in the world could give these people a better steer than you. But they need more than a steer. They need—well, a snowplow—something to clear the way for them."

"Are you suggesting yourself, Mr. Decke?" asked I a trifle insolently.

He cleared his throat. "Perhaps so—perhaps not," he replied. "But whoever it is, there ought to be some good

press agent on the job this very minute. How about this daughter of the Lykens? She's fifteen, they tell me fifteen, mind you—and not once has she ever made a society magazine or a Sunday supplement. Why, if her pictures don't soon begin to come out, the girl's debut will be a perfect flop."

I did not reply. How could I? For already the words of Stacker had impaled me on the horns of a dilemma. I was busily revolving the situation in my mind when he pressed boldly onward

"Now you know me, Mrs. Pemberton," the silky voice asserted. "I can get this girl as much publicity as any Metropolitan soprano ever had. Yes, and I can do more than that." At this point he rose, folded his arms and looked down at me, not with the plaintive appeal of a moment before but with a pride unblemished by self-reproach, such as that which Robin Hood must have displayed in the presence of some robber baron whom he was about to despoil. "Believe me," said Stacker quietly, "when I suggest that people accept certain invitations, they usually find the best reasons for doing it."

More clearly than ever I felt the difficulties of my position. If Mrs. Lyken accepted his proposition, what would it cost her, not only in money but in reputation? For that the world would sneer, "Oh, she's paying Stacker Decke to get her in," was predestined as the result of this policy.

Undoubtedly, also, there were many disadvantages in a refusal. How could she brave either acceptance or rejection? I was being torn by this wonder when Mrs. Lyken herself sailed into the room.

She greeted Stacker with a cordiality perilously akin to reverence, and as I left them together I was perfectly certain of the outcome of that tête-à-tête. It was not long before I discovered the accuracy of my forecast. Immediately after the man's departure Mrs. Lyken flew to me with shining eyes.

"What do you suppose?" she gasped joyfully. "Stacker Decke is going to help us!"

"How much?" inquired I laconically.

"How much!" she repudiated me indignantly. "Why, do you suppose Stacker Decke would take money from anybody? He, coming from a good old family!"

"Wait and see," was my retort.

She shook at me an archly reproving forefinger.

"Fie, fie, you mustn't get cynical!" she admonished. Then, losing her archness in a wider contemplation of my offense, she gave a little sigh. "For my part," she confided, "I always trust people, and no matter how often I'm disillusioned, I just go on."

As a matter of fact, she was partly truthful in her claim. Time and again I saw this woman, beset as she was by fears of all kinds, prove absolutely gullible. Was it that, living always in her chosen rôles, she knew too little of herself to understand anybody else? Or was it that, completely animated by a sense of her own importance, she could not conjure up a class of beings sufficiently eccentric to exist without this same stimulus?

The very next morning brought a special-delivery letter from Stacker. In it he urged that Mrs. Lyken have Elspeth's portrait painted by Mazos, the young foreign artist, already commissioned to do many of the Newport colony. Mazos' fee was fifteen thousand dollars, but Stacker knew that this sum would appear insignificant in comparison with the satisfaction of owning such a treasure as Mazos' work. In a postscript, too, he pointed out the real flowering of this assumed love of art, for here Stacker mentioned that Elspeth's portrait would be included in a very fashionable exhibition of the foreign painter's work scheduled for the following November.

I myself wondered covertly just how much of a percentage Stacker would get on this commission, but no such revolting suspicions were admitted to the pure woof of Mrs. Lyken's trust. She wired back that the artist should come the next day.

He proved to be a martial type, this young Mazos, with slim, waxed mustaches and dark hair brushed back from a broad square forehead to stand stiffly on end. A hussar's jacket would have looked its best dangling from those powerful shoulders, and his eyes, as he first regarded Elspeth, had a stern, almost militant detachment.

"You are very beautiful," he announced after five minutes of steady scrutiny, and his voice sounded exactly as if he were commending a private for his immaculate uniform. Almost immediately afterward, however, a storm gathered in those dark eyes. For a moment he positively glared at the girl. Then, without a word, he stalked over to her as she stood there by one of the windows of the great living room. He put his hand on the light, almost tan-colored hair. "It must be yellow—cold yellow!" he cried, and his voice was pitched to roll out over the clashing sabers. "And why wear it in this—oh, so frightful manner? Here—see!"

And roughly seizing her locks, he parted them in the middle, sleeked them down over her ears and looked around truculently at Mrs. Lyken.

"The girl's beauty has been ruined," he asserted fiercely. "Bah, this America of yours! Is there no one here to see? Do none of you know that this girl is pure *quattrocento?* She should have walked to Ghiberti's gates with Botticelli; she should have thrown her jewels at the feet of Savonarola; she would have made Perugino repent in sackcloth and ashes his Madonnas with their ripe, acid underlips—and you—you"—he glared consistently at Mrs. Lyken—"you would spoil her by dressing her hair in this Subway mode. Make it right, I tell you, or I will not paint her."

"Of Course It's No Trouble Getting the Boys in His Crowd to Know Me"

Won completely by this abuse, my employer made only one faint protest.

"But do we have to have her hair tinted?" she demurred. "Don't you think—well, oughtn't young girls always to be natural?"

"Natural!" roared the painter. "Bah, do not be silly! Why does this Nature manage to impose herself on so many credulous people? Many times she is not clever at all—she has to be nudged by an artist before she knows what to do. This girl's hair must be yellow, I tell you—not this ugly tan here." And he picked up one of Elspeth's locks so roughly, with such marked aversion, that the girl burst into a peal of laughter. "Tomorrow we go into town together and I myself shall pick out the exact color—yellow—cold, wintry, frosty yellow."

I myself had always been one of that erring group which he had just denounced, but I felt my old loyalty to Nature somewhat shaken when I saw the results of that next day's trip to town. Under the pale gold of that casque-like, parted hair Elspeth's head, exquisitely small and perfectly shaped, gained a new distinction and her whole expression seemed more poignantly lovely.

When, after a week of daily sittings, Mazos had transferred to canvas the new Elspeth, I realized that he had created more than a portrait: he had achieved a talking point. Without the coiffure he had suggested, Elspeth would have been only a beautiful girl. Now she was specialized, set apart, salable copy for even the clumsiest of press agents. Elspeth Lyken, the Botticelli Beauty, the girl of fourteenth-century Florence—how clearly I anticipated those printed captions which were to come as I surveyed for the first time Mazos' finished work.

"It is beautiful," said I, standing back to look into the grave, almost solemn young eyes of the portrait.

At this instant Mr. Lyken flitted into the room and the painter turned to ask him how he liked the canvas.

"All right," responded the great financier dryly. Then, with a vindictive glance at Great-granduncle Bannister hanging on the opposite wall, he added, "Anything looks well beside that fright."

Mrs. Lyken coughed apologetically as she glanced at Mazos. And after her husband had retreated she said, "Please don't mind anything that Mr. Lyken

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After a Week of Daily Sittings Mazos Had Transferred to Canvas the New Elspeth

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1928

Collective Carelessness

STUDENTS of government invariably mourn over the indifference displayed by the public, the failure to vote, the ready willingness to let the other fellow shoulder civic responsibility. These conditions are natural in this large heterogeneous country, where economic activities and interests so outshine those of a political or military nature, and in which there is no ruling class fixed by birth or custom. The strange fact is that carelessness extends so generally throughout economic life as well. A recent report of the United States Treasury showed that on March thirty-first last there was being held $66,322,505 with which to indemnify holders of government securities previously matured or redeemed in advance of maturity.

Expressed in other words, the Treasury holds this amount of money which people are too indifferent or too ignorant to collect. Of the total, nearly $59,000,000 belongs to owners of the Second Liberty Loan, which was redeemed on November fifteenth last, with an attendant publicity which should have reached every person in the country, so thoroughgoing were its details. Newspapers, radio, circulars, posters, banks—no known method of reaching bondholders was neglected. Yet four and a half months later there were enough careless people to leave nearly $60,000,000 in good money uncalled for. On the entirely reasonable assumption that the money could have been invested in the savings bank at four per cent, the owners of the bonds threw away nearly a million dollars in interest alone.

Liberty bonds were so widely distributed among all classes of people that many purchasers probably never realized that these pieces of paper were to be repaid plus interest. Dense ignorance of the meaning of the transaction characterized tens of thousands of bondholders. Yet this does not quite explain the matter, for we find the same conditions, although in less exaggerated form, when corporate bonds and stock issues are redeemed or when rights are offered. Then, too, the Treasury had on hand on March thirty-first $2,025,780 with which to pay government bonds matured prior to April 1, 1917, which had not been presented.

It must be that in many cases of wide distribution of stocks and bonds, especially among small holders, large numbers of certificates are lost or destroyed, and no action for recovery taken by the owners. Bondholders die without making provision for the inheritance of their property by others, and the bonds are not discovered by survivors. But making every allowance for chances and accidents of this sort, the remainder of sheer carelessness must be impressively great. It would be valuable to have before us—if such a thing were physically possible—an analysis of the exact causes of failure to present securities for redemption.

To some extent it is a question of temperament. Many people are alert and attentive in the accumulation of property and quite the opposite in its care. But this fact gets us nowhere. What is wanted is a remedy. The hard business of saving and investment deserves a happier ending. It is safe to predict that as time goes on banks will more and more care for these matters for the individual, especially for the careless. Banks perform such services now, but their clientele will spread out into far wider circles in the future.

Government Costs

IT IS well known that education constitutes one of the largest items of local government costs, if not the largest, and that high schools nowadays loom big in public-school expense. But it is public policy to provide a high-school education for an increasing number of children, and there are states in which it is the deliberate intention to provide all children with such an education. In the administration of this policy the people, of course, are deeply concerned with economical and efficient methods. In a recent article in the California Tax Digest it is pointed out that three factors must be considered in evaluating the cost of high-school education: The actual cost, the quality of the educational program, and the convenience to parents and children of taking advantage of this program.

The author, Willard S. Ford, professor of education at the University of Southern California, presents figures taken from a large number of high schools in the state which show a steadily decreasing average cost per pupil as the enrollment increases. Where the enrollment is 99 or less, the average cost is $372.35, and this falls gradually until a figure of $223.55 is reached for schools where the enrollment is from 500 to 599.

As far as educational program is concerned, there seems little doubt that the larger schools present a richer feast. They certainly attract and retain superior teachers and are able to afford a better physical plant. Why, then, should there not be a complete centralization of all high-school students in large centers? The element of convenience prevents it. Yet improved highways and better methods of transportation have decreased traveling time. There is a limit, no doubt, to the time which students can spend on the road. "It is possible to overcentralize schools, so that the advantages are reduced, but there is room for a great deal of centralization in California before such a point is reached."

But there is another element which prevents high-school centralization, and that is local pride. Each tiny community seems determined to have its handsome school, "regardless of its size, cost or efficiency." Not until communities are ready to coöperate on providing the most economical school facilities of high quality shall we know where we stand in the matter of local government costs.

The New Slum

GREAT inventions have a way of producing or being followed by injuries as well as by benefits. Thus the automobile, responsible as it is for great increments of wealth and well-being, seems to bring in its train a new type of slum, aptly described as the slum of commerce rather than of poverty—one of those stringy road towns of filling stations, hot-dog stands, roadhouses, souvenir stores, amusement parks and, most typical of all, billboards. It is a linear slum, without beginning or ending.

Because there must be some limit to the uglification and destruction of the countryside, the whole question of roadside improvement will before long loom up in serious form. When we consider the growing popularity of automobile touring, it is self-evident that to nullify the attractiveness of rural areas near the highways is to wipe out a major economic asset.

Roadside improvement has numerous aspects. There is the question of filling-station and lunch-counter design. There is the urgent necessity of sidewalks or footpaths along our new speedways. There is the equally urgent need in many places for tree planting, and finally there is the larger question of the proper classification of highways by primary use or function.

We wish to refer now to only a single angle of the whole question—namely, the increasing public nuisance of the billboard in other than commercial locations in cities and towns. At one time it was thought that there might be self-regulation, that those who use the billboards might see the harm that was being done. But now both the outdoor advertisers and those who are fighting this public nuisance seem agreed that control should come through legal processes.

It is true that states and cities can, and in many cases do, control billboards on the right of way, or close enough to it to interfere with the safety of driving. It would be absurd if the states or other government authorities could not prevent the erection of private signs, even on private property, which are near enough to sharp curves, bad intersections, grade crossings and underpasses to interfere with vision.

But these situations are rather far removed from the major problem, which is to keep the billboard off private property in the millions of places where the actual safety of driving is not interfered with. Legislation to control billboards on private property is still in the experimental stage. The problem is difficult because no right in this country is more jealously guarded than the private-property right. However, the motoring public is insisting in louder and louder tones that the rural billboard is a public nuisance.

"Every progressive automobile manufacturer can appreciate that our rural landscape is one of our greatest assets," says the vice president of an important automobile company. "Instead of defacing our highways, we should do all in our power to enhance their beauty and thus add to the enjoyment of touring. The American landscapes are the common property of all."

Now, though we believe that the courts, in response to public demand, will eventually hold the rural billboard on private property to be a public nuisance, nevertheless the fight against it is going to be a long, hard one. Practically every regulatory measure is fought through the courts by private interests, the most advanced legislation now under fire being the Massachusetts constitutional amendment which the voters confirmed in 1918. This gave the Department of Public Works general jurisdiction over outdoor advertising signs on private property, and also permitted local communities to make by-laws covering outdoor advertising if they were not inconsistent with the state regulations.

The state regulations were not promulgated until 1924, many hearings having been held after the enabling act of 1920. When an attempt was made to enforce the regulations in 1925, an outdoor advertising company applied for injunctions, and these were granted in 1927. Other cases were joined with the original one, and now they are all before the supreme court of the state. Hearing of evidence by a master has been under way this summer, and it is hoped that the billboard interests will have completed their evidence by early fall and that then the defense will have an opportunity to be heard. Whatever the decision of the state court may be, the cases will undoubtedly be carried to the United States Supreme Court.

It seems certain that a fight to the finish will be carried on by the National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, the Massachusetts Civic League and many other civic bodies. But the fight is primarily not theirs; it is that of the entire public. In all common sense and ordinary fairness and justice, there is no reason why values created by the people as a whole at great expense should be destroyed for the profit of a comparatively small group. Ostensibly located on private property, the real and sole value of the billboard is its proximity to the public thoroughfare. Fortunately the motoring public is becoming more and more incensed. The motoring public is today practically the entire public. In this instance its cause is just and its rising voice of protest must eventually be heard.

MIXED BAGS—By Hal G. Evarts

A Round-up of Jack Rabbits in Eastern Oregon

THE cottontail rabbit has always ranked high in my estimation as a game animal, on one count, if for no other reason. That is the fact that more boys have tasted the first joys of hunting on their own in pursuit of bunny, probably, than could be attributed to any half dozen other varieties of game. Literally millions of American youths have been lured afield to pit their budding prowess as Nimrods of the chase against the fleet little cottontail, storing up treasured recollections that are rarely equaled by the pleasures derived from more ambitious hunting excursions for nobler game in later years. Its relative abundance, general distribution, the ease of hunting it in haunts not too far removed from civilization—all are contributing factors to its popularity as a prey among the youth of the countryside.

Then, too, while in pursuit of the cottontail by the youth of my generation, there was always the enticing prospect of meeting with a variety of prey in the course of the hunt. One goes hunting nowadays with a fairly definite idea as to what particular variety of game will furnish his day's sport and his bag will be confined largely to that one variety.

That limitation has been imposed by the necessary seasonal restrictions. The short open seasons for different kinds of game may not coincide, so while the hunter, when in search of one kind of game, may encounter other varieties, he cannot as a rule include them in his bag

When I started hunting as a boy, open seasons were long and coinciding. While hunting cottontails there was ever the chance that we would flush a few coveys of quail in cornfield or thicket, a few prairie chickens in the big pastures, big red fox squirrels in the timber, belated water fowl that had lingered behind their south-bound fellows to disport themselves in prairie spring seeps that did not freeze over. Nothing prevented our adding these and other desirable creatures to our bag save our own ability to find them, draw within range and hit them after arriving. It was the day of mixed bags, when not only the quantity but the variety in the game bag at the end of the day was a cause for self-congratulation. Those added possibilities lent a tang of extra anticipation when one hied himself afield for a day of rabbit hunting.

The Program for Friday Night

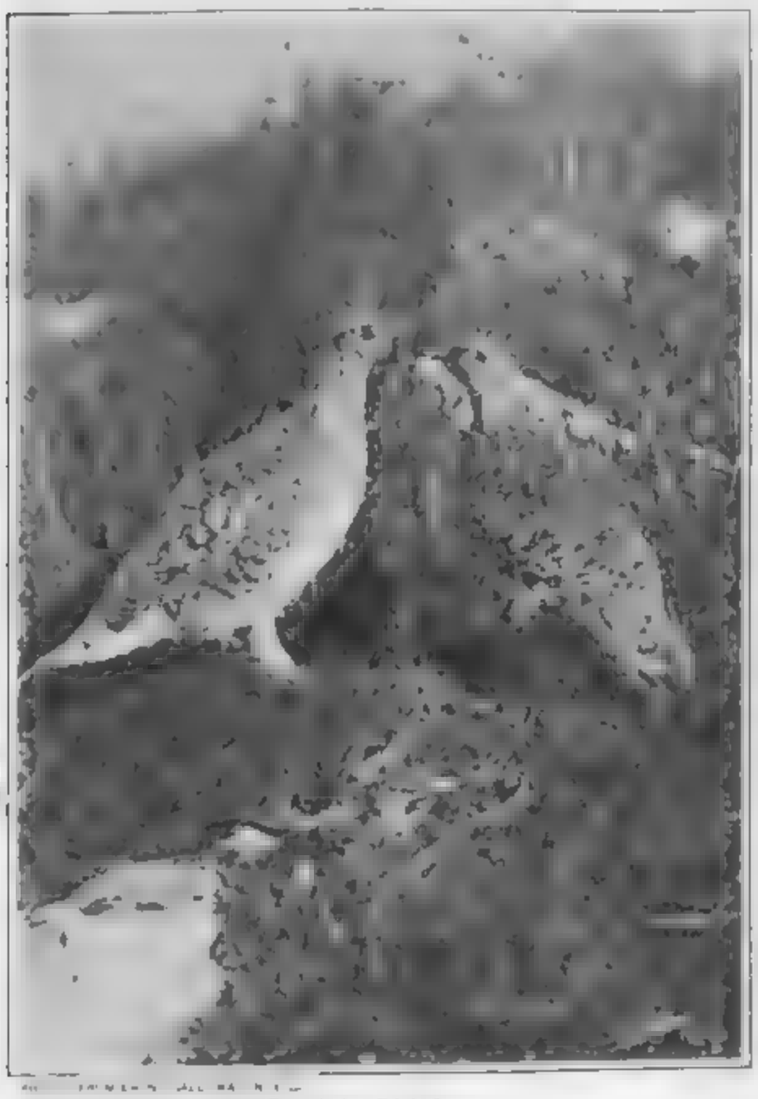
THE youth of my neighborhood were addicted to rabbit hunting in overwhelming majority. Every Saturday during the winter witnessed a general exodus of country-bound youngsters and dogs. The most highly favored time for such hunting was when field and forest were blanketed with snow. It is doubtful if there was a single snowfall between my tenth and fifteenth years that failed to record my tracks clinging to the trails of cottontail or fur bearer, and while following such trails, with the natural imaginativeness of youth, I frequently played a fanciful game, pretending that the quarry that was being tracked down was a buck deer, bear or noble bull elk, promising myself that some day those magnificent creatures would find me clinging as doggedly to their tracks. But in later years, when those dreams were realized and I indulged in considerable hunting of big game and enjoyed it all, there came also the realization that no pleasure was quite comparable with that afforded by early hunts for mixed bags of small game when the snow was on.

The persistent winter-long hunting by young and old had reduced the numbers of the cottontail clan to the point where big bags were no certainty within a reasonable radius of town. Ordinarily a cottontail was a prize worthy of considerable effort and a day's bag that exceeded three or four rabbits constituted a high light in the hunting annals of the neighborhood youngsters.

The first of these great days to fall to my lot was during the period when my favorite hunting implement was a single-barrel shotgun. It having snowed on Friday, I worked late over the reloading block, charging discarded paper shells with fresh primers, loading them with the proper proportions of black powder tamped home with felt and cardboard wads, a measure of shot, a last cardboard wad and the application of the little hand crimper. I have no present recollection of the loading operations of the particular Friday night preceding the day of my first big kill, but I know that they occurred for the reason that there was not a Friday night during the entire hunting season but what was devoted to reloading operations.

Long before daylight I was up and away, headed for the timbered bottoms of the river, and dawn found me some three miles up its course. These bottoms and the adjacent timbered hills that flanked them were thoroughly hunted throughout the winter by all the young Nimrods of the neighborhood, and pickings were not abundant. The radius of their Saturday excursions usually was limited to a

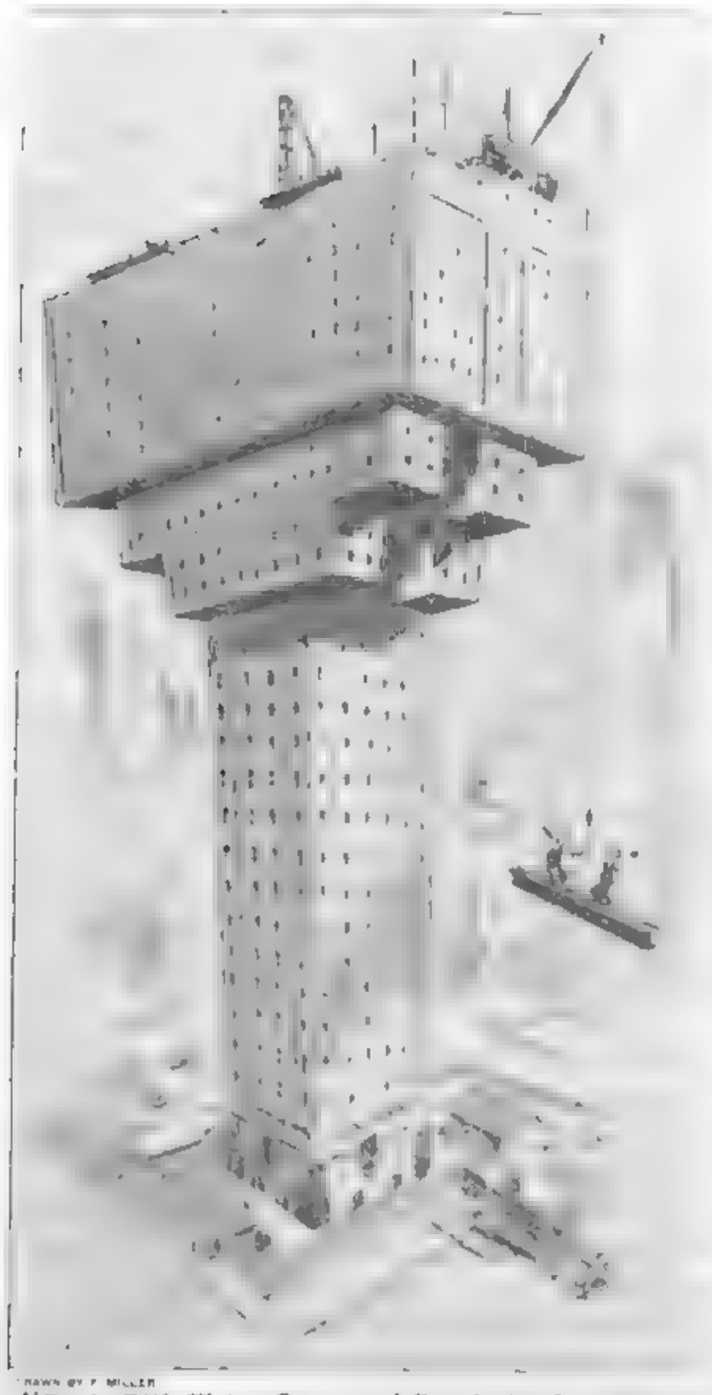
(Continued on Page 143)



Prairie Chickens

A Young Hunter

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



"Gosh, Bill, We've Gone and Read the Specifications for This Offset Job Backwards!"

The Suddenly Famous One Reflects

HOW highly educated,
How learnéd I would be,
If I'd gone to school with all the folks
Who "went to school with me"!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Might as Well Face It

NO USE talking, the national crisis in November has men worried. They may pretend it isn't affecting them, but you can tell they are brooding. A person must be very easy-going not to feel the tension. It may not cause a financial disturbance, but it forces one to hesitate before making commitments. Millions are uneasy about what may happen in November.

They can't all hope to get seats for the big football games.

—McCready Huston.

Detectives

THE Great Detective
hunts for Clews,
Like prints of Thumbs and
Overshoes,
And Scratches made on
Windowsills,
And Gobs of Blood and
Stolen Wills.
He utilizes Common Sense
To forge a Chain of
Evidence
By hitching up the Missing
Links,
And Thinks and Smokes
and Smokes and
Thinks.
Then, after all the Fool
Police
Have grabbed a Miscreant
apiece,
He shows why Everyone is
wrong
And how he knew it all
along,
And nothing else could be
absurder
And proves Who Really
Done the Murder!

—Arthur Guiterman.

On the Air

FLEA TRAINER *(telling his charges a bedtime story)*: And now, my little unseen audience

The Home-Town Paper

IT'S scarcely artistic and
lacks journalistic
Importance or national
views,

(Continued on Page 138)

"Ostler! You Told Me This Was an Intelligent Horse! Why, the Stupid Beast Won't Even Let Me Get on Him!"

"Here's Mother and Father Reading Dickens Again. Don't You Think It's About Time We Told Them Some of the Facts of Life?"

The Sunset Gulch Saloon, Opened by Big Bill Bludd ——

—— Is Still in the Refreshment Business, Managed by Bill's Grandson, Willie

Appetites need sunshine, too!

There's glowing health in this TOMATO SOUP

WHEN your family gathers at the table in expectant mood, set before them a soup that gives a zest and sparkle. A soup bright and cheerful to see, ruddy in color, savory and irresistibly tempting in flavor. Campbell's Tomato Soup!

Why do you suppose this is the most popular soup in all the world? Because it has a tang and deliciousness all its own. Your appetite responds to it eagerly and gratefully—and remembers it as one of the most delightful treats of the dining table.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is the smooth puree of rich tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat". Red-ripe tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. Strained through colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points. Blended with golden butter and cooked in tureens of solid nickel, by French chefs skilled in all the niceties of the most finished soup-making.

People realize that this is a soup with a refreshing, appetizing flavor that is absolutely unique — imitated but never equalled—so charming, so welcome at all times that the appetite never tires of it. No other soup is served in so many homes and so often in most of these homes. It's a soup that people want again and again.

Tomatoes for health! You hear that on every side today. Doctors, teachers, food experts unite in singing the praises of the tomato. It's astonishing how rapidly this knowledge has spread throughout the country. And in Campbell's Tomato Soup you get all the wholesome, healthful tomato goodness in such palatable, delicious form.

And all Campbell's Soups are so convenient! They shorten your time in the kitchen. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on each label. 12 cents a can.

Cream of Tomato Soup!

Everybody likes Cream of Tomato. And it's so easily and quickly prepared with Campbell's Tomato Soup. You just mix it with an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for extra richness.

Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Delicious mixed with roast beef gravy!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

The Everlasting Wilderness

By Horace M. Albright

Superintendent Yellowstone National Park

IN COLLABORATION WITH FRANK J. TAYLOR

TEN men huddled about a flickering camp fire on the banks of the Firehole River in Colter's Hell high in the Rocky Mountains.

"A quarter section opposite the Great Falls would make a pile o' money for somebody," allowed one of the men.

"I'd rather have a quarter section in the upper geyser basin," said another.

The argument which followed was interrupted by Judge Cornelius Hedges, who declared vehemently:

"There ought to be no private ownership of any portion of this wonderful wilderness. The whole of it ought to be set aside as a great national park."

This suggestion found favor, after some discussion, with all members of the party.

Thus was born the idea of the national parks, perpetual wildernesses, the last remnants of Nature's handiwork on this teeming earth. They are to be preserved forever in their natural state for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, to use the exact words of the act of Congress of 1872, creating the Yellowstone National Park. This act was passed two years after the exploration of Colter's Hell by the Washburn-Langford-Doane party.

Keeping the Wilderness Wild

FIFTY-EIGHT years have elapsed since that group of men camped on the Firehole River. Three generations have made the Yellowstone and its wonders everyday bywords. Two million Americans have visited the Yellowstone since that time and marveled at the actions of the geysers, the boiling paint pots, or stood speechless at the riot of colors in Yellowstone Canyon.

Yet the Yellowstone National Park remains today, after all these years and for all the travel, essentially a wilderness; nine-tenths of it is trackless and primeval as it was when Truman Everts, the lost member of the Washburn party, wandered hopelessly through the virgin forest, to be found at last as if by a miracle. Nine-tenths of Yellowstone is still—and we hope it always will be—an everlasting wilderness.

In 1924, Congress passed and the President signed a bill authorizing a $7,500,000 road and trail building program in the national parks. The newspapers gave considerable publicity to this bill without explaining the purpose for which the money was to be used. As a result the United States Department of the Interior and its National Park Service have received frequent letters from anxious inquirers who want to know if we propose to checkerboard the last wildernesses with highways.

"Are the last lingering remnants of unspoiled Nature to be sacrificed on the altar of progress?" one of these lovers of Nature wrote. "Are there to be left no spots on this continent where the human who is tired of civilization and its noises can go for a few days or a few weeks without hearing the honking of motors? We have swallowed up our frontier at a prodigal rate. Let us not destroy the few remaining bits of wilderness in the national parks by building paved highways through every one of them."

A Typical Road to a National Park Before Being Improved by the Park Service. Above—Mr. Albright

This is a sentiment which the National Park Service indorses without a single reservation. Of course the parks should remain wildernesses. It is true that they are the only primeval areas protected by law from the ravages of civilization. They must be saved as such. But no $7,500,000 road-building program is going to threaten them; nor yet a $75,000,000 program. Anyone familiar with the cost and the problem of road building will know that $7,500,000 worth of road work will not reach far into the mountains. There are stretches that would cost at least $1,000,000 a mile to construct, while $100,000 a mile is not expensive construction where granite and rock must be blasted to make way for roads.

As a matter of fact, the present road-building program includes only a few miles of new road in many of the national parks, except where realignments are necessary to eliminate grades or dangers. In certain parks where there have been only a few miles of highway, some new projects are under way. Nearly the entire sum voted by Congress so far is needed to improve existing roads until they are adequate for present-day travel. Many of these roads were built before the coming of the automobile. Indeed, some of them are merely improved horseback trails, inherited by the National Park Service, in the case of several of the parks, which has never had hitherto sufficient funds to improve them.

The Advantage of Inaccessibility

SINCE every American shares a proprietary interest in these everlasting wildernesses and since many, if not all, Americans are deeply concerned in them, a brief explanation of the policy of the National Park Service may be interesting. There are now nineteen national parks, each different from the others, each created by special act of Congress to preserve for present and future generations some particularly noteworthy natural wonder or group of wonders. Practically all the parks are located high in the mountains. This fact, if no other, would assure their preservation in their natural state, for the reason that at least 80 per cent of the national parks area is fortified behind impregnable fortresses of snow and ice for from five to nine months of each year. Only a small portion of the parks area is accessible for longer periods than three summer and two autumn months.

The national-park system is a distinctly American institution. Prior to the establishment of Yellowstone National Park in 1872, no such public park had ever been created by any government. Up to that time parks had always been regarded as municipal institutions, purely local in character. The creation of the Yellowstone reserve was notable

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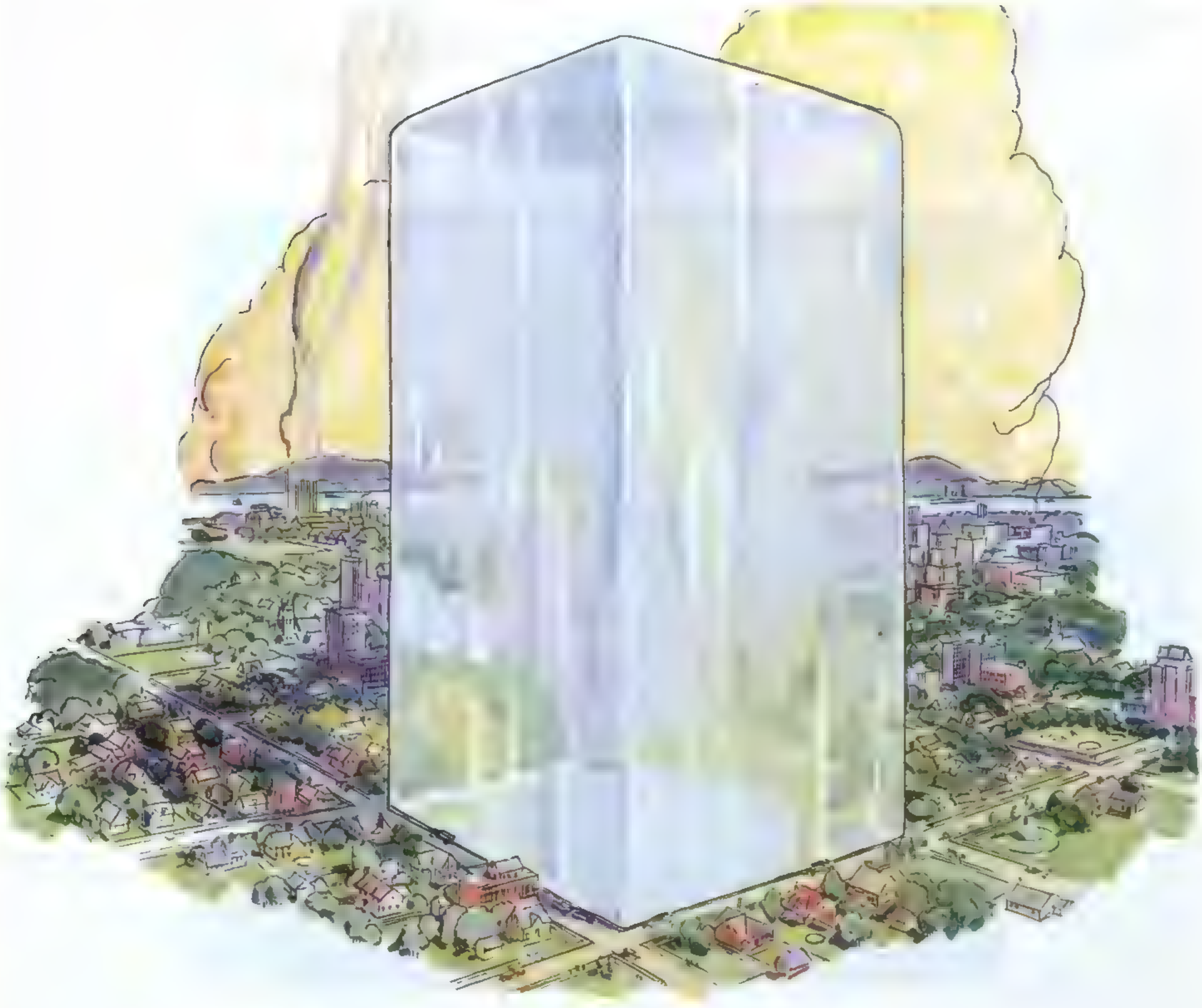
The Main Highway to Rainier National Park, Accessible to Travelers the Year Around



Mountains of Ice

IMAGINE a huge cake of ice a city block square and higher than the Washington monument . . .

Picture ice enough to supply Chicago's 700,000 families with 60 pounds a week for a whole year . . .

That's the amount of refrigeration required in one year at Swift & Company's Chicago plant alone—so that Premium Ham and Bacon, Brookfield Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese, and other products may be prepared and distributed under right temperatures and in the proper condition.

Chilling temperatures for plant and packing house coolers—A quarter of a million tons of natural ice for the refrigerator cars—And still more chilling temperatures at the branch houses.

From first to last Swift & Company's refrigerating facilities are on the job, making coolness that is equal to mountains of ice.

This is only a part of the nationwide service Swift & Company renders—but it is an absolutely essential part.

The profit derived from all sources is only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Swift & Company

Visitors are welcome at Swift & Company plants

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THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

XXVI

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IT IS a dull and solemn street these times, the Rue de Valois, indifferently lighted at night, but in prerevolutionary days it had had a flamboyant reputation. The building in which Cutty lived was a relic of the First Empire. Running water and bathtubs had been installed shortly before the Great War. But it was satisfactory to Cutty's occasional lapses into domesticity. There were two doors to the hall, one in the living room and one in the dining room. From the dining room a corridor ran into the kitchen, the baths and bedrooms being on the street side. The door in the living room was the accepted exit and entrance. Rarely was the dining-room door used.

Twenty minutes after Zinovieff had ridden away with the emeralds, Richardson knocked on the door. If Cutty was out, he must know where to seek him. He had news of the utmost importance.

"Who is it?" demanded Kitty. She was not going to take anything for granted hereafter.

Olga asked the same question in French.

"It is I," answered Richardson in English. "K-3—Dick Richardson."

"We are locked in," Kitty informed him. "The key is on the floor out there somewhere."

"Clay? Is There No End, No Bottom to This Pit?" Zinovieff Cried Passionately

They could hear him moving about in the hall. Presently there was a rattle of metal against metal and the door opened. At the sight of Richardson the two women drew together apprehensively. The grimy face, the oil-stained dungarees—a man wholly unrecognizable—alarmed them.

"I'm Dick," he said, with understanding. "This is make-up. Where's Cutty?"

"Gone to see Doctor Garnier," answered Kitty, her knees a-tremble. "What is the news?"

"Only Cutty would understand it. But what's the key doing outside? What has happened?"

"They came for the Drums."

"How many?" he shot at her.

"One man, dressed something like you, his face marked with soot. But he had queer-looking thumbs," Kitty added.

"How long ago?"

"About twenty minutes."

Richardson sat down. Queer-looking thumbs—Zinovieff's. And his man from the *Sûreté* only just arrived in the Rue de Valois. Twenty minutes too late! He inhaled and exhaled a deep breath quickly. The luck—all on the other side. Outthought at every point. And he must lie to Kitty—lie carefully. She must never know that this man was Zinovieff, the man who had shot her husband and stolen her boy. Everything gone to pot. The Karlovna would have no further reasons for remaining in Paris. He got up. His limp posture might arouse suspicion.

"Where is Kuroki?"

"Gone to the markets," said Olga. "When the man knocked we thought he was Kuroki, returning for something. The door was locked on this side. Kuroki's orders."

"The dining-room door!" cried Kitty. "We could have got out that way. But the man is being followed?" Kitty's knees began to tremble again.

"Oh, yes," Richardson lied. "Don't worry on that score. He has fallen into the trap set for him. He will lead us to the house we are looking for. But you must have patience. Do you think you will be able to recognize the man again?"

"I?" Straight as a goddess she stood, lightning in her eyes. "Mr. Richardson, that was the man who took my son. The feeling came the minute he was gone."

The stark Irish of her—fey—hitting the truth like that, he thought. He drew out his automatic and laid it on the reading table, its muzzle toward the door.

"Can you use it?" he asked Kitty.

Olga shuddered at the sight of the weapon.

"Use it?" cried Kitty. "If I had had that and recollected the other door ——"

"Let it lie just as it is. You will only have to pick it up. You can always recognize Kuroki's voice. But unless you hear K-2 or K-3, point it at the door, while you, Miss Hawksley, will open the door. And remember the telephone. Obey the summons of K-3 or K-2. We are dealing with cunning minds and Cutty and I haven't got our stride yet. But in a few hours we'll know where they live. Now, I'm off to find Cutty."

Kitty impulsively put out her hand.

"Mine is too dirty"—shaking his head.

"But I insist."

Reluctantly he obeyed, but over this reluctance swept an irresistible desire. Swiftly he bent and kissed the hand, leaving a smudge of soot upon its silken whiteness. Kitty, unused to this form of salutation—unused for a long time, at any rate—drew hastily back. The first night it had been different. Olga was quick to note these agitations, her reception of them ironical. Cutty and this young man—both of them—with their hearts on their sleeves whenever they came into the presence of this lovely American. Oh, she was lovely; ten thousand denials would never establish anything to the contrary. She, Olga Mikailovna, with four hundred years of tradition behind her, could not compete with this middle-class beauty with no traditions behind her. Olga forced a smile to her lips, but mercy flowed out of her, leaving a dry bed.

"Remember," said Richardson, striding to the door. "K-2 or K-3; pay no attention to anything else. If I don't find Cutty, tell him to call for me at the Continental between five and six."

Kitty locked the door.

"You have made a conquest," observed Olga.

"Conquest?"—astonished.

"That young man is madly in love with you."

"What nonsense!"—indignantly.

"It isn't nonsense, Kitty. You are so lovely that to see you is to love you. I don't blame Mr. Richardson."

"Because he kissed my hand? He kissed yours last night, if I remember."

"To disguise the ardor of the kiss he put on yours. Americans do not generally kiss their ladies' hands, so I am told. But why not?"

No young woman dislikes being told that a handsome young man has fallen in love with her. Sometimes the telling becomes a seed, eventually to flower. The idea planted, the young woman proceeds to mull it over. The original purpose for which she has been placed on earth has culminated—man has surrendered to her charms. Kitty had no place in her heart for anything but maternal love, but she was not really angry at Olga for suggesting that Richardson —— Nevertheless, it was nonsense.

"If that is so, then I am sorry."

"And why should you be sorry? You are young, alive. When little Ivan is back in your arms you will see the world differently. You weren't happy with Ivan. Oh, yes, for a little while. But you came from different worlds. You knew nothing of his and he knew but little of yours. Mystery, romance, the quest of adventure, glamour, and Ivan was handsome. I am his sister and I know that always his thoughts were returning to the glories of the past. Always he would have been loyal to you; there never would have been another woman. You have a right to love and marry again. Just now there is naught in your heart but little Ivan. I wonder if you understand that you have had everything—mystery, romance, love and a child. What is that but fulfillment? Let us say, one year into which life was crowded. You have years before you. You cannot feed

(Continued on Page 33)

A motor-car maker saves $7,486 in maintenance costs

How S. L.* adds unexpected profits to increased efficiency

When scientific management locks friendly arms with *Scientific Lubrication, unlooked-for profits often bob up.

Here's just one example from our files: A motor-car manufacturer, noted for efficiency, changed to Gargoyle lubricants. Changes in lubricating methods, suggested by us, eliminated two out of three maintenance men—an annual saving of $4,326.

In another department the change reduced consumption of lubricants by 50% and did away with an annual maintenance and renewal cost of $1,200. Still another department saved $1,960 of annual bearing replacement costs.

Savings such as these, however, are only incidental to the real function of scientific lubrication. Such savings may be small. The real economy which scientific lubrication promotes is due to increased efficiency of your machinery all along the line, and a lengthening of its useful life.

This fundamental sort of economy seems to us to deserve the attention of every executive, from the Chairman of the Board to the machine foreman.

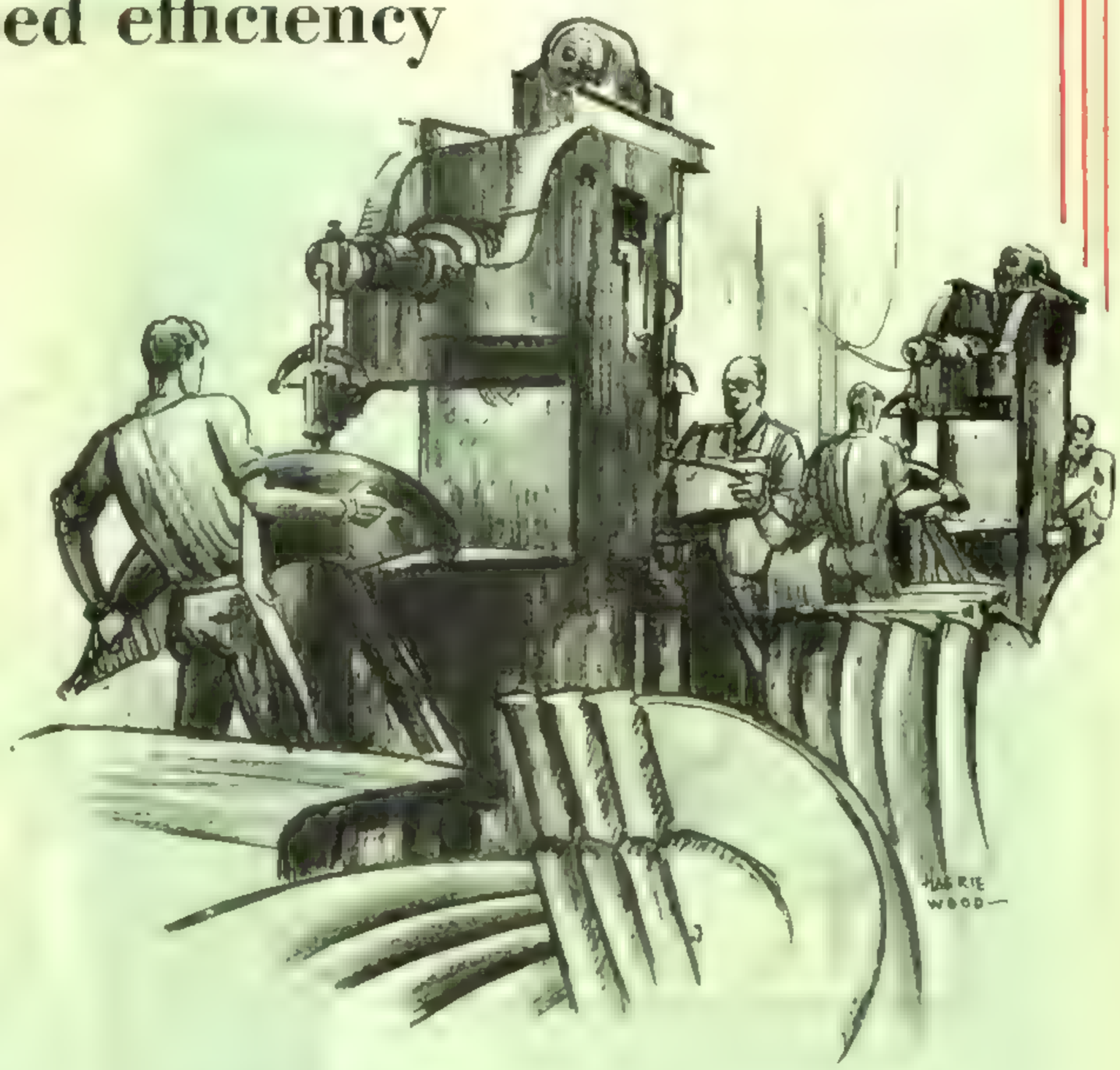
We make no general promises of specific savings, but we can justifiably say to you:

"A few minutes spent with a Vacuum Oil man may lead to an appreciable increase in machine efficiency, with consequent reductions in costs."

This man will bring to you knowledge and experience based upon the 62 years' specialization of this company in scientific lubrication, combined with his own study of lubrication problems in similar plants.

He would not expect you to be more than incidentally interested in cutting a few hundreds, or even thousands, of dollars from your oil and power bill. But he would expect you to be intensely interested in suggestions he might be able to make for increasing the general mechanical efficiency of your plant—for decreasing repair-costs and idle time, for building up machine productivity.

A talk with one of our men can be arranged to suit your convenience.



No matter what your product may be, correct lubrication can bring about definite economies and increased efficiency.

GARGOYLE OIL

Lubricating Oils

The world's quality oils for plant lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

HEADQUARTERS: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

WHEN you sink down into the soft, form-fitting cushions of a Body by Fisher, remember that its luxurious ease is designed into it with the same scientific care as are its beauty and dependability. Note also the other features of comfort, such as the Fisher vision and ventilating windshield—which is one of Fisher's most important contributions to the industry—the clarity of vision of the genuine plate glass, and the welcome convenience of the appointments.

Cadillac • LaSalle • Buick • Oakland • Oldsmobile • Pontiac • Chevrolet

COMFORT

(Continued from Page 30)

upon the past indefinitely. I repeat, you are alive. If I were a brave and handsome young man—say, like Mr. Richardson—I should leave no stone unturned to win you; I would leave no artifice untried."

"Why do you say these things to me?"

"Aren't they true? Why shouldn't a man love you? Aren't you young, beautiful and free?"

Kitty would not have been a woman if this insidious flattery had not instilled within her heart a subtle warmth. She strove to, but could not repel it. What she missed was the insidious purpose behind this flattery. A woman in love was defending herself, perhaps cruelly, with what weapons she could find. A game as old as war itself.

Olga was more worldly-wise than Kitty, who was naïve. Olga had had contacts, experiences; she had been trained to think in three languages other than her own. She could be ironic and bitter suavely; Kitty was impulsive and outspoken. In honesty and courage Kitty had no peer, but in the subtle expressions of speech she was Olga's inferior, and Olga had subtly implanted an idea in Kitty's mind. So that all the rest of the day this idea appeared and reappeared, demanding investigation.

She would never love any man again—the very thought was abhorrent, but if Richardson had fallen in love with her—if that was indeed what had happened—she must be kind to him. He, with Cutty, was risking his life in her cause and she could not, in decency, withhold him visible gratitude. She would feel embarrassed now in his presence, but she would override that petty disturbance. She must not permit him to see that she knew—if Olga's statement did not emanate from the realms of pure fancy, which seemed likely.

She did not erase the smudge on her hand till Olga dryly called her attention to it.

The Karlovna sat with arms folded across her bosom, the hazy light of retrospection in her somber eyes. On the table before her lay the green Drums of Jeopardy. Pictures formed behind her eyes or were projected into the green depth of the stones as in a sibyl's crystal. On one end of the table a cigarette had burned itself into ashes, scarring the varnished top. Her first impulse had been to destroy the gems—grind them to dust under her heel. Now she would save them for a while, for a more propitious moment, as a child saves the best of a sweet till the end. Suddenly she rose. It shot into her mind—the reason for withholding her heel. She hid the emeralds and went to the door.

"Zinovieff!" she cried into the hall. "Zinovieff!"

The man who loved them—to throw the green dust of the Drums into his face, here in this room! She had, in the excitement of the day, almost forgotten him. The man who had killed, or caused to be killed—it mattered not which—her brother Boris. And she had almost forgotten the orders of the Central Committee.

The little boy had been watching her, pleased to note her inaction and her inattention to himself. When she saw him, there was always that lesson. He didn't like lessons. He wanted to run and play with the boys he saw in the streets. The window here was not so interesting as the other. He didn't like the scent of the cigarettes—heavy with perfumes. He had played with men, but never with boys; some day this woman would let him play with boys. When he heard her call to Zinovieff, he clutched the handles of his chair. The man who pinched him.

Zinovieff came in.

"What did Sturm call him?"

"Who?" he demanded sullenly.

"The man who killed Boris."

"Oh. Clay—Cutty."

"Cutty. Yes, that is it. And his official number—K-2. I want him."

"Clay? Is there no end, no bottom to this pit?" Zinovieff cried passionately. "Every move you make but tightens the rope around our necks. I tell you this man Cutty is dangerous. Even Sturm fears him."

"I want Clay"—her voice softening. "Then we shall go to Russia."

"And how is he to be lured here?"—jeeringly.

"The mother—what does she call herself?"

"Hawksley. I warn you against her as well as Clay."

"Oh, I shall not harm her. But she will draw him here."

"When he is hunting Paris for you and that boy?"

"Ah, yes; but there will be conditions. There will be no police; he will come alone."

"I have not told you all I heard outside that door," said Zinovieff. "I heard him say that he had recently escaped from the Petrovski Barracks."

"The Petrovski! No man ever escaped from there."

"He did. Isn't Sturm afraid of him? Can't I make you understand that he has the United States Government and the *Sûreté* back of him?"—desperately.

"I shall not leave Paris till he is in this room."

"Then what the pistol? This isn't Moscow, where the Central Committee let you do as you pleased. Oh, let us go to Russia while there is time!" Russia was now Zinovieff's only hope. There he could defy the outside world. "I have killed the father, given the boy and the emeralds to you. In the name of the devil, whom you worship, what more do you want? Your brother Boris would not have been shot if he hadn't broken away from the police. The man Clay had nothing to do with it."

"I want him!" She advanced, her hands outstretched, her fingers curled like claws. "I say I want him! It is the order of the Central Committee."

He saw that the Moscow madness was on her. Some day he, too, would go mad and then ——

"Very well. Remember, I have warned you. You shall have him."

XXVII

CUTTY and Richardson, in an open taxi, sped along the Rue de Rivoli, west. Both of them loved this hour and this part of the town. For the Rue de Rivoli is about the

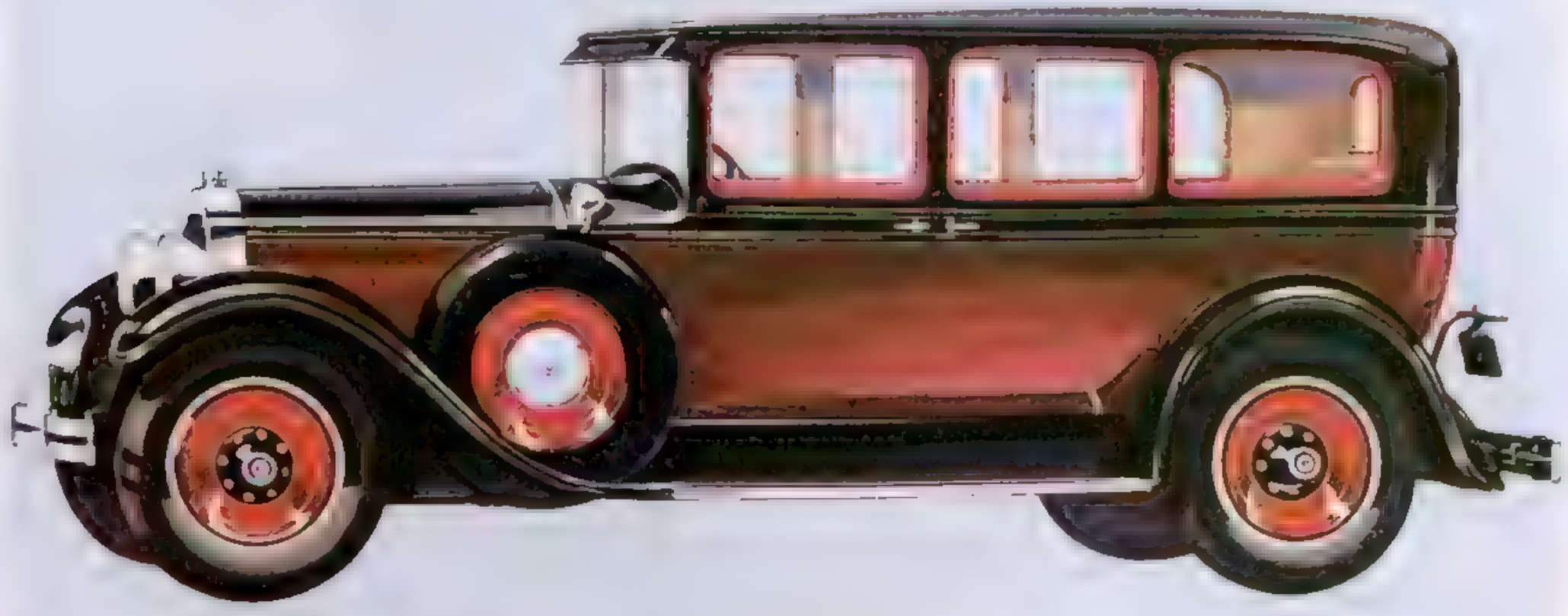
Continued on Page 35

"Don't Be Afraid," She Purred. "I Shall Not Kill You. There Will be a Better Way"

PACKARD

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

. . . my experience is that the best is always the cheapest in the long run—in any line—clothes, automobiles, or shotguns. If you keep a Packard, say four years, it won't cost you any more than your present car. You buy two cars now to my one, pay as much depreciation as I do and then don't have the car you want. And I'll bet you a good dinner that the expenses of running my Packard, gas, oil, repairs, and so on, aren't a bit more than you are paying.



(Continued from Page 33)

one stretch of highway in Paris that has not succumbed to the glaring litter of the advertisement agent. From the Louvre to the Place de la Concorde it is a thing of rare beauty, surpassing in dignity if not in width the Champs-Élysées. The stars above were pale, the lamps were lighted but had not yet begun to radiate light. The vast pile of the Louvre was *en silhouette*, and in the gardens of the Tuileries the gods and goddesses were wrapped in pearly mists. Day had not yet died and night had not yet been given its incomparable luminous crown. It was half after six of a May evening, and the two men were on the way to Garnier's home in the Rue de Grenelle, on the left bank of the Seine. They were bringing the doctor back to the Rue de Valois for dinner. Their eyes were absorbing what they saw, but their minds were busy elsewhere.

Cutty had not been idle in regard to Sturm, but his inquiries amounted to no more than Dick's. Sturm had retired from the service; there were vague rumors that he was associated with drug smugglers, but nothing more than a rumor had been dug up by the Treasury agents. In Paris he was unknown, for he had never left America during the war. Nothing could shake Cutty's belief that Sturm was the thinking machine. On the other hand he was equally sure that Sturm was in no wise concerned with the murder of Johnny Two-Hawks and the abduction of Kitty's boy. Sturm, then, first of all.

Cutty did not show his bitter disappointment over the loss of the emeralds. He knew that Richardson had done his best. But it would seem that so far there had been no breaks on his side in this game. Again, here was luck—that quiet slipping out of the Place du Combat. Here the brain of Sturm was in evidence—foresight. Yes, half the danger lay in Sturm's freedom of action and his cunning advice.

"If I had only thought of that gamin before," said Richardson disconsolately, breaking the silence.

"Boys see and observe boys; they take little or no interest in men who are not either fighters or jockeys. Your gamin might have seen Zinovieff a dozen times, but unless Zinovieff had been found drunk on the sidewalk or had had a fight with a cabby, your gamin would not have recognized your description of the man. If you had quizzed the boy and bribed him he might have fallen to bargaining with your man. A little boy is in jeopardy and the thought comes to you to quiz another in the streets. No fault of yours."

"If I hadn't dropped in for breakfast ——"

"Why shouldn't you have dropped in?"

"I had the right hunch, Cutty, and I didn't jump to it. That's the whole story. Your place is so like home, and I haven't been home in so long —— You're a brick to treat my fumble this way."

"Well, we'll get the breaks pretty soon. The information about those passports is of great value. Madame Stankévitch and son. Within twenty-four hours we shall know if she is in a hotel, in an apartment or in a lodging house. Garnier took me to the *Préfet* himself; and now the *Sûreté* is back of me, good men under my orders. The *Préfet* got the hang of it—made to understand that a false move would do us in. At this moment all the cab stands are being raked over in that district. If I had gone to the *Sûreté* they never would have got the boy. They would have gone at it their own way. But with the authority of the *Préfet* himself! He had a great deal of respect for Garnier. There is one chance of failing to find the woman in a given number of hours. People sublet furnished houses and will not always report it. Two or three weeks may pass before the police become aware of the change. In a change like this there is generally red tape a mile long. If you leave your house or apartment to travel, the law requires that the police must be told. But a fat bribe will sometimes make the owner forget. So the Karlovna may be able to hide for a month. The best news, however, is that she will not be able to leave Paris by train; and unless she has another forged passport, she will not be able to leave France. So that part's that!" Cutty flung a hand toward the sky line. "You've never met Garnier, have you?"

"No."

"Well, you'll like him. If we can only persuade the girls to stay at his house it will take a whale of a load off my shoulders. I wonder if Moscow is moving? That's one dark alley I know nothing about."

"You mean they may try to get you for that list? Bosh!"

"Those Reds have a long arm, Dick. I shan't underestimate them. But I'll hope for the best—that they won't start for me till we've got that boy."

"What an inconsequent thing that list seems now. And both of us escaped the long, long trail by the skin of our teeth."

"That was one game and this is another. Skin of our teeth—haven't heard that phrase in a long while. Sounds good to hear a bit of slang. What do you think of the girls?"

"Why, I never saw two lovelier human beings. But they make me a bit shy," Richardson confessed.

"Shy? You, the *boulevardier?*"

"That was just a bluff. You see, grand duchesses aren't in my line. They rather stagger me. My knowledge of 'em was got out of the Illustrated London News and Sketch—a lot of frumps, their headgears ten years out of date, their clothes —— They look as if they never heard of Paris. But to run into two of 'em that are—I mean, look like grand duchesses. And they're such different types!"

"One is a grand duchess by the accident of marriage and the other one by the accident of birth. And neither of them possesses any grand duchy. Olga is a remarkable young woman "

Richardson agreed to this heartily. Something warned him to step cautiously. "An educated Russian speaks more tongues than a Swiss. I suppose I'll have to call them both Hawksley."

"Positively. Grand duchies have gone down the horizon. Which attracts you the more?"

"It's hard to tell," said caution. "Of course, I can get along easier with the mother. She's American, our kind. She says she can shoot."

"She can. And so can Olga."

"What a terrific comedown! You weren't in St. Petersburg early. I tell you, Cutty, I still have nightmares over some of the things I saw. When I see Miss Hawksley the pictures roll back over me. She has seen them. Well, little old U. S. will not be sending any ambassador over there yet a while. You and I have done something about that. But it strikes me that, inside, those two women are a good deal alike—the same kind of pluck and courage."

"The same kind," replied Cutty. "I have seen them both sorely tried and no whimper. There is in both of them exquisite tenderness and the ruthlessness of tigresses if those they love are in danger. I shouldn't give much for the Karlovna's chance if she and Kitty met, both unarmed."

"They are proud."

"Honest pride, Dick."

"You are always calling them Kitty and Olga. First thing, I'll be falling into that habit."

"Neither of them would mind."

Which was exactly what Richardson wanted to know. Had he been crazy—to kiss her hand like that? For all this talk about two women, there was only one in his thoughts. She had drawn back, visibly embarrassed; not used to that kind of stuff. As for that, neither was he. It was one of those things that happen, leaving one dumfounded the instant after. He might have kissed Olga's hand and neither would have looked upon it as anything more than a handshake.

"I'm sorry about the emeralds," he said. "Twenty minutes before I got there ——"

"I'd rather have my chrysoprase back, Dick. It sounds like nonsense, but it has become a fact to me within a few hours that wherever those emeralds turn up, battle, murder and sudden death turn up alongside."

"What will she do with them?"

"Lord knows! Something wild and incredible, like her mind. But here we are at Garnier's. Remember, he will demand that the girls go to his house, and we are to back him up, tooth and nail. But I'm afraid that Kitty will not budge, and if she will not neither will Olga. In the back of Kitty's head there's the notion that the woman will try to play me a trick, and she wants to stand by."

"What trick can she play on you?"

"You have me there, Dick. Sometimes Kitty is fey, as they call it. I can't cipher it."

"Fey!" thought Richardson, recalling Kitty's declaration that the raider that morning had been the murderer.

"The only way I can explain it is the loss of the boy. She idolizes him to such an extent that she has flashes of clairvoyance. She never used to be that way." Cutty felt around in the pocket of his dinner coat for his pipe.

Doctor Garnier stirred his coffee. He liked the new dinner phase—the women remaining to smoke with the men. A man became circumspect with his talk and his wine. He had learned a good deal in this pleasant hour and a half.

Here was one woman who had just emerged from five years of hell; here was another in the middle of a hell which, if she were a true mother, was without parallel. Yet both of them were animated table companions, such as he would find in the homes of his illustrious friends. Spartans. Exquisitely beautiful. But he had learned to watch human hands, and the knuckles of this Russian and this American became, at odd times, polished and strained. Behind their smiles there was anguish.

That was not all. He saw other things with those observant analytical French eyes of his, this old Parisian. He was guessing. He knew where the target was, but he was shooting in the dark. To begin with, the Russian had no eyes for anyone but Cutty. This young man Richardson and Cutty could see no one but the American girl, who was, just now, pure mother. Man thought had gone out of her; if she turned to man, it would be for help. The whole business was extraordinary and of absorbing interest. Both of the women, however, had no business in this apartment, subtly menaced as it was by a woman who was, if not legally, at least pathologically, insane. But the young American woman was stubborn.

"I shall be among strangers," Kitty argued.

"My wife and I speak English," replied the doctor. "You shall be as our daughters."

"It is very kind of you. But already I am used to these rooms. I should worry a thousand times more among strangers and in a strange house. Cutty and Mr. Richardson are Americans and I have known Cutty all my life. And they will be coming in frequently, and they would hesitate to invade your house at all hours, as they have a right to do here."

Richardson thrilled at this inclusion of himself.

The doctor pyramided his fingers; his pince-nez hung perilously on the tip of his nose. "We are dealing with abnormal minds, Mrs. Hawksley. They will strike haphazardly, this way or that, rendering us somewhat helpless. For no one can forestall a sick mind. I am, in my way, a psychiatrist, yet I could not pronounce upon those minds officially. Above all else, your presence here weakens Mr. Clay's campaign. When he leaves you he will always be fearing for you. It lessens his initiative, takes away some of his boldness. You two in my house, his mind will be perfectly free. Please see it my way."

"Is that true, Cutty?" asked Kitty, a sparkle in her eye.

"Somewhat," he admitted, pulled two ways. His heart wanted her here, but his common sense warned him that she ought to be a thousand miles from the Rue de Valois.

"But something bids me stay here. I cannot explain the feeling. I know it sounds foolish, but it persists." Tears were frankly in her eyes.

"What do you say, Olga?" Cutty asked, an appeal in his voice.

"What can I say? If she goes, I go; if she stays, so must I."

So she must. To watch Kitty, to defend her if need came, to hobble her should some wild notion enter her head to go into the streets alone. But above all, to watch her. Love is blind, but to externals only. Olga could not see what the physician saw easily—that Kitty was all mother.

"Well," said Cutty ruefully, "the matter appears to be settled. I'm sorry."

"Oh, Cutty," cried Kitty, distressed, "I would go in a minute if something did not bid me to stay here."

"Let me say no more about it." Cutty looked at his watch. It was nine. "Dick, you and Garnier finish your cigars. I have an appointment at 9:30."

Richardson's eyes widened. Cutty hadn't told him anything about an appointment.

"Any need of me?" he inquired anxiously.

"No. Only a social call. I'll be back by 10:30."

"Shall I wait?"

Cutty turned to Garnier. "You will not mind waiting till then?"

"On the contrary," said Garnier brightly, "I should enjoy it. My eyes have been hungry for young folk. Perhaps an old fellow like me might find something in his head to amuse them with."

"We shall be glad of your company," was Kitty's response, with liking.

She had never yet been introduced by Cutty to anyone who wasn't likable. The covert glance toward Richardson went there against her will—and met his. She was in a quandary. Too kind, he might misinterpret the kindness and give him hurt; yet, if she held aloof and cold, considering what he was doing for her sake —— She just did not know how to handle the affair. And her covert glance at Olga had a flash of bitterness in it.

Cutty proceeded to the Grand Hotel, where he sat in a chair which covered the main entrance. He could see who entered and who departed. He was prepared to remain where he was till midnight, till after midnight, till dawn, if need be. But at quarter to ten Sturm came in, dressed in dinner clothes, perfectly fit to walk into any club in London. He went to the concierge's desk, got his key and started toward the lift. He saw Cutty. He stared intently, his mask of astonishment perfection, as was Cutty's.

"Sturm?"

"Clay?"

They rushed toward each other and grasped hands.

"Alive!" cried Sturm. "Not a man in Washington who does not believe you dead! This knocks me over."

"Got out of Russia about a week ago. If luck hadn't been with me, I would have been dead. Nearly five years

(Continued on Page 129)

"What a lovely transparent wrapper!"

ON your next shopping trip, notice the variety of articles that are safeguarded for you with Cellophane. You have no doubt about them. Through this modern covering you can see for yourself what you buy.

Cellophane is the transparent, sanitary wrapping now used by a rapidly increasing number of leading manufacturers in various fields.

Remember: If it's something to eat, under Cellophane it is sure to be more appetizing. On any product, it is your assurance of protection, cleanliness—final evidence of exacting care.

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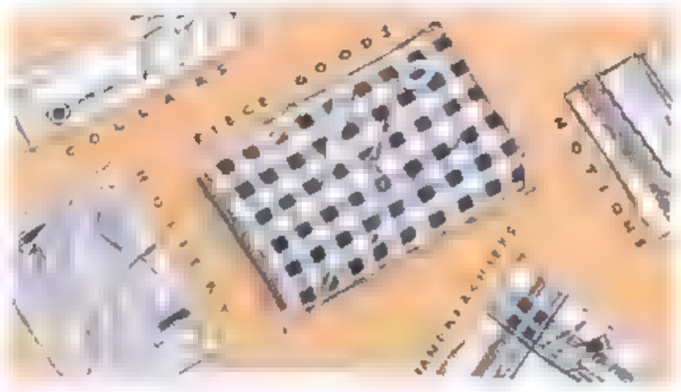

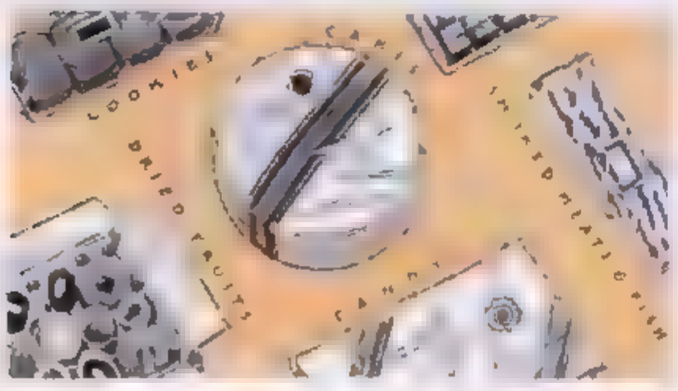

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Nunnally Johnson

Nunnally Johnson and His Daughter, Marjorie

AT THIS writing—summer, 1928—I am thirty years old. For about ten of these years I have been a newspaperman in Brooklyn and New York, and for about four I have sold short stories. At present I am engaged in both of those sectors of the literary racket and I have no idea how I might be making a living in a pleasanter way.

Mainly, I suppose, I am a newspaperman, though only of moderate talents in that field. At any rate, I've never been regarded as the star on any of the papers I've served. On the Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer-Sun, where I started, there were two reporters on the staff and I was clearly the less important; so unquestionably so that I was discharged after six months—though not, I must add, because of any lack of ability. The city editor said—this was in 1916—that he simply could not see his way clear to paying me my price, which was ten dollars a week, and there was little a man of pride could do save walk out.

In Savannah, where I worked on the Press, there were, I believe, five men on the staff, and I was certainly no better than third in line of importance. This fact cut me so deeply that as soon as I could locate someone who was aware of my employment I turned in my resignation and went into the Army.

This did not turn out to be one of the happiest moves in the world, and there were many, many times when I regretted the rash patriotism which impelled me to enlist. It was a cavalry troop I joined, in the Georgia National Guard, because the notion of pursuing that bad old man, Pancho Villa, across the hot sands of Mexico on foot was absolutely without any fascination whatever for me. I had forgotten that horses were little less than orchids to cavalry officers, and I should say now, on looking back, that some of the unhappiest hours of my life were spent in nursing those unsociable brutes.

Presently, however, I discovered some of the less onerous positions possible to an alert young man, and it wasn't altogether unpleasant. I was, if anyone is interested, that officer's delight—the somewhat different soldier. I didn't understand horses and horses didn't understand me. Furthermore, though I was keenly anxious to be a leader of men, it was practically impossible to find anyone who would follow me. But I struggled, for nearly three years, and I hope I may be pardoned for the natural pride I have in my service record, which chronicles my honors as follows: Private, corporal, private, first-class private, corporal, private, first-class private, private, private, private, and, to conclude with a blinding flash of splendor—hold tight, everybody!—second lieutenant.

About the best that can be said of my service other than that is that I was always there. I was very little good when I was there, but I was there, nevertheless. Pershing went abroad, Bullard went abroad, Hunter Liggett went abroad, everybody went abroad; but there I was, in one Southern camp or another, always raking picket lines, always annoying horses with my cautious attentions, always tending an incinerator, always, as it were, Johnson on the job, waiting and hoping that I might be of some use to my country. And it was in that way, in fact, that I got my nickname—Old Faithful.

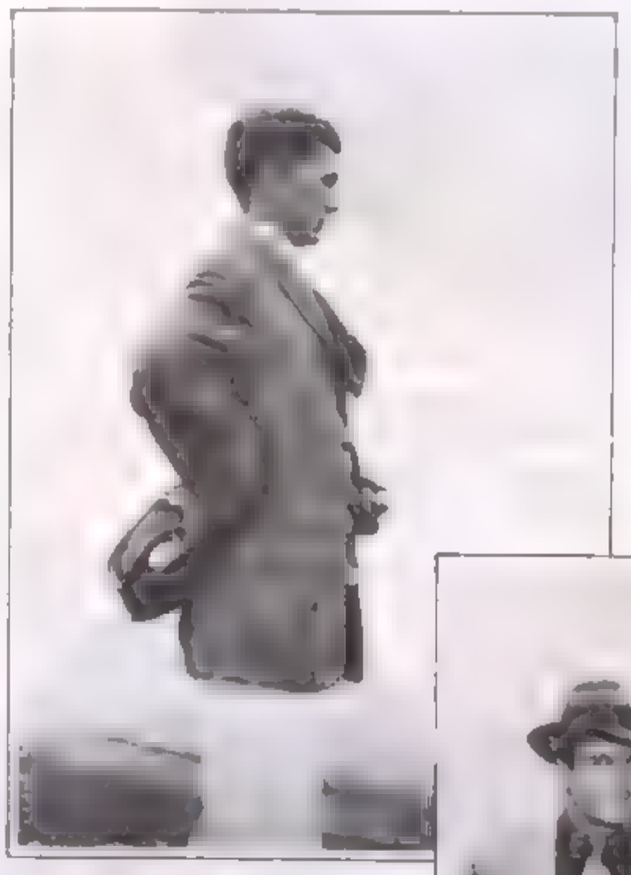
(Continued on Page 161)

Wyncie King

I BECAME a member of the King family while it was staying temporarily in the state of Georgia, and shortly thereafter, for no known reason, I was given the name of Wyncie. With hundreds of good old labels to choose from, the family went after the synthetic stuff. Wyncie may have had cunning qualities when spoken in the nursery, but it has no gender, and when the victim is old enough to get letters, half of which are addressed to Mr. and the other half to Miss, it is rather trying.

The background for my boyhood was a mixture of the big city and the small town. The small town was Paris, Tennessee, my mother's home. It was entirely surrounded by sandy bottoms, and had some of the best "old swimming holes" in the world. During the years there, in the intermissions between more important boy activities, I made many drawings and got to know very well the old pallid feeling that always follows the making of a drawing to this day. Later on at Nashville, where I worked for a railroad as a freight clerk, I continued to make drawings when the duties of the job were not too pressing. Switch engines, brakemen, firemen, all were put down in some fashion.

Finally two cartoons were carried to the now defunct Nashville Daily News and were accepted by the wise, wonderful and discerning editor. Although no coin passed between us, my remuneration was great indeed when, on the way to my railroad job in the evening, I passed the newsboys on the corner and saw my cartoon on the front page of their papers.



Wyncie King

A few weeks later the Nashville Banner took three cartoons and definitely turned me into a professional by giving me six dollars for the three. With such overwhelming encouragement as this, I was launched on a career that took me into many cities and newspaper offices. In all of them I learned something of my craft. The longest stay was in Louisville, where I first worked on the Courier-Journal, and then on the Louisville Herald.

One day a delightful old magazine vender came into the Herald office and I bought copies of Simplicissimus and Le Rire and several other foreign weeklies. The handling of line in the drawings in them appealed to me very strongly and from that day I believe I was one of the old vender's best customers. The study of the work in these magazines stimulated my interest in caricatures, which eventually got the attention of the Public Ledger in Philadelphia and brought me East. Driving a flivver from Louisville with my drawing board and baggage tied up in the back seat, I arrived in Philadelphia to begin a series of daily caricatures which ran for about a year in the Ledger. And then, as the movies say, came the dawn in the form of a manuscript from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Charles Francis Coe

I AM in the most amazing position ever filled by one pair of size-eight shoes. To millions of SATURDAY EVENING POST readers, I began as a prize fighter, petered out after winning and losing a world's championship, and then, refusing to die, bobbed up in prison and confessed my identity and activities as a gangster

All over the world the hearts of people warmed in sympathy toward me. But it was too good to last. Before I could possibly have served my gangster "bit," I bobbed up as a river pirate and again confessed a multiplicity of crimes. Later I had a hearing anent the business of receiving stolen goods!

And people believe it all; maybe because they read it where strict censorship prevails. Would THE SATURDAY EVENING POST falsify?

So when I enter a room and some well-meaning acquaintance whispers, "Coe, author of Me, Gangster, The River Pirate," gentle folk shudder and clutch their jewels to heaving breasts.

And the sheer truth is that I am by nature shrinking and a lover of solitude. Frankly, I dislike gatherings of a social nature and I detest talking about stories, except with editors. And there I am. Everyone regards me as a hardened criminal. Everyone seems to peer at my palms to trace there calluses conforming in size and shape to a gat butt. In my eye they anticipate catching the fictional glint of the super Raffles; on my cheek the lingering prison pallor.

Amazing, but I have never been in prison. Never even been arrested. Some of the things I have written about cops, though, soon may rectify that error!

I do know hundreds of crooks, however, and most of them I do not like. Some I do. Not their taking ways, understand, but their infinite problem. It is from these that I learn what I write; from these and from their enemies, the detectives.

(Continued on Page 161)

Nick Stuart, Who Played Jandy in "The River Pirate," Charles Francis Coe, and Victor McLaglen, Who Took the Part of Sailor Frink

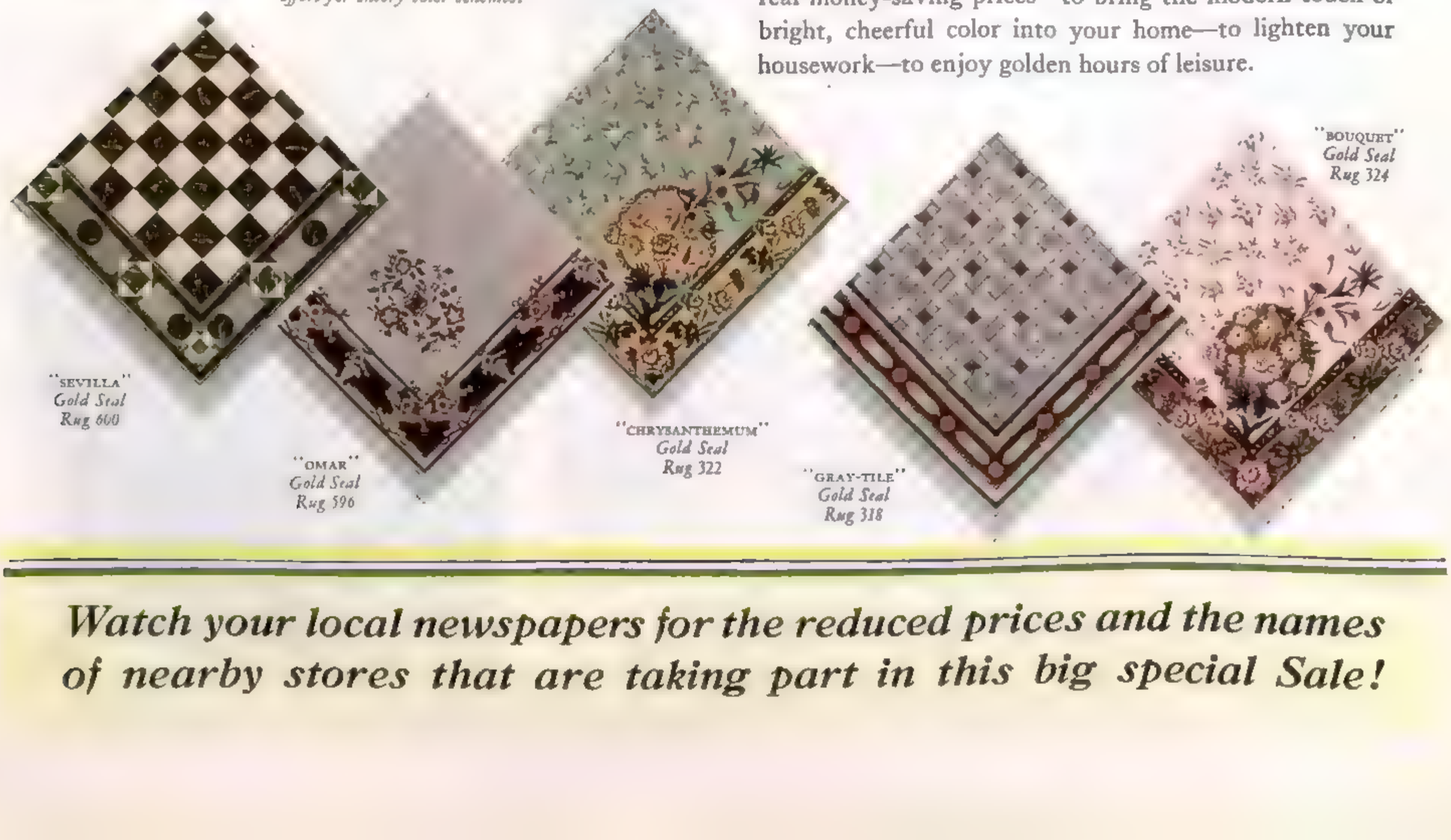
Beginning Monday October 1st

"ANTOINETTE"—*Congoleum Rug No. 328. Note the smartness and distinction of this design—the charm and richness of its colorings. Think of the opportunities it offers for cheery color schemes.*

CONGOLEUM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD SEAL RUGS
—at Special Bargain Prices

NEXT week—*October 1st to 6th*—will witness one of the greatest floor-covering Sales held in years. For it will be Congoleum Opportunity Week, when nationally-advertised Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings will be sold throughout the United States at special reduced prices.

This Sale comes at a most opportune period, just at house-cleaning and house-furnishing time when you are sure to need new floor-coverings for one or more rooms in your home. It is your opportunity to get genuine, guaranteed Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs and Floor-Coverings at real money-saving prices—to bring the modern touch of bright, cheerful color into your home—to lighten your housework—to enjoy golden hours of leisure.



Watch your local newspapers for the reduced prices and the names of nearby stores that are taking part in this big special Sale!

A SIX DAY SPECIAL SALE

ALL the latest and most popular designs of these famous, labor-saving rugs are included—all fresh, new, perfect goods right from the mills. ***Every rug carries the famous money-back Gold Seal Guarantee of Satisfaction.*** You will find it pasted right on the face of the pattern.

The color reproductions shown here give you some idea of the beauty of these modern floor-coverings. But to appreciate fully their lovely colorings, we urge you to see the actual rugs at your local dealer's during this six-day special Sale.

Don't wait too long for you may miss getting the designs you want. Make your selections early in the week if possible.

Read this partial list of Congoleum's advantages and you will understand why this modern, sanitary floor-covering is used today in millions of America's homes.

Designs—Rich Orientals, cheery floral patterns, spick-and-span tiles—all created by world-famous rug designers.

Durability—The exclusive *Multicote Process* of manufacture builds strength and rugged wear-resistance right through the entire pattern.

Labor-Saving — A few whisks with a damp mop removes in a twinkling every trace of dirt from the smooth, waterproof surface.

Lie Flat—Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat without any fastening. Never curl or kick up at the edges or corners.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

The famous Congoleum Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back" is your absolute assurance of the utmost value and quality in labor-saving floor-coverings. Insist that the rugs and floor-coverings you buy have the Gold Seal pasted right on the face of the pattern. Beware of substitutes.

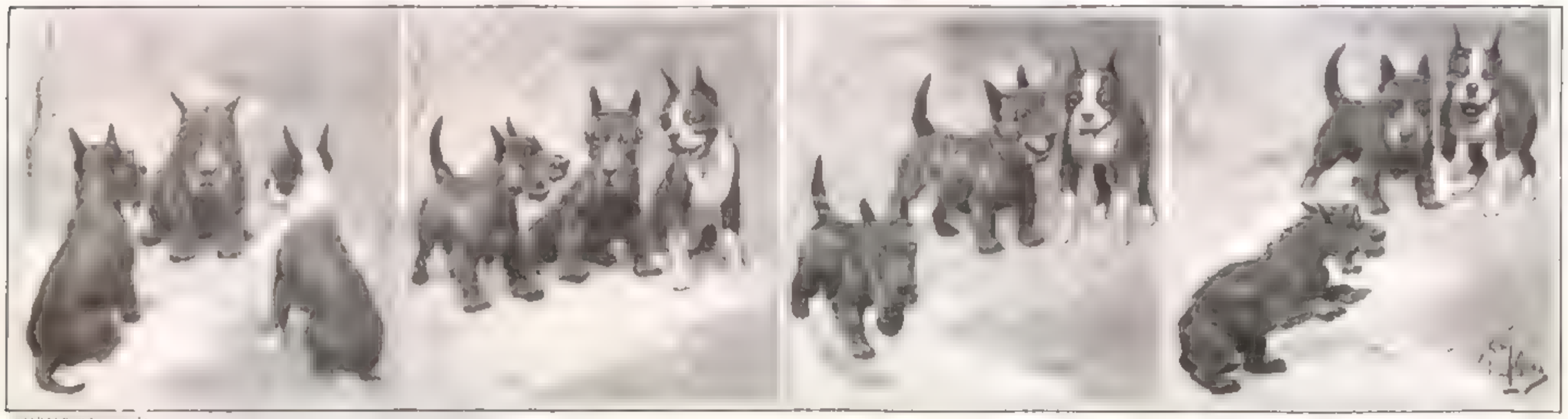
Remember the bargain prices will be in effect for one week only—October 1st to October 6th.

"RED-TILE" Gold Seal Rug 320
"TWILIGHT" Gold Seal Rug 315
"DU BARRY" Gold Seal Rug 326
"FIREFLY" Gold Seal Rug 312
"ALCAZAR" Gold Seal Rug 601

Watch your mail for special announcements from your local floor-covering dealers! Look for the Sale window displays!

CARTOON AND COMEDY

McNab and His Neighbors



"Sandy, Vi Here and I Canna See Why Ye and Beans Willna be Friends"

"Jean, I Hae the Greatest Respect for Mrs. Beans' Taste, But How She Ever Came to Pick That Fellow Beats Me"

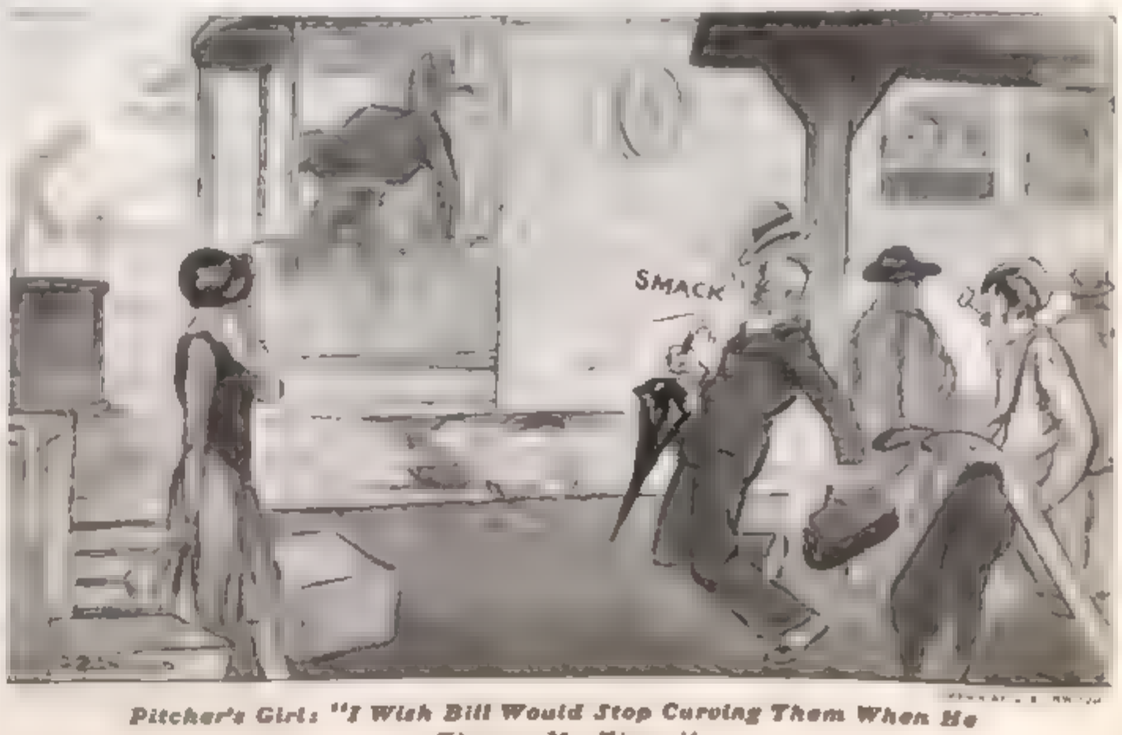
"Now Isna That a Strange Coincidence, Violet Dear?

"Ye Were Just Sayin' Ye Couldna See What There Was in McNab to Recommend Him as a Husband"

Little Girl (to Sister's Beau): "Oh, Look, Mr. Watson, There's One o' Those Church Mice That Papa Said You Were as Poor As!"

"Six People Killed at the Railroad Crossing, Mrs. Schwartz. Hurry Up Before They Take the Bodies Away!"

Arrested Thief: "Goo'-By, Son. Study Hard an' Learn to be a Lawyer an' When You're a Man Maybe You Can Defend Papa When He Comes Up for Trial"



Pitcher's Girl: "I Wish Bill Would Stop Curving Them When He Throws Me Kisses"

A great

powerful beam

reaches out a quarter-of-a-mile!

Amazing power, astonishing range in this new Eveready 5-cell Focusing Flashlight

HERE'S a new idea in flashlights . . . one of the most powerful portable lights ever made. Built to drive a sharp, bright beam 1500 feet into the deepest darkness. A powerful, dependable, l-o-n-g range flashlight—a veritable searchlight that you can carry in your hand. Substantially made for rough usage, beautifully finished in gleaming, ribbon-design nickel, light in weight and nicely balanced.

This light with its high-powered far-reaching ray was created especially for aviators, fishermen, inspectors, construction engineers, yachtsmen, firemen, watchmen, policemen, explorers, sportsmen, mountain-climbers, motorists—for use anywhere out-of-doors by anyone who wants to see darkness leap back a thousand feet or more at the flick of a switch.

This super-flashlight has all the features that have made Eveready Flashlights famous. It is fitted with a focusing device which, turned one way or the other, produces the sharp, penetrating beam of a searchlight or a diffused, widespread ray for close-up work.

There is a handy ring-hanger on the end to hang it up. A safety-lock switch prevents accidental lighting and wastage of current. The lens is bevel plate-glass, held in place by an octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring.

See this exceptional flashlight at the nearest dealer's. (It is Eveready No. 2645, and sells for $6, complete with batteries.) Notice its fine appearance. Test out its remarkable range and power. Be sure it's loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries. The batteries make a lot of difference in a flashlight.

Other types of Eveready Flashlights and Lanterns, all ranges, to suit every purpose, indoors and out, priced from one dollar up.

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New York UCC San Francisco
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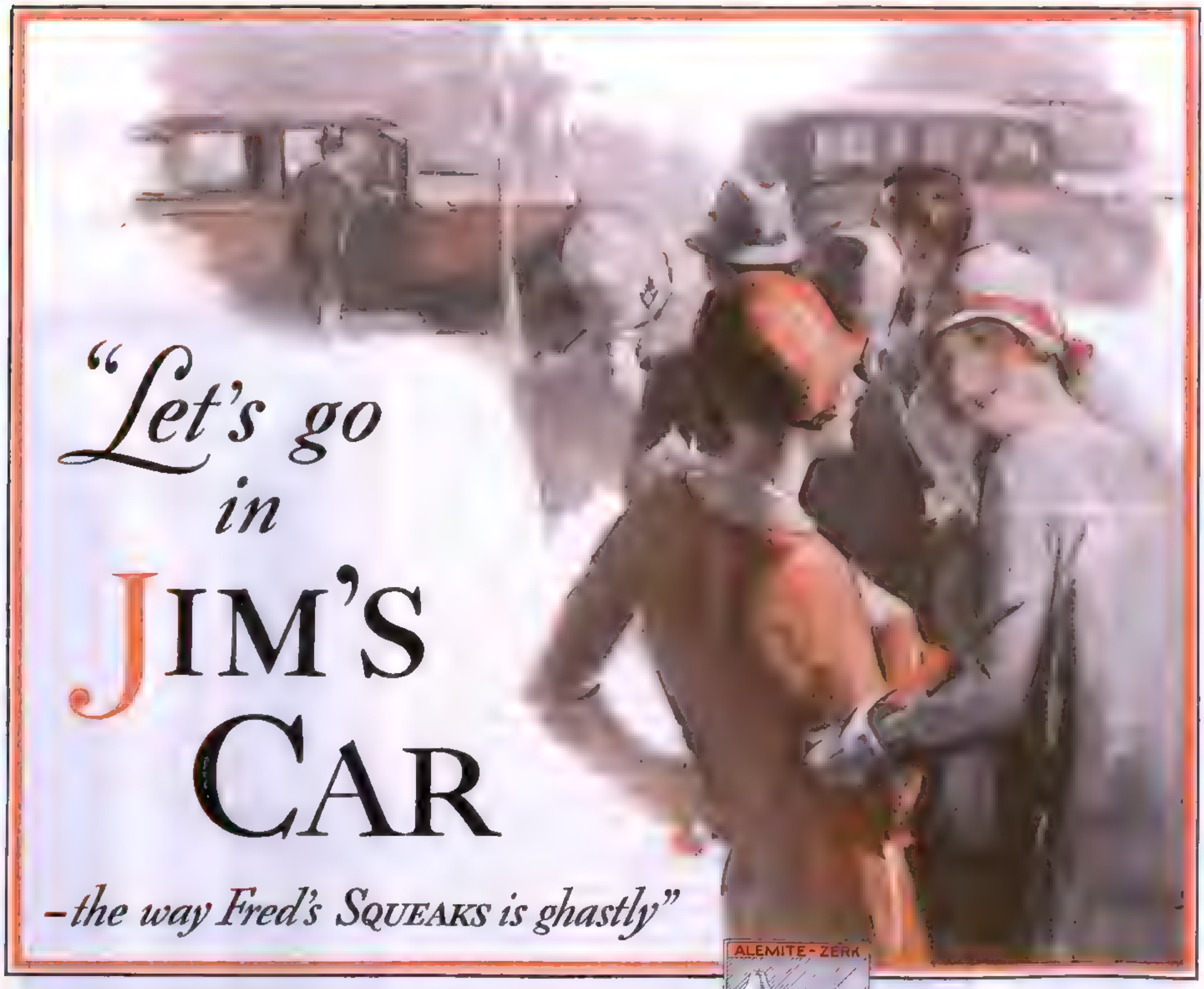
EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
Also Just Batteries



Why Annoy Yourself and Your Friends With a Squeaky, Squawky Car? 10 Minutes at Any Alemite-ing Station Will Take Them All Out—And Eliminate 80% of Repair Bills.

SQUEAKY automobiles used to be a necessary evil. Now they're judged *bad form*. Nobody enjoys riding in a squeaky car . . . . nor needs to any more.

Even worse than the embarrassment they cause, are the big repair bills those squeaks foretell. They mean lack of proper lubrication. *And improper* lubrication is the cause of 80% of all repair bills.

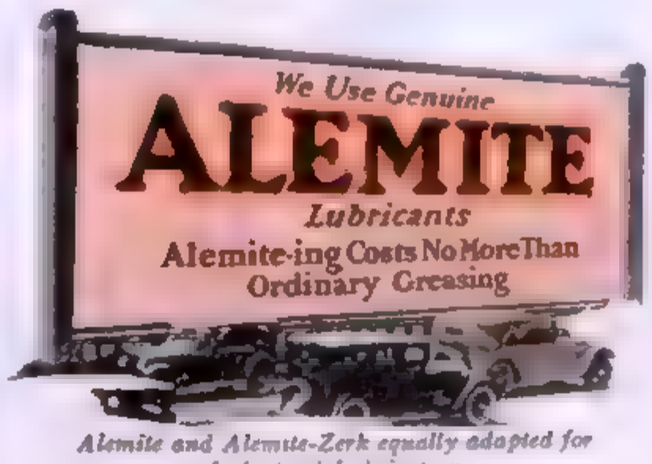
The answer is in having your car Alemited instead of just "greased." There is a world of difference. The squeaks go. Your car runs quietly, smoothly—*gloriously*. You add thousands of miles to its life. For the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems force lubricant into every vital chassis bearing of your car.

BUT—don't use ordinary greases in the Alemite Systems. Use only genuine Alemite Lubricants. Don't drive your car up to an ordinary "Greasing Station." Go ONLY to a genuine Alemite-ing Station. (Note identification sign.)

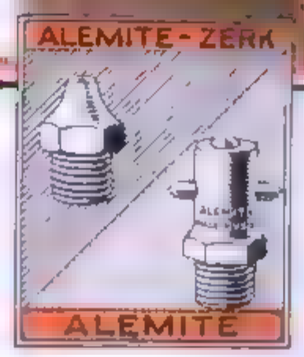
If you go to most ordinary "greasing" places you run the risk of having cheap grease forced into your car. The market is full of greases that break down under pressure. Greases that literally melt away. Dangerously inefficient greases that are heavy with "fillers," soap and fatty acids. Watch out and take care.

Alemite-ing Stations to Protect You

To protect you and ourselves, too, we have appointed genuine Alemite-ing Stations in every community. The sign shown on this page identifies those stations. They use genuine Alemite Lubricants—lubricants made especially for high-pressure lubrication. Only stations showing this sign can properly Alemite your car. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.



Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication



95% of the cars selling today—including the new Ford—are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite-Zerk System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown above.

You Get This

100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

1. BEARINGS: Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn, corroded bearings.

2. GEARS: By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant.

This usually adds 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. For Alemite Gear Lubricant clings tenaciously to the tightest fitting gears, leaving a cushion of lubricant between them.

3. SPRINGS: Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

Try this service. Look for the sign. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. Use this service regularly and you will eliminate, once and for all, the biggest single item in the operating cost of an automobile.

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2690 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service. R. A. S.—Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *re-sale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country . . . R. A. S.—get details from dealer, garage or service stations.

MUFFLED

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Well," He Said Testily, "What Do You Want Now?" She Shook Her Head Slowly. "You Needn't Worry, Ed. I Don't Want Anything—From You"

CROW'S garage, just around the block from the Glenville Hospital, made a convenient place for Lester Hoban to wait until the fussy nurse would let him go up to see his wife and son. It was a long drive in from the sidehill farm, and Hoban was forehanded—he'd allowed a roomy margin for delays along the frozen road.

He pulled off his mittens and opened the sheepskin coat as he came into the little shop; the fire-clay belly of the stove glowed cheerfully and he warmed his hands at it.

"How's everything?" Crow twisted his long neck without turning his body from the bench; except for his hands, black with grease and soot, he was a figure of fun, as if the pencil of some malicious cartoonist had designed him, a man ridiculously long and lean and warped, the chinless face merging forlornly into the pipestem neck where the larynx fluttered comically when Crow overcame his stutter and achieved speech. Brows and eyelashes nearly white gave a reddish look to the crossed eyes which squinted past a prodigious nose broken at the bridge and twisted. Only his hands were serious. They were adequate hands, dignified under the grime, the fingers long and strong and, as they dealt with the rusty sheet-metal cylinder on the bench, mobile in that queer fashion which makes a born mechanic's fingers look sometimes as if each one of them could think.

Hoban's wind-bitten face grinned slowly. "First-rate," he said—"both of 'em."

Crow nodded. "That's g-good," he stuttered. "M-make yourself at home."

Hoban pulled off his coat and drew a rickety chair to the stove. His boots on the iron ring at the base of it, he leaned back, his big gnarled hands folded across his stomach. Crow worked on in silence, Hoban watching between narrowed, attentive eyelids.

"What you doing, Dan?"

"Got a notion for a mum-mum-muffler," said Crow. "Work on it when trade's slack."

"Muffler? What's that?"

"You'd know if you drove a car," Crow told him. "It's what keeps you from hearing the racket. If it wasn't for this thing the engine'd sound like gug-guns shooting off."

Hoban came over to the bench, interested. Crow explained the principle of the device; his stutter left him when he talked about such things. He stopped suddenly, glancing at the door. Hoban turned as Eddie Poulter came in, heralded by his sniggering chuckle.

"Hello, Les. How's the spring-off?" He chuckled as if he enjoyed the taste of his words. Without waiting for Hoban's answer, his small, restless eyes shifted to Crow and the lines at their corners tightened. "Hello, Scarecrow, handsomer'n ever. What's the goo-good word?"

Crow grinned feebly. Hoban's face, however, showed no appreciation of the imitated stutter, and Poulter, waiting for applauding mirth, seemed annoyed by the want of it. He possessed himself of the chair by the stove.

"Heard the good one on Joe Garvey?" He smacked his lips. It wasn't much of a story, but he made it sound funny. Garvey's wife had driven over to Purreyville with Mrs. Pettinger; only Eddie Poulter had ascertained that George Lunn had also been at Purreyville that evening, that Mrs. Garvey had met him at the picture-show.

"Ought to've seen Joe's face when I sprung it on him over to the fire house!" Poulter slapped his thigh in happy reminiscence. "Crazy jealous about his wife, Joe is, and she used to go with George Lunn before Joe cut him out." He chuckled contentedly. "Joe went straight home soon 's I told him. I bet there was a grand little rumpus."

"Wouldn't wonder." Les Hoban spoke dryly. He listened to another anecdote. Again deprived of suitable applause, Eddie Poulter seemed disinclined to further effort at entertainment. He rose and came over to the bench.

"What you trying to do now, Scarecrow?"

Crow's stutter impeded his reply. Les Hoban answered for him: "He's building a muffler, Ed. You'd ought to be interested. I guess you need one more'n anybody else in Glenville."

Crow giggled. Poulter's puffy cheeks went red.

"Is that so?" Repartee, for once, failed him. He studied Hoban through mean little eyes that manifestly regretted the width of shoulder they measured.

"It's how I look at it," said Hoban placidly. "You might hire Dan to fix up one to fit your mouth, Ed. Wouldn't wonder if it'd suit you better'n the kind you're apt to get one these days. Keep on poking that nose into other folks' business, keep on wagging that loose-hung jaw about what you smell out, and first thing you know somebody's liable to muffle you kind of rough."

Eddie Poulter's small eyes glittered. "Is that so?" he repeated. "Who's going to do it? You?"

He edged discreetly toward the door, but Hoban shook his head.

"I wouldn't hardly bother, Ed. It'd take more'n your kind of noise to worry me. But there's plenty that might look at it different."

Poulter laughed and swaggered out. Dan Crow's twisted eyes turned a pale, wistful admiration on Hoban.

"Muh-much obliged, Les. Only time I ever got shut of him so quick."

Hoban returned to the chair beside the stove.

"Getting worse, Ed is. Smart, but all he does with his brains is ——" He paused. "Know whether he does anything for Hannah, Dan?"

Crow shook his absurd head. "Nun-not a thing. Says if his pa had meant her to have a share he'd 've wuh-willed it that way."

"Left it to Ed for life because Hannah was well fixed, time he made the will," said Hoban. "The old man couldn't see ahead that Dunc was going to go bust and die. Left it so Hannah's kids'll get it if Ed dies." He reflected. "Beats all, don't it, how different a man can be from his own sister."

Crow, still without turning, remarked that Hannah was only Ed's huh-huh-half sister.

"That's so. But it takes a special kind of man to leave a half sister starve when he's living easy right in the same town."

"Luh-likes it, Ed does." There was a sharp snap of metal. "Broke that plate." Crow's voice was mildly plaintive, but his blackened fingers, still holding the fragments of thin iron, relaxed their grip reluctantly.

Hoban said nothing. His eyes narrowed a little. He reached out, after a little pause, for a thumbed and tattered magazine that lay on the pine table—a car manufacturer's house organ. He glanced carelessly through it. Crow continued to work at his bench; the silence was the contented, welcome quiet which falls between men who, by instinct, avoid needless effort of tongue and lip as they spare their arms and legs from futile labor.

"Here's an idea," said Hoban suddenly. "Says here that you can get rid of woodchucks and rats and ——"

The courthouse clock interrupted him. He came to his feet, suddenly alert and eager.

"Quarter of! They'll leave me in at ten. See you later, Dan."

"Ruh-ruh-remember me to Mis' Hoban, Les."

"You bet." Hoban went out, one arm burrowing into the sleeve of the sheepskin coat, his normal shambling walk a loose-kneed run. It carried him past the barber shop, where as usual four or five men lounged in the chairs behind the window. He waved his arm gayly and two or three hands moved in deliberate response.

"Comes in every day to see his woman and kid," said old Arch McParlan. "Bet you he's blowed in a hund'd dollars f'r hospital bills and doctoring." He clicked his tongue against a single surviving tooth. "Might think they hadn't been nobody else born up in the hills."

"Les can afford it, I guess," said the barber. "They tell me he's right well fixed for money. And he didn't get his woman around here. Come from the city somewheres, didn't she?" He spoke in the tone of one who advances a just extenuation of extravagance. "Real fine-looking woman, anyhow," he added. "Don't know as I blame Les for fetching her down to the hospital. He ain't got no telephone and it'd take him half a day to get a doctor up yonder in them hills."

Eddie Poulter, prostrated and lathered, spoke carefully past the razor: "Who was Les' woman, anyhow?"

"Come out to Les' place to board," the barber remembered. He suspended the blade to assist the processes of recollection. "Les' ma was living then. Come spring, Les and his woman come down here and got married. First time anybody knowed she was here. I mind the boys talking about it in the shop when we seen Les go past with her. Shut-mouthed, Les is. Nobody knowed he was figuring to get married till he up and done it."

"Funny notion of a place to board," said Poulter. "Clear back to nowhere, that place of Les'. Wonder how in time she ever heard about it."

Old Arch McParlan scratched the white stubble of his jaw. "I was over to the liv'ry stable one time when a feller come in to ast how to get out to Hoban's place," he said. "Les had been married quite a spell then, and when this feller ast us if they was a Miss Somebody boarding out to his place it didn't strike none of us till afterward that he was a-looking for Les' woman."

Eddie Poulter stirred slightly. "Remember the name, Arch?"

"Don't seem to. Three-four years back. Hadn't never heard it before." McParlan rubbed his chin. "The feller that was looking for her 'peared to be a tramp, kind of. Didn't have no money, anyhow, to hire a rig, and started off to hoof it out to Hoban's."

Relaxing, Poulter inspected the ceiling, his little eyes thoughtfully narrowed. When the barber set him free he did not take his customary chair at the window. Instead, turning up his collar against a boisterous wind, he crossed the empty square toward the dingy white columns of the courthouse. The clerk in the marriage-license office, astonished by the proffer of a cigar, sniffed it warily and consulted records.

"Annie Frayne," Poulter read aloud. "Binchester. Much obliged."

His brows drew together meditatively as he went out. In front of the hospital he came face to face with Lester Hoban, whose visit with his family had manifestly expanded his spirit. Poulter stopped.

"How's Mrs. Hoban, Les?"

"Fine! Doing a sight better'n the doctor figured. And that boy—say!" Hoban wagged his head. Poulter encouraged him to enlarge upon the topic. He had a trick of loosening tongues as little given to fluency as Les Hoban's. More than one of his most successful anecdotes had been related, in the first instance, by its unsuspecting butt. His attentive interest warmed Hoban toward him.

"Say, Ed, maybe I rubbed you the wrong way back to Dan's shop, but I meant it friendly. They's a sight of folks that don't figure anybody's got a license to poke into their private affairs, and ——"

"Leave 'em keep 'em private then." Poulter chuckled. "Anything I know I got a right to talk about, way I look at it."

Hoban reflected. "Might be something in that notion," he admitted. "If that's how you feel, Ed, maybe you'd just's soon leave me talk to you about Hannah."

"Save your breath for your own business!" Poulter was instantly venomous, his face contorted to red wrath, his eyes smaller and more deeply recessed than ever. "I said my last word about that a long ways back."

"Just's you say." Hoban spoke gently. "Wouldn't 've mentioned it only for what you said about keeping things private. It ain't private that Hannah's real put to it to look after the young ones. And ——"

"Nothing to stop you from taking 'em out to your place if you take such a lot of interest," said Poulter. He hesitated. "Must have got used to keeping boarders time Mrs. Hoban first come out."

For a moment Hoban's face sobered to the gravity that even Ed Poulter might have found disquieting. His huge mittened hand closed slowly, then his awkward grin reappeared and the hand relaxed.

"I'd almost forgot that was how it happened," he said. "Seems like she'd always been there, Ed." He sobered again. "I'd like first-rate to have Hannah come out and live with us, only for two things: There isn't more'n enough room for three people, and Hannah wouldn't come. Got her pride, Hannah has. Don't aim to be beholden to anybody."

Poulter shrugged. He turned away abruptly. The change of Hoban's look, the involuntary contraction of his hand hadn't escaped the little, darting, restless eyes. Poulter's face was shrewd and hopeful as he walked up the slope toward his father's old square wooden house under the leafless elms.

It was serene and mellow, the white clapboards and green shutters smiling drowsily in the thin winter sunlight, as if the old house slept lightly amid pleasant memories. The woman who had stopped to look at it from across the road, a woman who would have been pretty except for the lines of anxiety and weariness in her clear face, was smiling at it as if she shared its dreams. But as Poulter approached, a cloud drifted over the sun and the aspect of the house changed; it became suddenly Poulter's house. The woman turned abruptly and the faint smile left her lips. Eddie Poulter scowled at her

"Well," he said testily, "what do you want now?"

She shook her head slowly. "You needn't worry, Ed. I don't want anything—from you."

"Then what you doing here?" He was still discreetly hostile, but the itch for information had lessened by a little the surliness of his manner. He often learned important and amusing things by adding together just trivial bits of knowledge, as, for instance, the reason for his half sister's presence here so far from the rickety house beyond the paper mill.

"I suppose there's no law to keep me from walking past your house," she said quietly. "It's the shortest way to the hospital."

He eyed her alertly. "You sick?"

"I'm all right." She laughed shortly. "You needn't worry about me. I'm just going to see Annie Hoban and her baby."

Poulter started. "Didn't know you were friends with her." He hesitated. "I was just wondering who she was and where she came from."

"Were you?" Hannah White laughed again. "Well, I'll tell you. She's Les Hoban's wife and she lives up at his

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Crow Swung Around to Face Him Obliquely. "Huh-Huh-How Do You Mean?" "Hannah," Chuckled Poulter

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place on the west hill and she's been a better friend to me than anybody else in Glenville. Now you know all about her."

"Know more'n you think." He hesitated. "Know they's something fishy about her—coming out to board up yonder middle of winter. Know another thing. Any time folks are so shut-mouthed about who they are and where they come from they's bound to be a reason for it." Again he paused hopefully, but Hannah, smiling in her tight-lipped fashion, held her tongue. "Say she's a friend of yours, but you don't know as much about her, right now, as I do."

"I know this," she said suddenly in earnest: "If you're looking for more trouble than you need, start in spreading talk about Les Hoban's wife."

She moved quickly past him, her shabby jacket pulled tightly about her thin shoulders. Eddie Poulter's little eyes watched her till she turned the corner. He crossed the street to his driveway and stopped to thrust his head past the edge of his kitchen door. Old Sally Fenner, who came in by the day to cook his thrifty meals, twisted her stooped figure from the stove.

"You needn't cook dinner," he told her. "I'm going to Binchester and I won't get back till tomorrow or day after."

The old woman nodded dully. He shut the door and went on to the little garage he had built at the back of the garden. He kept it locked; the cost of his small closed car had given him too much pain to run any chance of theft. He backed it out carefully and stopped to close the door. Before Crow's garage he blew a noisy summons on the horn. Crow shambled out to the pump.

"Huh-huh-how many?"

"Tut-tut-ten," mimicked Poulter happily. There was no gauge on his dash and he got down to check the measure, his grin widening as Crow's ungainly figure swayed to the turn of the crank.

"Look here, Scarecrow"—he came confidentially close—"I just met Hannah and it started me thinking. Why don't you mum-mum-marry her?"

The white-lashed eyes flickered toward him with an unmistakable suggestion of panic. He did not notice the unhumorous tightening of the blackened fingers on the pump handle. He laughed delightedly.

"Always had a notion you were sweet on Hannah. That's why I'm leaving her scratch for her living. One these days she's bound to get so sick of it she'd even mum-mum-marry you." He sniggered. "You hadn't ought to charge me for my gug-gug-gas, the way I'm helping you get her."

Crow made change without answering and slouched back into his shop. Eddie Poulter turned blithely into the Binchester Turnpike and the little car leaped under him as he opened the throttle, like a willing horse under a needless whip.

It was well on toward dusk when he parked in the ruled space that waited for him in the open square before the Binchester City Hall.

The drive had given him time to plan and he went straight to the public library that faced the sooty limestone courthouse. Here, his hands shaking a little, he fumbled through a dog-eared city directory four years out of date:

Frayne, Annie, Stngphr. Bds. 167 Huron.

Poulter chuckled under his breath. He went back briskly to the car. A traffic policeman gave him directions. He stopped presently before a bow-windowed brick house with a mansard roof of party-colored slates, a house that still clung to some dim survival of its ancient haughtiness, its tall windows trying to seem unaware of the sign in one of them which suggested furnished rooms. A tired-faced fat woman received Poulter in a depressing parlor perfumed with ghostly smells of cooking. Her manner underwent a change as it was made clear to her that Poulter did not come in quest of shelter.

"Yes"—her voice found a fretful edge—"she used to live here. What's she been doing now?" Poulter leaned forward eagerly.

He was chuckling as he climbed back into his car. He continued to laugh under his breath over the musty yellowed newspaper files he was permitted to consult in the basement of the library. They gave him another lead. He followed it blithely to a law office near the courthouse, where he found a rat-faced man just about to leave it for the night.

The lawyer's sly eyes lighted a little at the name of Annie Frayne, but he made it abundantly evident to Eddie Poulter that he had no information to give away, and Poulter, mindful of burned gas and worn rubber, did not propose to buy. Lemberger's evasions sufficiently confirmed what he already knew, and he was impatient now for Glenville and its willing ears.

He saved himself the cost of supper by starting home as soon as he left Lemberger. He carried a pint flask of homemade apple whisky in his pocket and he allowed himself a stiff drink by way of fortification against the bitter cold. Even in the closed car, with his secret warming him and delighted self-satisfaction wrapping him like a garment, Poulter suffered. His hands stiffened on the driving wheel and his feet were numb. He drove as fast as he dared, stopping now and then for a pull at the flask. He had always controlled his appetite for drink, indulging it cannily in secret and infrequently, and the three-year-old apple burned in him like a cheerful fire.

It was slower, however, to drive at night, throttling down every time a pair of headlights blinded him. When he came into the southern end of the glen he knew that it was pretty late to hope for listeners tonight. Far up, a yellow pin point against the black loom of the hill, he could see a light that must be in Les Hoban's house, and the thought came to him suddenly that the story he was bringing home about Annie Frayne would surprise nobody so sharply as Les, up there in his empty house, tickled to death because Annie Frayne had given him a son.

Poulter laughed contentedly in spite of his aching wrists and ankles. Easy enough to understand now why a smart, good-looking city girl like Annie should have fallen for a clodhopping hill-billy like Les Hoban. Any port in a storm! And it would have been hard to find a better hiding place than that little farmhouse lost up there among the hilltop timber. Poulter thought wistfully of the fun of telling Hoban face to face, but not even with the apple whisky heartening him could he delude himself that he would have the courage for that. Hoban was slow-moving and clumsy, but he was formidably big. It would be safer to let him hear the news from somebody else when he came down behind his lumbering farm horses tomorrow morning to see his woman and her son.

The windows of the stores along the square were dark when Poulter drove past them, and the only light in sight glowed dimly in Dan Crow's garage. Poulter stopped before the pump. He could see the cheerful redness of the stove and it beckoned to him as compellingly as the sight of Crow himself pottering away at his workbench. A warm fire and a listener—a listener who wouldn't enjoy Poulter's news much more than Annie Hoban's husband himself! Poulter went in, stamping his feet and slapping his arms; he hugged the stove, the pleasure of his story growing as he deferred its telling till he was warm again.

"Still working on your mum-mum-muffler, eh?"

Crow nodded without looking up. Poulter's malice quickened as the work reminded him of Les Hoban's blunt-spoken warning. He licked his lips.

"Just got back from Binchester," he said. "Funny thing—happened to run into some folks that used to know Les Hoban's wife when she was living there."

He paused. Crow's crossed eyes slanted at him over the forlorn sag of his lank shoulder. Poulter chuckled comfortably at the interest he saw in the look.

"Ever strike you that it was mighty funny her marrying a hick like Les?"

"Lucky," said Crow. "They don't come any hub-huh-better'n Les."

Poulter laughed. "You bub-bub-bet she was lucky, Scarecrow! A sight luckier'n anybody knows! Always had a notion they was something fishy about her. Lucky? Say, she's lucky she's out of jail!"

Crow turned to face him. "You wuh-want to look out how you tuh-talk, Ed. Les ——"

"Les'd ought to thank me for finding out who he married," said Poulter. "A man ought to know it if he's living with a jail-bird."

He stopped again. Crow shook his head. "Been drinking," he said. "Talking wuh-wuh-wild, and it ain't safe tuh-talking about Les' wife."

"Guess I got a right to tuh-tuh-talk as much as the Binchester newspapers!" Poulter laughed. "It was all printed, time she come up here to hide in Les' house. I looked it up. I know what I'm saying. Her and a crook named Webb was running a slick swindle over in Binchester and they caught Webb, but she made a get-away. Webb done time for it up to Stillburn, and so'd she if they'd ever caught her."

He smacked his lips over another pull at his flask. The occasion justified drinking in public.

"Cold day when I get fooled," he said. "Always had a notion they had to be some mighty good reason why that woman'd take up with Les Hoban, and I'll say I was right! Sooner marry Les than do time in state prison along with this Webb that was in with her."

He sat down and leaned back, lifting his feet to the rail of the stove.

"Got the notion over to the barber shop this morning. Struck me kind of funny that we didn't none of us know who she was nor where she come from. Went over and looked up the marriage license and found out she was named Frayne and come from Binchester. Took a chance on driving down there to see if anybody could tell me something else. Got the whole story and got it straight too." He chuckled. "Golly, just wait till Les finds out! And him telling me only this morning to mind my own business! Good thing for him I didn't! Might never 've found out a thing if it hadn't 've been for me!"

Crow regarded him deliberately, his face turned to favor the mismating of his eyes.

"Aim to go spreading this story, Ed?"

"I'll say I do!" Poulter's grin vanished. "I'll show Les Hoban where he gets off, jamming into my business and telling me to keep my nose out of his! Time I'm done with him he'll have something else to think about besides trying to get money out of me for Hannah! Look pretty, won't he, with his woman doing time at Stillburn and Les bringing up her brat!"

He finished the liquor in the flask. Crow, leaning against the bench, continued to slant his crossed eyes at him in silence.

"Don't know as I'd feel it'd be huh-huh-healthy to use Les like that, Ed," he said at last. "He ain't apt to like it much."

The applejack and the blustering heat of the stove combined to give Poulter a comforting sense of security.

"I hope he don't like it," he said. "You heard him tell me my kind of noise couldn't worry him, didn't you? Heard him say he wouldn't bother to shut me up? All right. Wait till morning! Wait till he comes in to see his woman and finds the whole town talking the way it's going to talk!"

"Kind of apt to twist your neck for you," said Crow slowly. Poulter laughed.

"What good'd that do him? Time he sees me the only way to stop the talk'd be to choke everybody in the glen." He grinned. "But it'd be bad luck for you, Scarecrow, if it was to turn out like you say."

Crow swung around to face him obliquely. "Huh-huh-how do you mean?"

"Hannah," chuckled Poulter. The drink and heat were making him pleasantly sleepy. "She might get desp'rate enough to overlook them cross eyes if I keep hold of the prop'ty, but if Les should twist my neck, like you claim he's apt to, the money'd go to Hannah's boys and she wouldn't need to marry nobody."

Crow said nothing. He turned to the bench, his workman's hands dealing surely with his tools. Poulter, sagging back in the rickety chair, surrendered comfortably to the lulling glow within him, the amiable warmth of the stove. He was heavily asleep when Crow, ready to close up the shop, shook him by the shoulder; he mumbled a protest against being disturbed. Crow, stooping, lifted him bodily, carried him out to the car and managed, with some effort, to put him into it. Poulter subsided limply in the corner.

"Sleep where you are then," said Crow. He went back to put out the lights and lock the door. The frayed house organ on the table caught his glance; he bent over it, his lips moving as he read. After a long time he put out the lights and locked the door behind him.

The nurse had carried Lester Hoban's boy out of the room. Annie's eyes followed her.

"I've been worrying, Les."

Hoban leaned toward her. "No call to worry now," he said. "Everything's fine."

"Hannah White came up to see me yesterday after you'd gone." Annie's face darkened. "Something she said makes me think her brother —— Les, he's found out something, or guessed. He ——"

Hoban shook his head. "That's just a notion, Annie. Forget it. Ed Poulter couldn't find out a thing. It's all over and done with—four years back. You quit thinking about it."

"He knows," she insisted. "And he'll talk. You know why Jenny Bouton drowned herself, Les. Ed Poulter might just as well have pushed her into the mill pond!"

"Don't you worry about it. They ain't a chance in a million he could find out; but if he did, what of it? You didn't do anything only work for that Webb. They quashed the indictment against you, didn't they? And you been living in the glen four years, where a sight of folks know a lot more about you than Ed Poulter'll ever find out. Even down here on the flats his talk wouldn't amount to much, and we ain't going to be down here to hear it, Annie. It takes a pretty tall lot of talk to climb that sidehill."

"I'm not thinking about us." She moved her hand impatiently. "I don't care what anybody says about me, not for myself. But by and by, when the boy's big enough to come down the hill and hear people saying that his mother ——"

Hoban hesitated. "Bound to take after one of us, ain't he?" he said slowly. "It don't matter which it is. Time that boy's big enough to hear talk he won't need nobody else to tell him what kind of a ma he's got. Apt to get a pretty good notion of folks that live with you, if you live up high. Guess we found that out, haven't we?" His hand closed gently over hers. "You quit fretting, Annie. There won't be no talk, and if there was it wouldn't matter."

He had almost convinced her when he tiptoed away over the coco drugget in the long corridor, but his face was soberly grim and his big hands were shut. He went to Poulter's house and knocked sharply at the kitchen door.

Old Sally told him that Poulter was in the city. He was turning away when she added that he'd driven down in his car. Lester Hoban, standing on the step, was tall enough to see through the glazed panel at the top of the garage door.

"His car's in yonder," he said.

The old woman craned her neck. "He ain't been in the house," she declared. "His bed ain't been slep' in and he couldn't 've come in this mornin'—not since seven—without me hearin' the car."

Hoban moved suddenly to the garage and pulled the door open. A puff of suffocating air came out to him, air that was like coal smoke pent in a closed space. He held his breath while he plunged forward, twisted the car door open, thrust his arm in to rouse the man who slept behind the wheel.

He sent old Sally for the doctor, but he knew that it would need more than a doctor to wake Eddie Poulter.

(Continued on Page 162)

School starts again. These Akron, Ohio, youngsters are properly nourished on Quaker Oats breakfasts to meet their work and play with equal energy.

Cooking school! Where girls today learn practical home economics. These girls are making Quaker Oats muffins.

The Great American Breakfast

That children love. Now prepared in 2½ to 5 minutes, making the richest breakfast now the quickest, too

THE result of improper breakfast eating reflects, in children, in "between-meal" hunger, in low resistance to sickness, often in undernourishment.

Dietetic experts emphasize the importance of well-balanced, nourishing breakfasts the year around. Hot breakfasts that supply the brain and energy elements of food that "stands by" them.

A hot oatmeal breakfast is recommended in warm weather as well as in the cold months. For oatmeal offers a richness of flavor and content with the best balance of the vital food elements of any cereal grown.

16% is protein—plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Now with Quick Quaker all the rich flavor, the creamy deliciousness and stamina elements of Quaker Oats are provided—in a cereal that cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes. That's quicker than coffee—it's as quick as toast.

Quick Quaker contains 16% protein. That is the stamina element in food that builds muscle and makes good the wear and tear on the human machinery. That acts as a "factor of safety" against disease.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows. It is richer in food's tremendously important growth elements than any other cereal known.

Served hot and savory, Quick Quaker supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast. It makes the *richest* breakfast, now the *quickest*, too.

Elizabeth Goodhue, with Jack and Esther—on the beach at Miami. Three sturdy children whose daily diet includes hot oatmeal

70% of the Day's School Work Crowded Into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to *Watch Your Child's Breakfast*—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

BEYOND ALL CONJECTURE

(Continued from Page 13)

The next day at eleven the medical examiner came out, turning down his cuffs.

"There is something," he said to a central-office detective who had dropped in to see what he could pick up. "It will interest you—cyanide. The dose was a minimum. A slick case—murder. Too small for a suicide—they take too much. Before death," he said, getting into one sleeve of his coat, "we could very easily have confused it with *apoplexie foudroyante* in some of its forms. After death the effects are extremely fugacious. But mark the hard luck the murderer plays in. It comes to me! I happen to know! The mucous membrane is much congested and there's a dark cherry-colored liquid venous blood. There you are! Thank me." He got into the other sleeve.

By so narrow a margin did Cornelius Vlemynck, whose sole ambition was to die at a ripe old age in the house he was born in, and who died in a gutter, miss potter's field. A boat leaves the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street every morning. The next day he would have gone, for no one would come for him. At home, the servants were answering the telephone by saying he was out of town. He had been out of town in the same way before. Except for a little extra rigidity in his pose, as he lay there waiting for the eternal anonymity of a pauper's cross, even the medical examiner would have passed him by.

"

PARR himself, the deputy in charge, who had a trick of smelling out big game without any why or wherefore, got into his things and came uptown when he saw the police slip. The first thing he did was to go through the bag of clothes. There were no labels. Cornelius Vlemynck said to his tailors, "I don't carry around an advertisement for any tradesman. Leave your name off me." Some tailors sew a man's name inside a pocket, where he won't be apt to see it. But Cornelius Vlemynck did not want to be labeled that way, and saw to it that he was not. He had his own laundress, so he had no laundry mark. His shoes were custom-made.

"Ha-ha!" laughed Parr. "Here we are!" Inside the tongue of a shoe was a number, written in ink. Men went from shoemaker to shoemaker until they found the man who fitted the feet of Cornelius Vlemynck. "He was robbed," noted the deputy. "But that was merely incidental. Robbers do not use cyanide. I have an idea," said Parr, "that we are going to resort to the last refuge of a scoundrel—expert testimony—before we are through with this case. Make specific notes and have a good toxicologist check you up."

"The dose was so small it wouldn't have been fatal, except that the old man's arteries were prime for it. If I had taken my day off, as I had planned, this would have been a perfect crime," said the elated medical examiner.

Parr, too, had his moment of elation. Police business is drab at best. It is the same thing over and over again. There is something tragic about the new recruits advancing in waves to retribution. There is something pitifully stereotyped about the cerebral cortex. Thought travels in well-worn grooves; under the same stimuli a million people will do the same thing, with variations *a*, *b* and *c*. And every mother's son of them thinks he is original, especially the crook. The petty sneak who picked Cornelius Vlemynck's pockets when he lay dying, cunningly waited twenty-four, thirty-six hours, and then slipped into a pawnshop remote from the scene of his crime and pledged the watch. One of Parr's men stood there at the end of the show case smoking a cigar, waiting for him—not for this one man in particular, but for his type. There is a certain run of these shops through which petty sneaks come constantly trickling into the hands of the police. Here is one of the bottle necks of petty crime.

There is nothing so drab as police business ninety-nine times out of a hundred. This was the hundredth. The miserable creature who turned up in the right slot with the effects of the dead man—the watch, the keys, the pocketbook—obviously was not the person who had graduated a dose of prussic acid so nicely as to indicate death for Cornelius Vlemynck.

"This should interest you," said Parr to his friend and occasional collaborator, Oliver Armiston, the extinct author. "There is nothing to start from."

It was true—Oliver liked this type of case, with nothing to start from. "Do you recollect that lumberyard in Broadway?" asked he, pausing opposite Number — Fifth Avenue. "There were real-estate operators who would gladly have sent flowers if the owner had kindly consented to pass out."

"This is different," said Parr. "They are using Cornelius for permanent light and air here; they would have paid him to live forever."

They went in. The manservant on the door was at last exercising the functions for which he was intended. Countless people came and went, mostly Parr's scientifics, who went through the place from cellar to garret, as if old Cornelius Vlemynck, when he stepped off, must have left behind him some plasma in which to mold at least a working hypothesis. Experts questioned the servants to the end of their—the servants'—endurance, then went back and covered the same ground again and again. At two o'clock in the morning, when the household was bedraggled with the frightful ordeal of inquiry, a fresh batch of inquisitors started again, back at the beginning.

"He had gone out before and stayed—when? Someone telephoned during the time—who? Be careful! We check you up through Central's records. Don't lie again!"

The lawyer was called in, his physician; men haunted the sawdust aisles at Washington Market where Cornelius, with Martha waddling behind, bought fresh vegetables. They went through his check stubs, letter files, his address book.

"The old man," said Parr, "lived the life of a finicky old maid."

They probed with the eye of suspicion the record of telephone toll calls they found at Central Exchange; they watched, and set the servants to watching the crowds that flocked by the house next day—the murderer would be among them of course. Experts pawed over his investments, looked up the beneficiaries under the will.

"The man on the door was wide awake when the old boy went out," said Parr to Oliver. "He was playing possum."

Parr himself had extracted this information. The questioned ones cling desperately to their little lies. The man had simply been afraid to let his master know that he had been nodding for fear of a scolding, so he had pretended to be sound asleep while the old man passed out. Then the slovenly fellow actually did fall asleep waiting for Mr. Vlemynck to come back. This placed the hour very near one.

"Then he can't swear Vlemynck didn't come back," said Oliver.

"No. But a night watchman saw him go out and he says the old man did not come back. It was exactly one, according to him. Cornelius cut across diagonally, stopped at the mail box in front of the old Rhinelander house, opened it, seemed to reconsider, and let it fall shut and passed on."

"It was too near home," said Armiston.

"Possibly," admitted Parr, nodding. "But where does that get you? It's like a game of chess. In the first ten moves the variants are innumerable. Take your pick."

"Ah, but very few of those variants are sound," protested Oliver. "Actually, the paths a clever chess player would take are very few, and these reduce themselves as the game goes on. A stupid player soon comes to the end of his rope. The game is really not so complex as legend would have it. There was no prussic acid about him at the time he decided to hunt a more remote mail box. That is obvious. We admit he didn't take it himself, or he would have taken more. And no one else had at that time yet administered it to him. He couldn't have gone two steps after taking it. The fumes of the anhydrous acid are so deadly that, in a laboratory, the rules are imperative—an operator is not permitted to be alone when he opens a bottle of it. In its cyanide form it has actually to be dissolved and come into contact with the mucous membrane. But even as cyanide, no man would go off hunting a mail box with a grain of it inside him. Now where are we? First we establish that he left the house at one to mail letters which he decided not to drop in a box too near home. I'd like to see those letters."

"Help yourself," said Parr lightly. "It looks like suicide."

"Exactly—but it isn't!"

"People will go to extravagant lengths, killing themselves, to escape the stigma of self-destruction," said Parr. "We had a case several days ago of a passenger in an airplane beating his pilot senseless with a wrench. Through some hook or crook the plane landed itself. Otherwise it would have been merely another crash."

"Your cop saw Vlemynck, spoke to him, at ——"

"—— at 1:25."

"And your bum went through him ——"

"——at 1:45. He looked at the watch."

Even the case-hardened deputy had to smile; this was one of the breaks of the game, that miserable sneak thief noting the time, to hang somebody eventually with it.

"He wasn't dead then?" said Oliver.

"No. That bum wouldn't have touched him on a bet."

They regarded each other for a moment in silence. That placed the act within twenty minutes; it was seldom they could box it in so nicely.

"He hadn't taken it when the cop saw him about to drop his letters," pursued Armiston. "Do you notice," he asked, half shutting his eyes, "how the mail-box motif keeps recurring, like a beat note? There is an idea heterodyning us there, Parr, as we talk, and we catch the beat. Do you understand the principle of the heterodyne? Look it up. It's beautiful, mathematically. The waves of one frequency neutralize the waves of another frequency, running alongside, and leave only the excess frequency, to be apprehended and calibrated by our senses. I apprehend the mail box very strongly just now. It beats against my eardrums, so to speak. Let us go on. I'd like to see the inside of that mail box."

"It's been swept out twenty times since then," remarked Parr dryly. He smiled, rubbing his blue chin; he had been shaved only once today—a very unusual occurrence with the deputy.

"Let us take him from the moment the cop saw him about to mail the letters," pursued Oliver. "Sometime in the next twenty minutes he will have been induced to take enough cyanide to render him unconscious and eventually to kill him. He couldn't have gone to any of the rum shops in the neighborhood?"

"He was a teetotaler, I think, and rather fanatic," said Parr. "Suicide!" He shrugged.

"Let's stand on the medical examiner's deduction for the time being," put in Oliver. "He would have taken more. . . . Well, he mails his letters."

"Does he?" said Parr, checking up.

"Let us go back to the moment when he is examining them under the street lamp. Reconstruct that moment."

Oliver moved over to Cornelius Vlemynck's desk, a beautiful ponderous piece of old Flemish carving in which even the wormholes were precious. There was pen, ink and paper, as Cornelius Vlemynck had left it. When a man dies this way the police see to it that everything about him that might suggest a clew is left precisely as it was. His envelope rack stood open, his stationery, with his crest, lay at hand; the very pen was there—indeed, the very ink rusted in the nib; there was the celluloid drum, in its silvery nest, with which he moistened the flaps of the envelopes to seal them. Oliver took out a dozen envelopes, went through the dumb show of sealing them, and went down the hall to the hat tree as an imaginary mail box.

"I read my superscriptions as I hold open the box," he said. "We all do. To err is human. I never mail a letter without a last look. Still, the Dead Letter Office is choked with our mistakes. I examine them. Maybe I have forgotten to put on a street or a number or a town. Maybe I have forgotten to seal one. He drops them in. You say, did he? I say yes. We know he sent out some routine checks and that they arrived. They have been traced to this box, or at least to this neighborhood. See how the mail-box motif continues? You follow?"

"Proceed," said Parr, smiling.

"Very well. He drops dead—or dying. Nothing can save him now."

"You omit a step," said Parr. "You must poison him first."

"Ah! You admit the moment has arrived?" exclaimed Oliver. Parr nodded. Oliver pulled at his single white lock of hair. "Isn't it possible that it has happened before your very eyes?" cried he. "Parr," he exclaimed suddenly, "is that cop still here?"

"Yes."

"Fetch him in."

Parr wrinkled his nose, looking oddly at Oliver. "Lacey!" he called; and the young patrolman who had mistaken Mr. Vlemynck's costume for fancy dress came in.

"I am Mr. Vlemynck," said Oliver, seizing the hatrack. "I am mailing these letters. Have I already mailed some?"

"Yes, sir," responded Lacey, catching the play. "You have just dropped several in as I stop."

"What do I do now?"

"You are examining the others under the light."

"Ah! Am I nearsighted?"

"No, sir—farsighted. You hold them off."

"Good! Do I find something wrong?"

"I—I couldn't say, sir."

The patrolman was looking straight at Oliver. Oliver turned one of the dummy letters in his hand; he discovered it to be unsealed and wetted it with his tongue. He eyed Lacey.

"Wasn't one of the letters unsealed by chance?" he asked.

Lacey hesitated. Then he nodded, a puzzled look on his face. "I think—I think he did close one, sir," he said.

"That's all," said Armiston. Lacey went out, Armiston waiting till the door shut. He went over to the desk and dropped the envelope he had just sealed in front of Parr.

"There you are," he said. He made a wry face. "That dextrin is flavored with peppermint. If it had been flavored with cyanide of potassium, I might have got as far as that areaway—say, ten feet. I don't know. It acts pretty fast."

Parr stared at the envelope a second or two, then up at Oliver. He shook his head. Some of Oliver's deductions had what he called a distinct story-book tang.

"He doesn't use cyanide as a flavor, does he?" he asked, indicating the Vlemynck envelope rack.

"Parr," said Oliver, as he scoured off the tip of his tongue with his handkerchief,

(Continued on Page 50)

Continental Hydro-Check SHOCK ABSORBERS

A CUSHION OF AIR AND OIL

The true value of your automobile lies in its riding comfort—in the ease with which hour after hour can be spent in driving over rough or smooth roads.

With Continental Hydro-Check Shock Absorbers you ride on a cushion of air and oil. On the smoothness of boulevard or pavement a cushion of air insures restful riding. On rough roads or in deep ruts the action is against oil.

This combination of pneumatic action with hydraulic gives to the Continental Hydro-Check its outstanding characteristic, a distinctive new feature far in advance of all other designs and an engineering triumph in shock absorber construction.

Continental Hydro-Checks are easily installed at minimum expense on new or old cars. Made by Continental they are your assurance of a perfectly operating, long lasting shock absorber which will give the maximum of comfort and satisfaction. You should by all means take advantage of this new principle in shock absorbers and arrange for an installation on your car.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION
Offices: Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. Factories: Detroit and Muskegon
The Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturer in the World

1 Whatever the road conditions Continental Hydro-Checks insure smooth, rhythmic body control with flexibility.

2 Air control for smooth going and "two-stage" oil control for rough going.

3 A relief valve, an additional factor of safety, protects the shock absorber against exceedingly high pressure, at the same time maintaining the maximum resistance desired.

4 No replacement difficulties. No necessity for adjustment, but easily adjusted from outside in case of emergency.

"A Product of Continental Motors"

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

THOUSANDS of readers of this column—and I mean thousands—have written, telling me what they like in moving-pictures; and Universal has produced many successful pictures based on their suggestions. Now, I should like to have all of you tell what you don't like. With testimony from both sides of the question, I shall be still better able to judge Public Taste in Pictures. There is no reason in the world why the production of moving-pictures should not be a co-operative affair between the Public and the Producer. I, for one, want to know the Public Pulse.

—C. L.

In the old days, serial pictures were produced in any old way. They were usually a succession of hold over thrills, devoid of plot and almost always disconnected and silly. But the new way—the Universal way—establishes a fine standard and makes the serial as absorbing as a serial in a magazine—on which many prominent magazines thrive.

Laura La Plante
The Magnolia of "SHOW BOAT"

"Tarzan the Mighty" from ***"The Jungle Tales of Tarzan,"*** a serial produced by Universal by special arrangement with Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of ***"Tarzan of the Apes," "The Cave Girl"*** and other stories.

Glenn Tryon
in "Lonesome"

Keep *"Lonesome"* IN MIND! that unusual romance of a boy and a girl of today, featuring GLENN TRYON, that different comedian, and BARBARA KENT, that beautiful girl. Ask your favorite theatre to get it. And your favorite theatre will.

Universal is synchronizing some of its most notable productions. You must see and hear them. ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** has already been synchronized. ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** starring CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN, has been synchronized. ***"The Last Warning,"*** a thrilling mystery story, featuring LAURA LA PLANTE, is being synchronized. ***"The Girl on the Barge,"*** featuring JEAN HERSHOLT and SALLY O'NEILL, and ***"Red Hot Speed,"*** starring REGINALD DENNY, will be synchronized. Cut this out and hold it for your own entertainment.

Mary Philbin in
"The Man Who Laughs"

And write me a letter about any moving picture thought that enters your mind. Tell me about the Universals you have seen and what you think of them, one way or the other. I'll answer!

Carl Laemmle *President*

Do you want to be on our mailing list? Just say the word. Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

To meet a popular demand Universal will send photographs of actual scenes from "The Collegians" as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

"years ago in my youth I conceived the bright idea, in a fiction story, of impregnating a match head with some volatile cyanide salt and offering a light to a man I wanted to kill—in print, you understand. It was necessary, of course, that the victim be a cigarette smoker who inhaled deeply the first puff. It was sound enough—for fiction. It was printed. But it didn't end there. Your illustrious predecessor, Inspector Byrnes, paid me the honor of an invitation to call in person, and he suggested—with a stick in it—that I find some other way of making a living. It seems some crook had tried it—and made it work."

"And?" inquired the deputy silkily.

"At the present moment I find no difficulty in conceiving the brilliant idea of impregnating the dextrin of an envelope flap with enough cyanide to kill a man—if he licked it with a wet tongue."

"He might prefer his own flavor," said Parr. "How would you induce him to change?"

"I'd write him a flattering letter," said Oliver, "asking for his autograph, and I'd inclose a stamped and addressed envelope. He probably wouldn't bite on the first one. I'd have to repeat—some other request—anything that gave me an excuse to inclose my envelope."

"Morel!" called Parr quietly; and Morel, Parr's shadow, appeared from inside. He was the man through whom the deputy exercised his genius for minutiæ. He would be saturated with this case by now.

"Is it suicide?" demanded Parr.

Morel shook his head. "A man like this old Knickerbocker wouldn't choose that avenue," said Morel, looking around.

"Why not?"

"It's quick—yes," said Morel; "but it crowds too much horror into a single moment." Oliver nodded—time is measured by a succession of impressions; there are instants that stretch to eternity.

"That sounds conclusive," admitted Parr with a smile. "What would you say, Morel, if I told you that Lacey, the cop, saw him take that stuff?"

Morel merely shook his head and waited.

"Listen to this," said the deputy, and nodded to Oliver. Armiston laid down his supposititious case. There was a pause, the three, so used to one another's mental reactions, watching one another narrowly.

"How would you have addressed the return envelope, Morel?" asked Parr, using Morel as a stalking horse.

"If I were the murderer, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Certainly not to myself. I would never be so foolhardy as to attempt to recover it," said Morel.

"Why not? You could disguise it."

"Something might go wrong—anything might go wrong."

"Nothing went wrong," said Parr. He indicated a clutter of evening newspapers. The Vlemynck murder flooded the front page. It was cut to order for the flaming tabloids; it was great news for the regulars. It had all the elements for an indefinite run.

"You'd leave it in existence as evidence, Morel?" pursued the deputy.

"I'd lose it in the Dead Letter Office," said Morel. "It would bury itself like a dud." He nodded at Oliver. "It's clever, sir. There is nothing to trace."

"Unless there were some bracketing shots," said Oliver, using the artilleryman's metaphor.

"Ah!" exclaimed Morel, catching his breath.

"He may have sent a dozen before one took," put in Parr. "Assuming, of course," he said quickly, "that we are on the right track. We are looking for duds that went wrong. That's your job, Morel. See if there is any trash paper around the house—circulars, fancy direct-by-mail sales stuff, begging letters, invitations to join. He must have received tons of that stuff."

It was hopeless, finding waste paper that had been thrown away. But the man-hunter's fame rested on just such quests as this.

"Morel," said Parr.

"Yes, sir."

"These rich houses usually bale or bag their trash and deliver it every so often to a junkman," said Parr. Oliver felt an odd tingling. Needles in haystacks have habits, too, if only one studies them! "Bring me a bag of it," offered Parr, "and I'll buy you a new necktie. Bring me an envelope salted with cyanide," he added grimly, "and I'll give you my gold shield."

"Look for a blue envelope," suggested Oliver casually.

"Why blue?"

"Any opaque color," said Oliver. "The stuff is decomposed by light. If he knew enough to mix it he knew how to take care of it."

It was like a chess gambit. There exist only a few that are sound—you can count them on your fingers, even with a Morphy or a Steinitz to plot them. Some, like the Evans and Rice gambits, will persist for years until some brilliant analyst detects the flaw. Usually it is to be found within the first ten moves. So with murder. But there is no literature of murder, only voluminous notes on mistakes; trial and error is the only technic. Sooner or later your murderer takes a wrong turn; then he is lost. The trash from the Vlemynck ménage was bagged, and collected every Thursday by a bearded little gnome trundling one of those enormous pushcarts; the very picture of him was an Æsop fable in itself. The creature had a loft in Allen Street, where he sorted bond from pulp, spurred on by the wheezy hope of a ragpicker.

Parr took over the dingy loft. The first day his men turned up one envelope—not blue—with enough cyanide in the dextrin of the flap to kill three men. It was a regular stamped envelope of the post-office variety, and so cleverly was the gum substituted that the eye would not detect any trace of what must have been a complicated manipulation. But when the flap was warmed gently, it became slightly tacky to the touch and gave off a distinct odor of bitter almonds. Parr paid mute tribute to Armiston, a nod.

The address was Filson Habern, Number 2 Castor Docks, London, S. W. 1. There was no such place. It was printed; and under the stamp were the usual numerals in diamond type as if to give the date and number of the last printing—the legend ran 8-7-'25-8M. He was a stickler for detail, this fellow with the cyanide.

Genius is the capacity for taking pains. Parr had facilities for infinite patience. In three days his men turned up three more return envelopes salted with cyanide, all printed with every semblance of reality; they were all fictitious, and all directed, through devious routes, to the Dead Letter Office. They turned up two inclosures. Under date of March twelfth, one addressed Cornelius Vlemynck as follows:

Excellency: I inclose photograph of what is purported to be a ms. page of the lost Gastein symphony. Knowing your interest in the subject, and doubt as to the existence in fact of this work, I take the liberty, as one collector to another, of asking you for inspection and comment. I inclose stamped addressed envelope for its return.

It was signed by the fictitious Castor Docks person. Across the face of it Cornelius Vlemynck had written in a large bold hand, "Liar," before tipping it into his waste-paper basket.

The manuscript page of the fabulous symphony was missing.

The second inclosure they took to be the murder missive itself. Under date of May nineteenth, it ran:

Sir: May I recall myself to you as the runner-up for the Seven Pillars, at Christie's? In my chagrin—how we hate each other—I childishly refused to make note of the serial number. Now, contrite, might I have it, to complete my records? I inclose card and return wrapper for your convenience.

The signature was indecipherable. They found none of the original envelopes, to determine points of origin. But there was enough stuff here to keep Parr's faculty of voodoo experts busy for days, analyzing inks and watermarks and type fonts and all the rest of those unconsidered trifles which hang men by the neck until dead. Oliver arranged the fictitious names in every conceivable combination, as if some vestige of the identity that patterned them must reside within the defiles of choice. He found himself reciting that line from Sir Thomas Browne that Edgar Allan Poe was so fond of repeating:

> What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture.

III

DOES the bird leave a trail through the air, a fish through the sea? Doubtless. Cornelius Fleming, the murderer, came out of his furnished apartment in Columbus Avenue on the twentieth of May and went to the corner news stand under the Elevated opposite the car barns.

"I want all the papers tomorrow morning, Ike," he said. Ike had a surname, but everybody who passed knew him as Ike the news dealer.

"All the papers? Mr. Fleming," he cried, "what do you mean—all the papers? The German, Greek, Italian, Svensk, Armenian, Jewish, Czech——"

"Oh, the English papers," said the young man—"the World, Times, Herald-Tribune, American, and so on—you know—every morning, for a week."

Ike made no memo; news dealers and laundrymen are born with some memory system of their own; they never have to put down names or numbers.

"You go in business, Mr. Fleming?" inquired Ike politely, with the candid curiosity of his people.

Cornelius drew in his head like a turtle and snapped out "No!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Fleming. I was only asking," said Ike, seeing he had offended a customer.

Mr. Fleming stalked off down the street. He was angry with himself for having made two mistakes. Up to now he had left no trace of himself that would not eradicate itself spontaneously, he told himself. No more than a fish, swimming in the sea. He had foreseen everything. But just now he had committed two utterly incomprehensible errors. First, in going to a news dealer who knew him to order his papers. Second, to become frightened, actually to show terror when the news dealer asked him quite naturally—for these people—if he wanted so many papers because he was going into business of some kind. These people are interested in one another. They had so little before coming here; now they have so much—for them—that they are naturally and kindly and curiously interested in what all their neighbors have or are striving to have.

With an intense apprehension, he, Cornelius, prayed whatever gods there be for thieves and murderers that there be nothing in the papers tomorrow morning to point to him.

Ike looked after him from under the angle of the Elevated stairs.

"What is his business, Abie?" he asked of his son.

"I don't know," said Abie. "His finger nails are always black."

Terry the cop, who came on at four o'clock in the morning, paused in front of the lean-to.

"What business makes a man's finger nails black, Terry?" asked Ike.

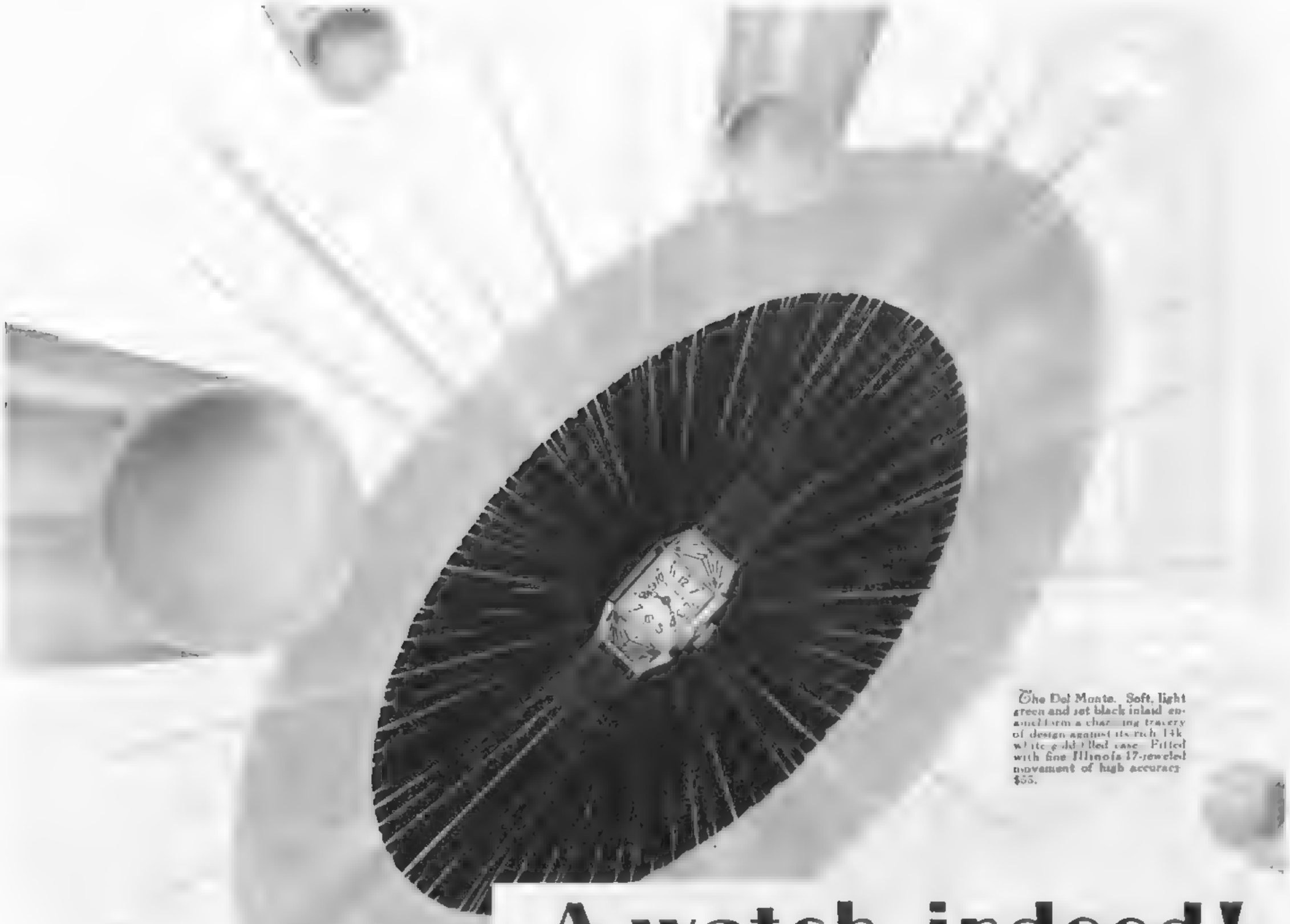
"His fingers, you mean?" said Terry.

"No, just his finger nails. Isn't that it, Abie?"

"Yes, his finger nails," agreed Abie.

"I was a boy once for Moushkin, the photographer," said Terry. "My finger nails were always brown. Not my fingers—my finger nails. Something they use to make the pictures with." He appraised a skirt passing. "Why?" he asked vaguely.

(Continued on Page 52)



The Del Monte. Soft, light green and set black inlaid enamel form a charming tracery of design against the rich 14k white gold filled case. Fitted with fine Illinois 17-jeweled movement of high accuracy $55.

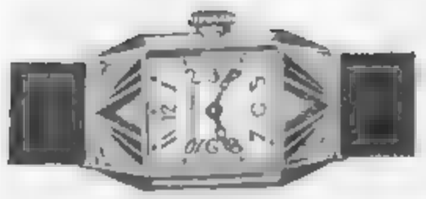
A watch indeed!

An exceptionally small, fine watch movement—a jewel of a watch in a setting of enduring beauty and color—that is Illinois' brilliant new creation for the women of America.

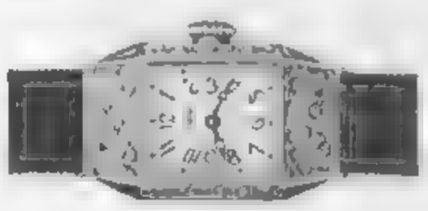
Strikingly modern in its variety of color combinations in true enamel inlaid in charming designs, you will find it adorning the wrists of good taste. Yet, true to the Illinois tradition, it is first of all a timepiece—more than a fine watch, a great American watch.

That is a high honor. For here in America are made watches which for accuracy, service and value cannot be surpassed in the markets of the world. And for more than 50 years Illinois Watches have been recognized as outstanding examples of the best American workmanship.

See the new Illinois, in all its variety of selection, at your jeweler's. Only a few designs can be shown here. Put it on your wrist and recognize for yourself its beauty and style. Then ask the jeweler how good a watch it is. He has known Illinois watches ever since he has been in business—and he knows.



The Miami (left). The happy combination of warm red and black enamel inlaid in its 14k white gold filled case makes this model a favorite. Doubly so because of the timekeeping qualities of its fine Illinois 17-jeweled movement $55.



The Bar Harbor (right). A richly engraved model notable alike for the good taste of its design and the high standard of its accuracy. A beautiful 14k white solid gold case fitted with 17-jeweled Illinois quality movement $65.

The Edgewater (left). The delicate grace of its engraving gives this 14k white gold-filled model a charm all its own. A fitting ornament for the most fastidious wrist and a timekeeper to suit the most exacting. Illinois quality 17-jeweled movement. $50.

The Newport (right). A delicately engraved 14k white gold filled case with octagonal opening for its beautiful silvered dial features this attractive model. And its fine Illinois 17-jeweled movement insures dependable timekeeping $60.

All watches on this page are reproduced in actual size

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

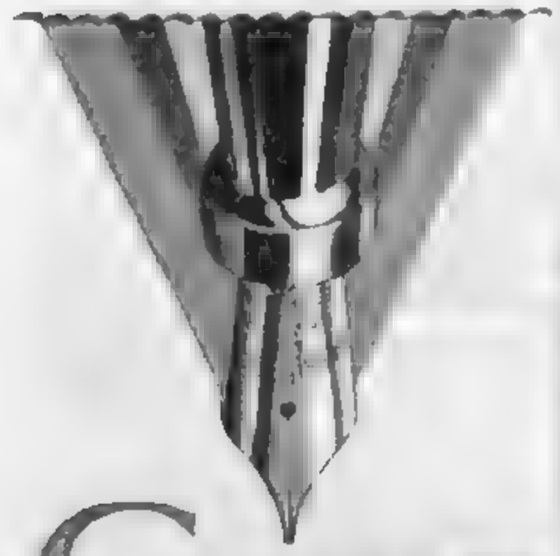
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS BUNN SPECIAL RAILROAD WATCHES

If you are particular enough you'll eventually own this pen

If you demand of your pen more than the ordinary factory-made fountain pen can give you, then you are on the way to becoming another Swan Pen enthusiast.

Just *try* a Swan Pen. Compare it with the smoothest pen you've ever written with. And remember that its surprising perfection is a permanent characteristic. Your Swan Eternal Pen will be writing as perfectly ten, twenty, thirty years from now. Quarter-century service is a proved habit of these superlative pens.

Unconditionally guaranteed—a beautiful example of jewelry craftsmanship. Yet a full man-sized pen is only $5. Largest size, $7. Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York; 209 S. State St. Chicago.



Swan

PENS

(Continued from Page 50)

"One of my customers," explained Ike. "He wants all the papers tomorrow morning, and for a week. I ask him if he goes into business and he gets mad." Ike shrugged his shoulders. "I ask you why he should get mad because I ask him."

"What the devil business is it of yours? He pays for them, don't he?" the Irish in Terry demanded with a chuckle. He moved off rapidly.

As for Ike, he thought no more of his offended customer until the next morning at daybreak, when he climbed three flights of the cold-water walk-up and laid his customer's eight newspapers in a neat pile outside a shabby door that stood at an angle, to save room, in the rear hall. Then he wondered again why such a shabby lodger should buy twenty-four cents' worth of papers every morning for a week. His curiosity flared up again later in the morning when he got time to look at the news headlines.

There was nothing. The gods had answered Cornelius Fleming's prayer; and although the distinguished Cornelius Vlemynck was as dead as he ever would be at the hour the young man with trembling fingers dragged in his pile of papers, there was nothing in print yet about it. A whole day passed. Nothing the next morning either. It looked like another dud.

It was late in the evening of the second day when he went out to buy some food from the pushcarts along the avenue for his supper, when a strong hand gripping his arm sent a chill of terror through him. He was reassured to see the grinning face of Ike the news dealer, who leaned as he walked, like the Man With the Hoe, under his great burden of a late evening extra.

"You knew already there was going to be this big murder!" cried Ike, in his big booming voice. "How did you know? Tell me!"

Ike was only chaffing in his playful way. But Cornelius Fleming recoiled.

"Eh?" he gasped, his breath whistling between his teeth. "I —— What?"

Luckily people had stopped Ike to buy papers and he was too busy to note the effect of his words on his customer. There came a lull.

"Yes, sir," laughed Ike again, "you ordered your papers beforehand. Tomorrow morning everybody will want papers and can't get them. You wait and see. It's good business. I like murder. You want a paper now, Mr. Fleming?"

For the first time Cornelius Fleming noticed that when Ike pronounced his name he gave it a final *k*, instead of *g*. With sudden consternation it occurred to him that Ike's Mittel-Europa speech always substituted the sonant *v* for the surd *f* of the Western peoples. Vlemynck! "You want a paper now, Mr. Vlemynck?" invited the neighborly Ike the news dealer, holding up temptingly outstretched the green edition of the Evening World, across the first page of which ran the legend in block type: VLEMYNCK MURDERED!

"No!" snarled Cornelius Fleming, summoning all his strength to enunciate the word as he turned up his collar and hurried away.

"Papa," said Abie, later in the night, "Mr. Fleming is mad with you, I guess, eh? I saw him buy a paper in Sixty-third Street just now."

"I should worry!" said Ike, laughing. A constant stream of pennies fell into his big candy jar. Customers made their own change, and if some left too little, others left too much. It was good business—murder. Ike knew the feel of it. It was ten o'clock, but newspaper wagons still rattled by to a stop. The Morning American came out with a special extra under tomorrow's date. The staid Evening Post replated on the late sports edition. The leather-lunged squad of newsboys who haunt the hollow side streets in time of calamity were bellowing their wares. Every time a wagon dumped a fresh bundle for Ike, customers seemed to spring up out of the pavement. Such is the contagion of sensation.

So many people live their lives through the columns of the newspapers, get their only action and adventure there, that the slightest flurry of the unusual in the news sends up the circulation figures. Ike looked at the name "Vlemynck," tried to set it in his mind; but it is doubtful that he attempted actually to pronounce it. If someone had come to him and asked, in words, if he knew the name Vlemynck, the sound would have carried and he would have replied, in wide-eyed alarm:

"Yes! A customer of mine! He came here two days ago and ordered all the papers for a week!"

But no one came to ask. Before morning the name, undergoing the vicissitudes of headlines in the mouths of newsboys, became Lemik, which could be shouted and heard. Lemik! Lemik murder! Poison! Cyanide! Lemik! In another twenty-four hours they were shouting, "Poison Envelope!" That was something the murderer could never have foreseen—his intricate method instantly demolished by the clumsy finger of chance.

Since the Molineux case of more than twenty years ago, there had been nothing to compare with it as to method. Parr called in the reporters; he had determined at once to try this case in the newspapers. There would be nowhere the murderer could flee where headlines would not shriek at him. A big murder in New York becomes a national best seller. In villages, hamlets, around the cracker barrel of country stores, the case would be discussed, intimately dissected. Every pertinent scrap of paper unearthed in that Allen Street loft by Parr's detectives was printed in facsimile. Experts talked in print for syndicate publication on the eccentricities of typewriter type, on which topic it seems that volumes can be written. It gradually evolved that the Gastein Symphony letter of inquiry had been written on a new machine, Series Blank, from Numbers 110,2—— to 115,3—— The Seven Pillars letter had been put out on an old-style machine. Unlike the song that the Sirens sang or the name Achilles used when he hid among women, the solution need not be wholly conjectural in this case. A tabloid newspaper abandoned its cross-word prizes and offered five thousand dollars for either typewriter.

It was not impossible. Five thousand dollars stimulates an enormous amount of genius in the form of patience. Clerks combed their records, from Maine to California. Dozens of machines of both categories were traced and found and tested. A pawnshop sales store in the Bowery turned up the identical new one among some unredeemed pledges. Samples of typewriting from this machine placed beside the lethal facsimile left no doubt that it was upon this very instrument that the murderer so cunningly composed the letter in the Lemik murder mystery. Extras volleyed through the streets. The machine was put on public view. Throngs, kept in a queue two by two by police, filed by as they would by the bier of a Valentino or a Carranza; and doubtless they got some dread neurotic thrill out of the grisly sight.

It was not beyond all conjecture who made the letter paper on which the missives were written; the date—approximate—of the manufacture of the stamped envelope was ascertainable; the ink of the signatures was subject to qualitative analysis; the printer who printed the superscriptions, with their lying legends, must be in existence—and a reward calculated to stir the cupidity of every printer's devil was offered by a rival tabloid. But no printer was ever found who printed those envelopes. And the inference was that the murderer himself, after he affixed his cruel poison, did his own printing on a hand press.

Parr gave orders to look into the recent sale of hand presses—trace as many as possible. But the type—there is something identifiable about type. It was required of type founders to identify this type, the same font having been used in each instance. Now it so happened that the *t* was slightly upset—walked on its heels, so to speak—and this slight discrepancy, impossible to conjecture for a layman but very simple for a type founder, traced the font to a rejected style from a particular foundry; it had been disposed of to a junkman at scrap prices.

Thus, like the tentacles of the jellyfish, conjecture fed by tiny morsels of certainty slowly reached this way and that into the black night of mystery, delving for the murderer of Cornelius Vlemynck. That is police work unsung police work.

"Has it occurred to you, Parr," asked Oliver Armiston, "that he, or she, is getting a best-seller kick out of all this? This business of approaching him with heavy tread, through the columns of the press, and scaring him into revealing himself is very good psychology, if it works. As a matter of fact, Parr, you are not approaching. You are merely making a lot of noise—as the old-fashioned Chinese soldiers used to do to scare one another."

Parr reluctantly agreed that this stuff ran thin.

"There isn't much satisfaction in killing an enemy with too much subtlety," went on Oliver. "The enemy wouldn't know anything about it. That's not revenge. When it's too subtle the murdered man has no more idea who killed him than a lamp knows who blew it out. That's what happened in this case. The murderer beats the police—but he cheats himself. What does he do to feed his own egotism? He turns to the newspapers. Parr, look for a man who ——"

Parr suddenly held up his hand for silence and turned to a clerk who sat at a police typewriter in a corner. It looked like any other typewriter, but it had this difference: Whatever was written on it, wrote itself automatically on a similar typewriter in every station house throughout the city.

"Take dictation," commanded Parr, and he began: "Instructions, all precincts. All patrolmen on post will inquire of news dealers for customers who have increased their order during the run of the Vlemynck murder case. Get name and address, but avoid comment."

He paused, looking at Oliver, and the operator held his fingers suspended, waiting for more.

"Particularly," said Oliver, as an addendum, "those customers who increased their order several days previous to the first publication of the murder."

Parr nodded. The keys clicked and seventy typewriters, from Jamaica Bay to the Yonkers line, followed it letter by letter. In seventy squad rooms, fifteen thousand patrolmen heard the order read and went forth.

The result before dusk was nearly two thousand names and addresses of customers of thirty thousand news dealers who had suddenly increased their order. These were sifted to three hundred who ordered all morning or all afternoon papers, or both. A detective detail called on them one by one, to mark them off the suspect list.

Terry the cop paused *en passant* in front of the igloo of Ike the news dealer in Columbus Avenue under the Elevated. Pretending to watch the girls go by, he carefully framed his questions.

"How's your friend with the black finger nails, Ike?" he asked.

"The dirty dog, he ran out on me!" cried Ike.

"You mean he didn't pay you?"

"I never saw him again after that first day. I stopped leaving him papers. He wasn't there. Why should I leave papers for nobody," asked Ike logically, "when everybody wants them? I ask you."

"Where does he live?"

"Up over Oberstein's grocery, on the third floor back. He was only paying thirteen dollars a month—and he went off without paying that!"

Terry was watching the girls going by. "What was his name?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 54)

You'll like the aliveness of the new

PEERLESS SIX-81

THERE'S a new aliveness about the spirit of today that Peerless has captured and put in this beautiful new Six-81.

You catch it in the captivating charm of the car—for it is radiant in its simple, rich beauty. You get it, too, in its spirited action, its unruffled smoothness and the surprising vigor of its power.

For this new Peerless has many pronounced advantages, 7-bearing crankshaft . . . Bohnalite pistons . . . Lovejoy shock absorbers . . . Lockheed internal expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes . . . Lanchester vibration dampener . . . and a score of advanced features.

From the gleaming chrome nickel front to the trunk rack at the rear, this new car has been inspired by modern ideas of comfort, good looks and performance. In every sinew and fibre it is truly Peerless.

Six-81 closed models $1595 and up . Six-91 closed models $1895 and up, at factory

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION . *Cleveland, Ohio*

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GLOVER'S

...used with the Natural System of Hair Culture...

saves your hair

FOR more than a half century Glover's has proved its positive value for giving new hair growth and freeing the scalp from dandruff. Its quality and formula cannot be improved.

If you want a head of thick, healthy hair—follow Glover's Natural System of Hair Culture as explained in the booklet pictured below. (Free copy on request.) And get, today, at your drug store—

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(Continued from Page 52)

"Fleming," said Ike distastefully; he articulated distinctly, "Vlemynck." Terry twirled his stick and started off up the avenue to the grocery. In front of it he paused as he was about to go in.

"Go easy," he admonished himself. "Touch nothing. Not so fast, young fellow! This looks good enough to go into plain clothes for."

He went in and satisfied himself with a quick look over the transom on the third floor rear. Then he came out and went to his call box. He told the desk lieutenant he had something and that he wanted to come in to tell the Old Man. Permission was granted; when his relief came Terry went to his station house and told his captain what was in his mind. Terry wanted to talk to Parr himself. His captain thought this over, chewing.

"With what?" he demanded.

"A hunch," said Terry. "This fellow ordered those papers, then was afraid to stay and read them. There's a hand printing press in that room."

An hour later Terry was standing before Parr. Terry was tall and slight and wedge-shaped, as an athlete should be; and he had a pug nose and a high, straight forehead that wrinkled like Gene Tunney's. Parr listened, eying him.

"We've listed two thousand of them," said he dryly at the end.

"But this one ran out when the first extra came," said Terry stoutly. "He was afraid to buy it of Ike, his regular news man, and went around the corner and bought it. He never came back. His name was Fleming. That's American for Vlemynck, isn't it? I'd like to bring him in, sir."

"Go to it," said Parr.

"I'd like some help," said Terry, who was used to sarcasm in high places.

"You might need it," admitted the deputy. "Morel," he called; and Morel came in from an inner room. "There is a rear flat up in Columbus Avenue you'll want to look over," he said. "A fellow named Fleming—Vlemynck—get it?—he dusted the night the first extra came out and never showed up again. This fellow will tell you about it." He nodded at Terry. "Go with him, Terry," he said.

"It's my case, Mr. Commissioner, isn't it?" inquired Terry, wrinkling his nose; he had no intention of being bilked like this.

"You'll have a pro-rata interest therein," admitted the deputy. He liked spunk. "Terry, what would you do if it was your case? How would you bring him in—he gone?" Parr made a wide gesture to indicate the goneness of gone.

Terry said "His finger nails were black, sir."

"Oh, you are holding out some stuff, eh?" muttered Parr.

"He probably was a dark-room operator for some photographer," said Terry. "It's pyro—pyrogallic acid," he went on. "It comes off the fingers, but it sticks to the nails. It stays for weeks sometimes."

Parr took a stogie and examined it carefully. Oliver, in the dark of a corner, cleared his throat audibly.

"I'd make the rounds of photo studios, asking for some man that's been out of work the last month," said Terry. "I'd get the list. Then I'd run them down one by one. It wouldn't be much of a job. Not many operators are out of work in May and June. Everybody is getting married and photographed then." He added, as an afterthought, "They use cyanide in a photograph dark room, sir."

Parr lighted his stogie. "Terry," he said, "have you got a good suit of clothes that you could take your girl out in?"

"Yes, sir," said Terry.

"Go home and put it on and come back and report to me," commanded the great Mr. Parr, and he turned his back on Terry to indicate that the audience was over. When the door closed on Terry, who went out dumfounded at the ways of the mighty, Parr said to his clerk:

"Take dictation—transfer and assignment: Patrolman John Terry, from Precinct 9A to Detective School. Assigned temporarily to office special deputy commissioner."

Abie, the bright son of Ike the news dealer, who helped his father from daylight till school opened and from school-out till the last extra, had to visit a dozen photographic studios at the instance of their policeman friend, Terry, who seemed bent on finding the dirty dog of a customer who had run off without paying his bill. In each of these Terry would fetch out a newly hired operator and ask of Abie, "Is this the fellow that didn't pay your father?" Abie always said no. But Terry kept on undiscouraged. Then one day two weeks later at Moushkin's—the very place where Terry himself used to wear black finger nails as a boy—Terry brought out a dark-room operator who had just applied for work and Abie cried:

"That's the fellow! You owe my father money and you ran off without paying!"

Terry was taking no chances. He produced a pair of handcuffs and was about to put them on the prisoner, when the latter, who was really Cornelius Fleming, uttered a shriek and fell, much as if stricken with *apoplexie foudroyante*. It was not the shock of cyanosis, but of terror. All the terror which he thought he had finally conquered when he gained courage enough to come slinking out of his hiding place and ask for work in his calling again came back and struck him like the blow of a mighty bludgeon. When he came to he was securely handcuffed in his dark room.

"You confess to me," said Terry; "I want a clean case of this. It is my first."

Probably something of the naïve youth of the police detective who captured him; possibly something of their common language; or a suggestion of that relief which comes to the daunted haunted murderer when at last he finds himself at the rope's end, conspired to open the lips of Cornelius Fleming. Terry wrote with pen and ink word for word and made him sign it, shackled.

Parr was uptown when news reached him. He started down at once. "I suppose," said he in one of his airy moods, "like the trained physicist searching to isolate the few elements remaining to be discovered, you can predict the nature of this person we are about to confront."

"Within limits—yes," replied his companion, Oliver Armiston. "But it is dangerous. We are apt to become bemused with our own cleverness. His choice of poisons means nothing. As a photographer, it would naturally suggest itself to him. His manner of employing it, I admit, was ingenious. But that is a mere detail. As to his character and station, it might be anything. His habit of thought would naturally be warped by the burning hate that leads to murder. We attribute too much erudition to the so-called upper classes, too little to the lower. He might be a scholar—one who knew all about the mythical Gastein Symphony of Schubert, which has never been found. Also, he might be eager and able to own the enormously expensive Seven Pillars of Wisdom in its original form. These items suggest the collector, the dilettant. But he also might be merely a very ardent reader of the daily newspapers, intent on gathering every available fact about the distinguished man he planned to kill so as to approach his victim from his blind side. All these details about our rich and great are printed, I may say, often inaccurately for the delectation of the hoi polloi, and are easily accessible to a fellow with an *idée fixe*. For instance, I have seen it stated in print that you shave twice a day and, when you are actively engaged, you change your shoes at least three times in an afternoon."

"And the motive?" pursued the police deputy without batting an eyelash.

"Again, it might be anything," replied Oliver. "The similarity in names suggests collateral lines. The rich Vlemynck, the poor Fleming—one had everything, the other nothing. It takes very little to incite an *idée fixe*."

Arriving at the central office, they went inside. Parr, confronting the prisoner, said, in one of his intensely human moments:

"Well, how do you feel about it now?"

And the prisoner, to everybody's surprise, replied: "I feel the blessed relief of the terrible uncertainty being over."

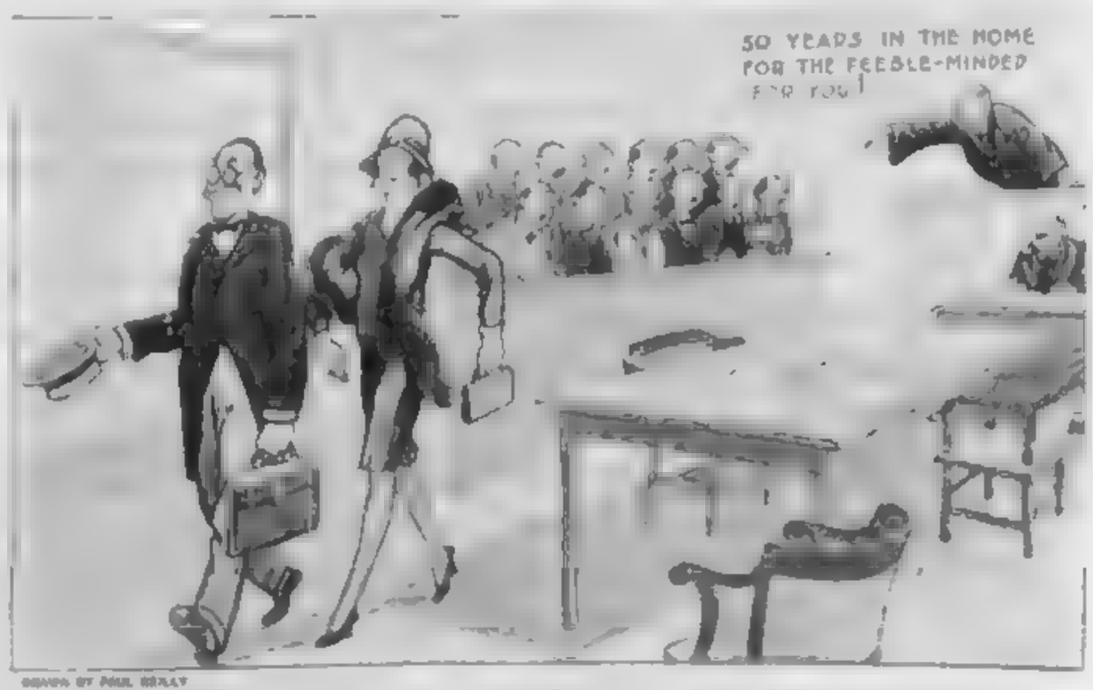
The signed confession which the prudent Terry had extracted before delivering his prisoner lay on the desk, and Mr. Terry stood by at attention, not entirely unconscious of himself. Parr read the brief lines.

"This is your signature?" he said to the man.

Cornelius Fleming said yes. Parr passed it to Oliver. It is said that the human brain originates nothing of itself—merely reacts to external suggestion. This boy's mother, a gin-slinging bedraggled creature of the back tenements, had whispered to him, whispered to him, whispered to him. He had grown up with that whisper in his ears. She would take him to market to point out the gay old Cornelius Vlemynck, with his cottony bunches of hair and his carnival attire.

"That's how you got your name," she told him. "He might at least throw us a crust."

Cornelius Fleming had actually gone to the Fifth Avenue house and been thrown out—literally thrown out by the servants, the loyal retainers of that patrician old Knickerbocker. It was then that the *idée fixe* began. He matured it in detail in his dark room as he worked, while he watched the images grow into life on the photographic plates in the developing bath. He thought he foresaw every eventuality—had eradicated every contingency. His blackened finger nails, always before his eyes, never entered the pattern of his thoughts. That his occupational stain would be his undoing was, to him, beyond all conjecture.



This Would be News—Irate Judge Sentences Jury After Murder Trial

39 CENTS PAY NO MORE

The Daily Times

FINAL EDITION

Publishers: Burgess Battery Company — SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 29, 1928 — Chicago, Illinois

AN AMAZING INNOVATION IN FLASHLIGHTS

THE BURGESS SNAPLITE FLASHLIGHT

Fits Your Pocket and Fits Your Purse

Lights as Did Opera

Gives Months of Service

Chrome Secret of Long Life

For many years the batteries made by the Burgess organization ... for the great ... gained from them. Few people knew the reason for these extra months of service until a ... of Burgess batteries guards the ... Snap-Lite, with the result that it lasts an amazingly long time for so small a flashlight.

A CASELESS FLASHLIGHT HERE AT LAST

Madison, Wis., Sept. 29.— ... the Burgess ... this city ... a flashlight that is complete in itself, requiring no separate case. This meets objections to the old-style flashlight are ...

ROUTS BURGLAR WITH BEAM OF NEW SNAPLITE

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 29.—Awakened last night by ... his pillow and snapped on the Burgess Snap-Lite Flashlight. The light startled the burglar and he beat a hasty retreat, empty-handed. Mr. Schultz says the 29c that he spent for the newly patented SnapLite is the best investment he ever made.

NEW DISCOVERY CUTS FLASHLIGHT PRICES

... product at the astonishing low price of 39c. This price includes everything, there is nothing else to buy, for it is complete.

Exquisite Leather Coverings in Bindings

A Marvel in Flashlight for Only 39c Complete

Forecast accurately its present day popularity, and placed it on the market at a price possible only through volume ...

and which is well known to the public at large

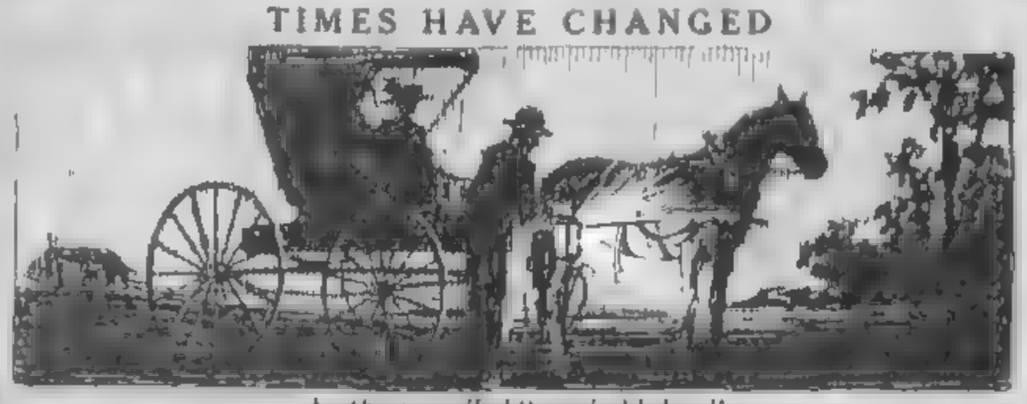
FLASHLIGHT INVENTION HAS NO SWITCH

Denver, Colo., Sept. 28.—Local residents were amazed upon examining the Burgess ... and shut. This unique feature, with many others, attracted ... that retailers ... in keeping ...

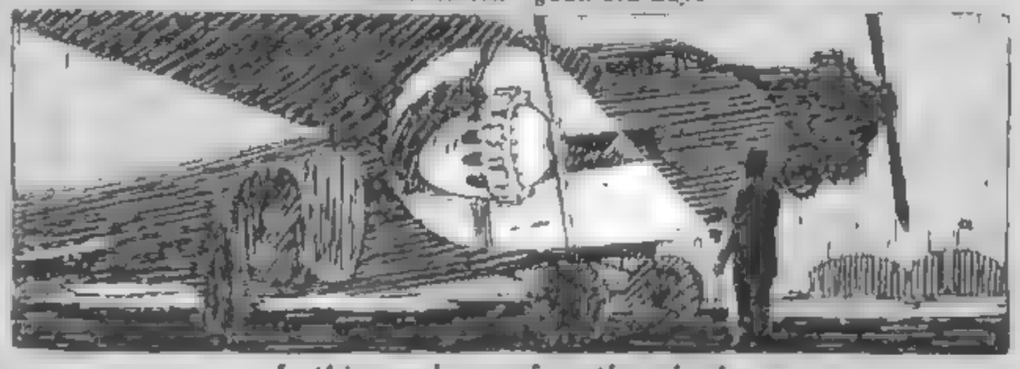
AUTOS REPAIRED ANYWHERE NOW NIGHT OR DAY

Day states that if ... be remedied himself, thereby saving costly repair bills run up when garagemen have to make long drives.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED



In the so-called "good old days"



In this speedy age of youth and color

Colored Bindings Now in Flashlights

... has proved the vase in all ... cities. At a formal dinner given recently in Washington by one of the European ambassadors, it was discovered ... the men present ... had a Burgess SnapLite ... that they never ... former style flashlight.

Housewives Association Endorse SnapLite

... Gen. Mrs. Ben Reynolds ... brilliant address on "Why Every Housewife Should ... In addition to its practical lighting value she declared in exploring dark closets, going up and down the cellar stairs, ... is one of ... handsome ... 20th Century.

Flashlight Enables Doctor Perform Minor Operation

... has, and with its aid he examination and performed minor operation with ... its use, he says, ... unusual experience ... him that the SnapLite ... be a part of every physician's ...

SnapLite Flashlight Averts Tragedy in Newlywed's Home

... about when the door opened. Mr. Hall after many attempts to find the key-hole, finally thought of the Burgess SnapLite Flashlight in his pocket. If it had not been for this handy little device, he probably would not be with us today. In the future Mr. Hall ... undoubtedly arrive home at a more seasonable hour of the night.

MANY INVENTIONS COMBINED IN THE SNAPLITE

... was learned that the now famous Burgess SnapLite Flashlight ... Also, that years of ... required to solve the pocket size flashlight that would give long service and be more than a novelty.

Thousands of Dollars Spent in Perfecting SnapLite

Before the SnapLite was placed on the ... thousands of dollars ...

... appointed ... Mr. Burgess ...

Shops to Revolutionize Flashlight Market

... right of any ... for a person to ...

Thousands who never ... of carrying ... one of ... age citizen may ... or go daily ... hundreds of uses for the SnapLite are found ...

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

The local weather man predicts dark skies and plenty of rain for tomorrow and recommends ... to avoid accidents that a ... SnapLite Flashlight be carried in the pocket or purse. If you don't have one there are some that haven't got one yet; get one from the corner store tonight.

FINDS MONEY

... Volstead ... has ... out at beach, with the use of a Burgess SnapLite ... to look for ...

Unique Present Made Orphans

... for the practical gift that his own children as well as those of his neighbors, had ...

This Tiny Flashlight Lasts Several Months

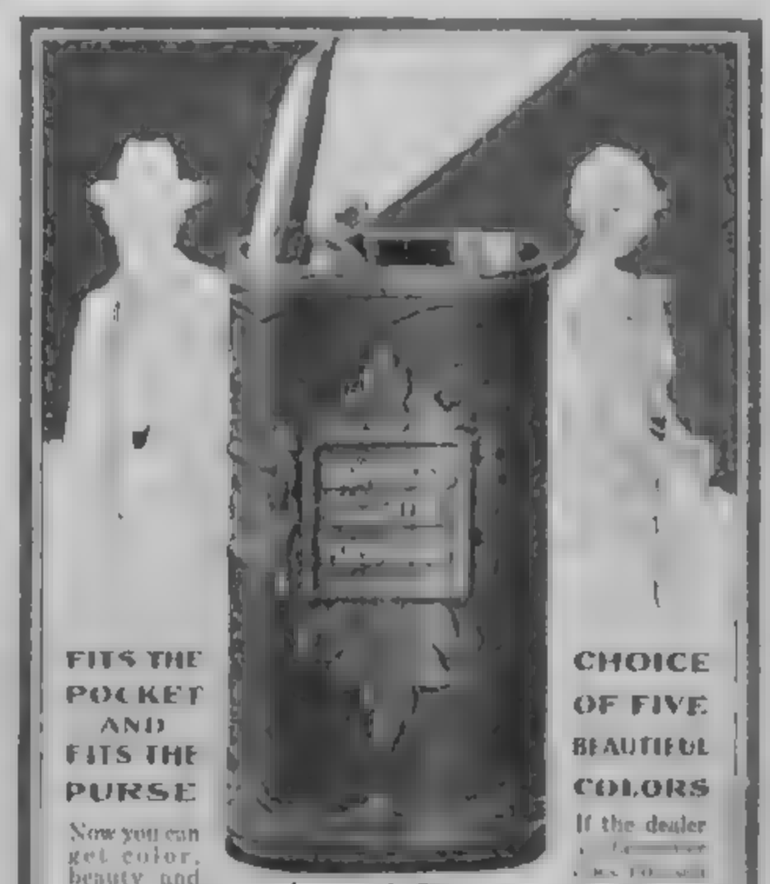
New Orleans, La., Sept. 29. — ... that it fits a vest-pocket or purse without causing a bulge ... the fact most amazing to ... as long as four ... lasting as ... than ... by Chrome ... a patented feature of all Burgess batteries.

BROADWAY'S LATEST HIT WITH THE FAIR SEX

New York, N. Y., Sept. 29 — The newest hit on Broadway ... Burgess SnapLite Flashlight ... long. Broadway ... introduced ...

THEATERS LOAN NEW SNAPLITE FLASHLIGHTS TO PATRONS

Boston, Mass., Sept. 29. — For the purpose of reading programs and for avoiding the fire hazards caused by the use of matches, two of the leading theaters here are furnishing ...



FITS THE POCKET AND FITS THE PURSE

Now you can get color, beauty and ... lity and durability, in this modern and up-to-date flashlight. Enjoy its convenience at once

Actual Size

A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT 39¢ NOTHING MORE TO BUY

In the United States and Canada

CHOICE OF FIVE BEAUTIFUL COLORS

If the dealer ... Lite, please send us his name ... The Burgess Battery ... Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

BURGESS SNAP-LITE FLASHLIGHT

Who's Who on Brunswick

Hear Brunswick Electrical Records on the Brunswick Panatrope

AL JOLSON
"The World's Greatest Entertainer"

"Nobody else in any field of entertaining is so gifted in the quality of vivid, vital, irresistible magic," says The Chicago Tribune. Jolson's art has been made known to new millions this year through "The Jazz Singer." The famous "Mammy" song and "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face" (Record No. 3912) are recorded by Jolson on Brunswick only.

NICK LUCAS
"The Crooning Troubadour"

When Lucas strums the opening chord on his guitar, Romance is in the air. "The Crooning Troubadour" puts a new sentimental quality into his instrumental work as well as into his singing. Maybe you've heard Nick in his vaudeville appearances. Whether you have or not, you'll enjoy "Without You, Sweetheart" (No. 3773).

WENDELL HALL
"The Red-Headed Music-Maker"

Wendell Hall's new version of "Polly Wolly Doodle" (No. 4024) is fast making history in songdom. Those who know his version of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" will not want to miss "Polly Wolly."

HARRY RICHMAN
Star of Geo. White's "Scandals"

No rise to fame has been more meteoric than that of the debonair Richman. The critics are scarcely less ardent in their approval of him than are his many feminine admirers. Voice, magnetism, vitality, explain Richman. Hear him sing "I'm Riding to Glory" (No. 3889).

Would you like to be on the mailing list to receive news about latest Brunswick Records? Send your name and address to Dept. R 9, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Brunswick

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Chicago • New York • Toronto
Branches in All Principal Cities

THE REVOLUTION IN AGRICULTURE

(Continued from Page 5)

also that if we keep the same number of acres in cultivation, we will be increasing the total production and thereby decreasing the income of the farmer because of lower prices. In this sense experiment stations and agricultural colleges may be bringing about overproduction; but what shall we do? Are we to keep a larger number of people on the farm who employ inefficient methods in agriculture in order that we may have a low production? Or shall we have fewer people on the farm, who employ efficient methods and thereby have a greater income per individual? . . .

"Our production of crops and livestock products has grown more rapidly than has our population, in spite of the fact that millions of people leave the farm and go to town. We should stop our talk about people leaving the farm and try to encourage them to go to town. Two classes of people are leaving the farm. The larger class is that of the inefficient farmer, and a smaller number of the best class. Economic conditions on the farm are forcing the inefficient farmer out, and this is as it should be, and will finally help farmers in general."

It is clear enough. What the United States Department of Agriculture, the state colleges and the implement makers are all trying to teach is productivity; but what the farmer thinks of is production.

If you show him how to double the productivity of a cow in terms of butterfat, he does not think of producing as much butterfat as before with one cow instead of two; he thinks at once of producing twice as much from two.

If you show him how to double the yield of grain per acre, he does not think of growing the same quantity of grain as before with half as much land, half as much labor, at half the cost; he thinks at once of producing twice as much wheat with the same amount of labor and land as before.

What this means is that as the possibility of more profit appears, either from a rise in prices or from the discovery of a method to cheapen production, agriculture immediately expands to absorb it. The movement is inevitable and uncontrollable. Production increases, the price goes down under the weight of a surplus quantity and the profit disappears. Simply, too many are competing for it.

A surplus of marginal farmers, a surplus of marginal land. What would you expect? No sooner does demand overtake supply, so that a greater profit is there, than thousands rush in to seize it. They swell production until the demand is swamped.

High Prices Mean More Acreage

Wheat is the familiar example. Two-dollar war wheat caused the wheat area to rise from 50,000,000 to 75,000,000 acres. Postwar deflation, or ninety-cent wheat, caused it to fall again to about what it was before the war. Then the price began to rise again, and in four years the wheat area expanded 10,000,000 acres. In the Yearbook of Agriculture read:

"Wheat prices since 1924 have permitted or encouraged an expansion of wheat production. . . . In the last three years the farm price of wheat has averaged $1.28, $1.46 and $1.23 a bushel. These prices are compared with 92 cents for the marketing season 1923–4 and a prewar average of 89 cents. In relative purchasing power, however, wheat has averaged lower during the last few years than before the war. It seems, therefore, that under certain conditions wheat production is being maintained or expanded in the United States at relatively lower prices than before the war."

The explanation is that by the use of combines and high-power-machine methods the cost of producing wheat has been cheapened. Thus the margin of possible profit was widened and so instantly the total production began to rise. Now wheat prices are falling again.

California fruit offers the perfect instance. Last April the University of California issued a bulletin on the profitless condition of the state's fruit business, controlled as it is by the famous Pacific Coast cooperative associations. The bulletin set up three eloquent tables, showing, first, a sudden very steep decline in the acreage planted to grain, beans, rice, potatoes, beets, hay and field crops, as farmers went headlong out of them into fruit; second, a correspondingly sudden increase in the acreage turned to figs, grapefruit, olives, cherries, raisins and other fruit; and, third, the heartbreaking fall in fruit prices as demand was overwhelmed. Then it states the sermon:

"The relatively high prices of fruit were the chief cause for this enormous increase. It will be recalled that the prices of the great staple crops were very low in 1921 and 1922. On the other hand, the prices of most of our fruit crops remained high. While the corn and wheat farmers of the Middle West were in many instances going broke, the fruit farmers of California were still riding on the wave of prosperity. And evidently many of us believed that this period of prosperity would continue indefinitely. So we went blithely on our way, planting more and more fruit. Well, what was the result? Just exactly what we might have expected. Prices began to drop. . . . Growers followed a logical course of action in going from the production of low-priced staple crops to high-priced fruit crops, but unfortunately they went too fast and too far."

A Farm for Everybody

Truly says the gloomy economist: "Here is the lesson which so many people refuse to accept—that the general level of compensation in agriculture as compared with the other industries is determined by the number of people who voluntarily choose farming as their business and the quantity of products which they put on the market."

But such comment as this is hateful to those who lift up the voice of agriculture, demanding farm relief; and when they hear it is quoted from a publication of the National City Bank they will cease to debate its logic and refer only to its origin. And their reaction is easily foretold, also, to the conclusion of the Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, that: "Effective readjustment of the economic disparities between agriculture and urban life will inevitably require a further decrease in the number of farmers," for the reason that from more scientific methods of production and from the use of power machinery the amount of labor necessary per unit of output will continue to be reduced, the surplus therefore will tend to increase, and this "must lead to a large-scale elimination of workers, farmers as well as farm laborers, from agriculture."

No political person needing the farmer vote would dare to say such a thing. In place of farm-relief measures by the Government, or in spite of them, a wholesale elimination of farmers from agriculture! He would be ruined even to think it out loud!

Yet the sound of it is much worse than the meaning. It means, of course, that the amount of labor directly required upon the soil to produce the food supply will be henceforth much less than it is. It does not mean that the amount of labor indirectly required will be less. It might easily be very much more, only changed in form. For consider what an immense amount of labor, industrial and skilled, will be needed to equip agriculture as a whole with tractors, tractor tools, combines, corn and cotton pickers, potato diggers, hay dryers, milking and processing machines, new buildings suitable to these scientific methods, motor trucks, electricity, and so forth.

So much for the workings of the remorseless fact hitherto stated and not yet itself examined—the fact, namely, that the potentiality of food production increases faster than the population.

What is the history of this fact? And why has it been for so many years and through so much economic change a chronic fact, notwithstanding the enormous increase of population? One hundred years ago 90 per cent of the population was agricultural. Now only one-quarter of it is; the remainder is urban and buys its food, and yet excessive production, or this uncontrollable power of surplus, is the basic trouble of agriculture still.

To begin with, American agriculture at the core is suffering to this day from the effects of having received from the Government the largest single subsidy ever bestowed. It got its land capital for nothing.

Free land was the inducement the Government held out to get the country settled and to get railroads built and to encourage immigration. And so long as the public domain was there to fall upon, free land was the easy solution of almost any problem. Restless, discontented or disadvantaged people by the million could disappear into the fertile wilderness and take care of themselves. As civilization overtook them they were rich, because their land had then a price. They could sell out and retire, or sell out, move on and do it again.

It is sound legend if not true history that once when Abraham Lincoln had declared in a speech that the Government would give the slaves their freedom a carpenter rose up out of the audience, asking, "What will the Government give me?"

To which Lincoln replied, "It will give you a farm."

What a wonderful saying it was then! Uncle Sam had a farm for every citizen who wanted one.

After the close of the Civil War the economic and social difficulties of demobilization were met with free land. Thus the veterans were rewarded. Always the emphasis was on the land, not agriculture. Great numbers of people went to farming who were neither well qualified nor particularly interested in the occupation itself. To acquire land—that was the motive; and if by any kind of farming a man could hold on, the increase in the value of his land would ultimately bring him out with a profit. So, generally, it did. That is what was meant by the saying that the farmer was the only man who could lose money each year in his business, live, rear a family and then retire in his old age on his profits. Therefore it is and always was that when land values are rising you hear very little complaint from agriculture.

The New Agriculture

This way with the land was the nearest approach we ever had to a national agricultural policy. And it might have worked well enough—even better than it was expected to work—if nothing unforeseen had happened. As agriculture was practiced when the Civil War veterans were rushing to the land, one who had conservatively projected industries and cities at the rate they were growing might have said it was impossible to get too many people on the land. There would be a demand for all the food they could produce. The danger was the other way. We were destined to become an industrial nation. Well, it was the fate of industrial nations to exhaust the native food supply and become dependent upon foreign agriculture for their bread.

Then all at once came reapers, binders, planters and cultivators—or, that is to say, the age of implements. Horse tools in place of hand tools. Agricultural implements transformed agriculture. They at least halved the amount of man labor required to produce crops, or doubled the productive power of one man's labor on the soil, which is the same thing; and this

(Continued on Page 58)

This advertisement is addressed to

82 MEN

They are offered a chance to share in the brilliant future of an unusual product that is making merchandising history

AN INDUSTRY that is young, yet fast growing to giant size. A product that has captured the imagination of the public. A company that is one of the strongest and best known in the field. And there you have the unusual opportunity we offer able merchandisers.

The industry is automatic refrigeration. The product is Electrolux, the refrigerator that makes ice from heat. And the company is Servel, a pioneer in the field.

Fast as our dealer organization has grown, the demand for Electrolux has kept ahead of it. So rapidly has public interest in Electrolux spread that today we are losing business by not being adequately represented in some large centers of population as well as many smaller places. And likewise, some dealer in each of these sections is losing money every day by being without the Electrolux franchise.

It is this combination of circumstances—the speed with which Electrolux has caught on—that forces us to publish this advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post as a means of getting in touch quickly with a number of worth-while distributors and dealers.

THE real business story of Electrolux begins on January 1, 1928. Before that the Electrolux had been tested, improved, perfected for six years. It had been gone over with microscopic thoroughness by public utilities, architects, municipal boards and bureaus, women's institutes, and approved enthusiastically in each case.

And no wonder, for the Electrolux has no machinery, no moving parts at all. A tiny gas flame and a small trickle of water do all the work. There is no noise, no vibration. Not a thing to need oil, to wear out, to cause trouble. And the operating cost is far lower than with any other refrigerating system.

One of the most significant features of Electrolux to both the distributor and the customer is its freedom from service. With no moving parts to go wrong, service cost is a negligible factor.

BACK of the Electrolux is Servel, Inc., one of the best known, most strongly financed companies in the business today. And right from the very start this company has developed the Electrolux business along sound, conservative lines.

Manufacturing facilities have been gradually expanded to handle volume production. In addition to the first type of Electrolux that operated with manufactured gas, the market has been broadened by giving customers a choice of cylinder gas, natural gas, or an electric heating element.

We have kept our feet on the ground, opening up new sales territory no faster than it could be developed intensively. Even so, the progress of Electrolux has been exceedingly rapid these past few months. First New York, next Philadelphia, then Washington, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo—in one city after another Electrolux was introduced, was advertised and won immediate acceptance.

Everywhere the response to the sales and advertising effort has been splendid. But the reaction from sections where Electrolux is not represented at all has actually been surprising. Thousands of inquiries have been received from people who heard about the Electrolux in some way and refused to buy any other make until they looked at this refrigerator.

The factory is now prepared to meet any extra production requirements that may be put upon it. The Servel field force is organized and ready to work with new distributors. The new Electrolux advertising is ready to run. This advertising will include large-size space used weekly in local newspapers, backed by full-page national magazine advertisements month after month. The size of the campaign will place Electrolux right up in the front rank among leading advertisers of household equipment.

THIS advertisement which you are reading is the opening gun in our new program of expansion. Distributorships and dealer franchises will be given on an exclusive territory basis. Applications must be received in writing. Personal negotiations will be commenced only after some evidence is given that our minimum requirements will be met. These requirements are three:

1. High character—applicant must enjoy the same respect and confidence of people locally that the Electrolux Refrigerator does nationally.

2. Merchandising experience—ability to build and operate a strong sales organization. This experience need not necessarily come from the refrigeration field, but from auto accessories, radio, household appliances, musical instruments, and other lines.

3. Capital requirements—resources of $5,000 to $100,000, depending upon size of operation.

Correspondence and negotiations may be carried on anonymously only through a third party of established reliability, such as a bank.

Address communications to H. W. Foulds, Vice President, Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

DIRECTORS OF SERVEL, Inc.

ERNST AURELL
Managing Director, A. B. Elektrolux, Stockholm, Sweden

NICHOLAS F. BRADY
Chairman of the Board, New York Edison Company

MURRAY H. COGGESHALL
Coggeshall & Hicks

CHAS. A. DANA
President, Spicer Manufacturing Company

GEORGE W. DAVISON
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WM S. GRAY, JR
Vice President, Central Union Trust Company of New York

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WM H McCURDY
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President, Servel, Inc.

FRANK S. SHAW
Tobey & Kirk

GEORGE P SMITH
Smith and Gallatin

M. G. B. WHEELER
Vice President, Chase Securities Corporation

GET THE GAME WITH GAME LOADS

Scientific accuracy was brought to shotgun shells by the development of Remington Game Loads.

In the production of these shells, the uncertainties due to variations between different lots of powder are eliminated. Remington determines exactly the velocity and penetration that give best results for each kind of game. Standards are established and the shells are loaded to give correct results; to give uniform pressures, patterns, velocity, and penetration. The dependability and accuracy of Remington Game Loads cannot be secured in shells loaded in the usual way that always contain the same amount of powder.

Buy Remington Game Loads by the name of the game you are going to hunt. Then you may be certain that you will always have the best load for your purpose.

Write for descriptive circular.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Nitro Express Shells outshoot, shell for shell, any long range loads on the market.

Remington

© 1928, R. A. Co.

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event, taking place in the same time with an enormous increase in the areas of agriculture, produced in the last third of the last century an incredible surplus of foodstuffs. Prices went very low. Corn was burned as fuel. There was no profit in the fruits of the earth for those who got them up. Those were black times, full of delusions, especially the one that the cause of the frightful depression of agriculture was dear money. When it was not the gold demon that did it, then it was the railroads in a conspiracy to devour the farmer's profit in the guise of freight rates.

The cheapness of food did sometimes act as an antidote to the ache for possessing land; at the same time it stimulated the growth of urban population. Then suddenly one day there was no more free land. Only deserts and forest reserves remained in the public domain. The end of the great subsidy had come into view.

Meanwhile, besides, the urban and industrial formations of life, still growing very fast, had absorbed the power of reapers, binders, wheel plows and cultivators. Thus at last a balance was restored.

You may say this happened as a definite fact about 1900. For twenty years there was no farm problem to speak of. Although it was spread over too many acres and still very unscientific in practice, agriculture was on the rise. There was some profit in its output. But that was not the principal thing. The value of its land was rising. Between 1900 and 1910 it doubled. Between 1910 and 1920 it doubled again. The second doubling was owing largely to the ecstasy of war prices.

Then came the postwar deflation of land values, farm prices and foreign markets. Nothing so drastic had happened to agriculture before.

There was drastic deflation also, and for all the same reasons, in the field of industry. But industry recovered sooner than agriculture. There is the rub. Ever since the war agriculture has been at a disadvantage with industry in terms of exchange. Agricultural products have been cheaper than industrial products, on the whole, hence that economic disparity between them on which so much grief is founded.

If a bushel of wheat buys less today than it bought before the war, it is taken to be proved that the wheat farmer is worse off than he was. Yet there is the Secretary of Agriculture exploring the mystery that although the purchasing power of wheat is less than it was before the war, still, farmers in the last few years have been expanding their wheat acreage.

A Lever to Raise Crops

But if the cost of producing a bushel of wheat is halved, and then if it will exchange for two-thirds as much as before, is the farmer better or worse off? Well, roughly, that is what has happened. But it has not happened to all farmers. Therefore, while it is true of some farmers that they are better off, at the same time it is true of many that they are worse off. This disparity as between different farmers—which is very much more than any statistical disparity in the terms of exchange between agriculture on one side and industry on the other—signifies what is taking place in agriculture. It is a change so deep and drastic as to be a revolution.

It is the farmer's idea that industry was able to recover sooner from the postwar depression because it was better organized and therefore better able to adjust supply to demand. Well, the Pacific Coast fruit growers were very well organized, and for a while so successful that wheat farmers, thinking organization to be the magic secret, said if only they could do likewise their problem would be solved. The trouble was they couldn't do likewise because they were too many and too widely scattered, wherefore they wished the Government to do for them what the fruit growers had been able to do for themselves. But at last the California fruit growers collided with the basic dilemma. Their product, like every other agricultural product, was too easily expanded.

In any case, nothing that may be true of industry or may have occurred within it tells anything about what has happened to agriculture.

In five years it has been demonstrated that by leverage of modern machinery a man may so multiply himself in agriculture that the productive power of his labor is increased two, three and four fold.

As out of the sky, a mechanical beast thirty times more powerful than the horse falls into the hands of agriculture. This new animal is awkward at first, not exactly suited to the soil, and is absurdly used to drag implements that had been designed for the horse. But he is modified in type and nature as the need is. Then implements appropriate to him are designed. Now you may take it that the tractor, together with the belonging implements, at least doubles—and under given conditions may treble—the number of acres one farmer can handle. What that means in terms of displaced farm population is obvious enough.

Power and Knowledge

The tractor was used experimentally before the war; during the war, under the stimulus of high prices, unlimited demand for production and a shortage of farm labor, it came into practical use. But it was not until the postwar depression made it desperately necessary for farmers to extend their efforts and reduce their costs that it began really to revolutionize agricultural practice.

Since the war it has displaced so many horses and mules that 20,000,000 acres of land formerly required to graze and feed work animals have been released for crops or to pasture meat animals and dairy cows. And this is fairly the beginning of it only.

"Power machinery," says the Yearbook of Agriculture, "besides increasing the productivity of the individual farm worker, influences the size of farms, the distribution of crops and the choice of farm enterprise." Thus, naturally, a decrease in the number of farms and an increase in the average size of them are already notable facts in the statistics of the census.

One of the machines appearing with the tractor is the combine, or reaper-thresher, for harvesting and threshing grain at one stroke, with the labor of two men and a boy.

Says the Yearbook again: "Combine harvesting is estimated to reduce the amount of labor required for harvesting and threshing 400 acres from 120 days of man labor to 30 days."

That picturesque army of vagabond workers that followed the sickle bar northward from Texas into Canada in the harvest season practically has disappeared. In a few years more it will have quite vanished. With the combine the farmers now do it themselves.

The suddenness of this change is startling. Prof. M. L. Wilson, of the Montana Agricultural College, who has been demonstrating machine practice on a large scale with tractors and combines, says:

"Three years ago there were few farmers anywhere in the world who produced wheat with less than eight hours of man labor to the acre. Today many well-organized and efficiently operated tractor wheat farms raise their crops with only two hours of man labor per acre."

A sudden fourfold increase in the wheat-producing power of man!

He adds: "With tractors and modern equipment which increase the productive power of the individual, say, conservatively, to three times what it was, our problem in Montana is one of combining small farms into large economic tracts of wheatland."

Therefore, of course, Montana does not need any more wheat farmers. She probably has too many already for the land available to be combined into large tractor units. Yet only five years ago none of this had been imagined, and Montana thought then she needed more wheat farmers than she could get. She was inviting them.

The combine, like the tractor, was slow to be adopted. It was foul necessity after the war that caused it to swarm over the prairie wheat land, the Great Plains and the Corn Belt; and its use even yet is confined to the top third of agriculture.

As with tractors, combines, power machinery in general, so it was with a great body of scientific and technical knowledge in the hands of government and state research laboratories. This was knowledge of plant and animal biology, of bugs and bacteria, of pest and scourge, of soil chemistries, of life cycles friendly and unfriendly, of fertility building, of scientific method—all tending to increase man's control of the mysteries of fecundity and reproduction. It had all existed before, or most all of it; but with land and credit rising, the common farmer's interest in what science said it could do for him was mild and whimsical. It was after the war, finding himself caught in a desperate fix between high costs and low prices, that he turned the best third of his mind to it. The more it worked, the more receptive he was. It is probably true, as many say, that more science has been added to the practice of agriculture in the last eight years than in all time before. The art of it may be less; the science of it is immensely greater, at the top.

Formerly wheat was wheat; a farmer thought only of the quantity and price. The new farmer speaks of selling not wheat as wheat but the protein and gluten content of it. Formerly a cow was a milker for better or worse. Now a cow is a converting machine. Given the scientific ration, she must produce so many pounds of butterfat; if she doesn't do it she is a boarder, fit only for beef, and will be replaced by a better converter. Nor is the hog a hog simply. It is a weight of pork divided by a weight of grain so that you may know the exact ratio and cost. Corn that was formerly a product of so many bushels to the acre is still that, but it is also a product of so many man hours of labor per acre, for though you were getting a large yield, you might still be losing money and not know it in time.

Power and knowledge—these two words tell why the potentiality of food production increases faster than the population.

Power implements multiply the man.

Knowledge multiplies the yield.

In both ways production is increasable to limits not yet foreseen, if any there are.

The Science of Management

Yet power and knowledge must be correlated. So a third factor appears, and that is management. For years the United States Department of Agriculture and the state colleges had been teaching farm management—teaching the individual, that is, how to manage his farm on a profit-and-loss basis, how to rotate his crops, how to utilize his soil and balance his production. That is not now all that is meant by farm management.

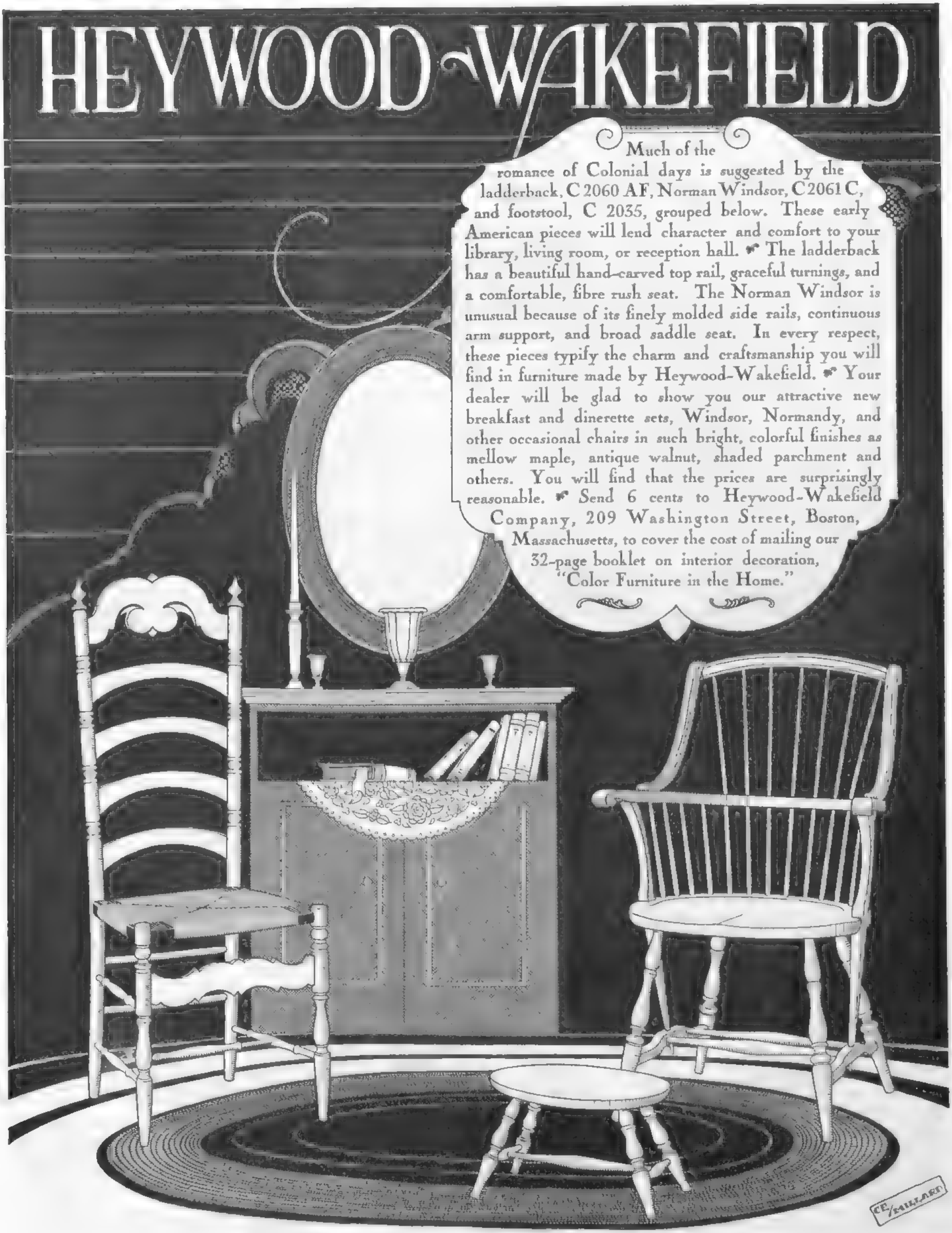
There has appeared in agriculture an institution and profession of farm management. This also came about under stress of necessity.

During the postwar depression thousands of farms all over the country were abandoned by the owners to the mortgage holders or by the tenants and renters to the owners; and the situation developed that banks, insurance companies and private farm mortgage investors found themselves possessed of farm lands they knew not what to do with. In many cases it was land they had never seen and in many different places. In the general case, it was land the new owners could not manage or mind for themselves. Their former interest in it had been that of creditors receiving interest, or that of absent owners receiving rent from tenants. Now suddenly the interest and rents cease because the farmers have quit, leaving the key with the nearest neighbor,

(Continued on Page 60)

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

Much of the romance of Colonial days is suggested by the ladderback, C 2060 AF, Norman Windsor, C 2061 C, and footstool, C 2035, grouped below. These early American pieces will lend character and comfort to your library, living room, or reception hall. ☛ The ladderback has a beautiful hand-carved top rail, graceful turnings, and a comfortable, fibre rush seat. The Norman Windsor is unusual because of its finely molded side rails, continuous arm support, and broad saddle seat. In every respect, these pieces typify the charm and craftsmanship you will find in furniture made by Heywood-Wakefield. ☛ Your dealer will be glad to show you our attractive new breakfast and dinerette sets, Windsor, Normandy, and other occasional chairs in such bright, colorful finishes as mellow maple, antique walnut, shaded parchment and others. You will find that the prices are surprisingly reasonable. ☛ Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, 209 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts, to cover the cost of mailing our 32-page booklet on interior decoration, "Color Furniture in the Home."



(Continued from Page 58)

the barn door swinging in the wind, and sometimes on the porch post a benediction to their creditors.

Out of this confusion arose the practice of hiring a farm manager, who became responsible to the owners in a general way for a number of farms at once—sometimes as many as 200 or 300. He classified them, determined the types of farming to be practiced on such as were worth farming, selected the tenants, made the contracts, provided the seed and stock, supervised the practice, represented the owners in all matters and at the season's end partitioned the crop.

This turned out to be a practical solution for the owners of distressed and abandoned farm lands, and after a few examples of it had been established the demand for farm managers became very urgent. They were recruited largely from the ranks of county agents and agricultural-college graduates, and such men, coming actively into control of large areas of farm land, effected a new working alliance between theory and practice. As county agents, they had been obliged to argue with farmers, persuade them by degrees to try better methods and new ways; as farm managers, they could stipulate and insist.

Their occasion, to be sure, was one of emergency. They represented for the most part people whose motive was to keep the land in production and the buildings in repair, with perhaps some nominal income by the way, biding another rise in land values on which they could sell out. Nevertheless, as they began to meet more and more for purposes of exchanging information, and then to form associations, such as the Northwest Farm Managers Association, with its information service and periodical tours of inspection and discovery, they began to see how the emergency that had brought them into existence might be the opportunity to prove a new thing. That was how the cost of a man with more ability and imagination than one small farm could adequately reward might be spread over many farms.

That is to say, they began to see farm management as a profession, with possibility of reward comparable to that which goes with executive jobs in business and industry. And in that manner it is evolving. They are making thousands of farms pay on a strict accounting basis. They make money for the tenant, they improve the land by proper handling and pay a dividend to the owners. Now they talk of ring or multiple farming, of standardizing types of agriculture, of organized merchandising, and of soil restoration on a large scale. To this institution of farm management, though it is still in the gristle, much is owing for the rapid extension of scientific knowledge to agriculture in the last few years.

Taking all these facts and realities together, what is it that has happened?

Between High and Low

Into a sprawling, inefficient, overacred, horse-powered agriculture introduce suddenly machine power, the necessity to apply technical knowledge and the principle of scientific management, and what is bound to happen?

It is a new age—a revolution. Change is a condition and makes the problem. Almost anywhere you may see the two ages in contrast, side by side, one going and one coming, with only a fence between. You may see those of the passing age leaning on the fence; you may hear them saying at what they see on the other side of it, "It may be so."

What will become of the may-be-so farmer is foretold. He will not survive. But he can hold on for a long time, sustained in his mind by hope of another rise in land or relief from the Government, all the while losing his capital. So long as he survives he will be a liability to the new agriculture, for in the true economic sense his production is the surplus.

To see this clearly you have only to consider differences in costs of production. Last year the American Society of Agricultural Engineers offered some recommendations to President Coolidge, and in the paper presented to him such facts were cited as that the amount of corn produced per farmer in Iowa varied from 500 bushels in one case to 8000 bushels in another case—a difference of 1500 per cent; that the cost of producing wheat varied from three dollars an acre in one case to seven dollars in another; that the cost of producing a pound of butterfat was in one case twenty cents and in another sixty cents, and that the cost of producing a pound of pork was in the best case five cents and in the worst case twenty cents. There is not likely to be overproduction of agricultural products in the extreme low-cost practice, because such practice requires exceptional ability and enterprise; on the other hand, no imaginable improvement in prices would save the high-cost producer who is selling his capital under the delusion that he is selling farm produce.

Rising Competition

No one is obliged to accept a dogmatic conclusion, nor even the logic of it. With the change that is taking place so fast, too many of the facts are in a state of suspense; moreover, the idea of agriculture as a business, subject to similar analysis and projection, is still new. Says Arthur Huntington, vice president of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers: "No industry has ever existed for so long a period without detailed knowledge of its various operations or a knowledge of the basic laws which control it." Every survey, such as that by the Business Men's Commission, or that by the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, recommends deeper and further investigation. This indicates quite clearly that agriculture must be broken into parts and studied by the case and type method. It leaves you with the moral, moreover, that there can be no such thing as a facile plan of farm relief.

But meanwhile one is obliged to face certain general realities; and as one does, one will see that there is a question to come before the one so many people are asking.

What they are asking is: "How can agriculture be made more attractive and profitable?" The prior question is: "What would happen if you did?"

As it is, there are too many people in it. A process of elimination is steadily taking place, and yet too many stay. Now if somehow—that is to say, if by some governmental scheme of farm relief—it is made more profitable, what, if anything, can then be done to lighten agriculture of its obsolete and inefficient members?

Yet, of course, this question is rhetorical. It is answered by what follows.

As agriculture is, production tends to increase faster than population, and this is true of products both for domestic consumption and for export. Where the profit sign appears, either by reason of a higher price or from a method of cost reduction, there production immediately expands in an uncontrollable manner. Therefore, production being indefinitely expansible to absorb any profit, agriculture cannot by any law or measure of government aid be made more profitable, unless at the same time the Government itself undertakes to control production, limit it and administer the affair. But no farmer can be found who is willing to surrender his freedom as a producer. No one could be found willing to mark himself or to be marked for elimination if the Government had found a way to make farming more profitable.

However, the subject does not end there. It cannot be dropped with the reflection that change is change and the consequences must fall as they will. Certainly it is a right function of government to meet change of conditions with change of policy.

This Government has an industrial policy—the policy of protection. It has a foreign-trade policy—the policy of the open door. It has what may be called a labor policy and a money policy and an immigration policy. It would be almost impossible to define the existence of a national agricultural policy. To pay a bounty on agricultural exports, or to recover to farmers the loss they take on their exports by raising the domestic price in some arbitrary manner—that would not be a policy. It would be only a subterfuge, in default of policy, without so much as looking at the fact that the same causes tending to create surplus production in this country are acting elsewhere in the world. Russia, Africa and South America are importing power machinery from the United States with intent to increase agricultural production enormously. In those countries, too, therefore, the man on the soil is being multiplied by machine power.

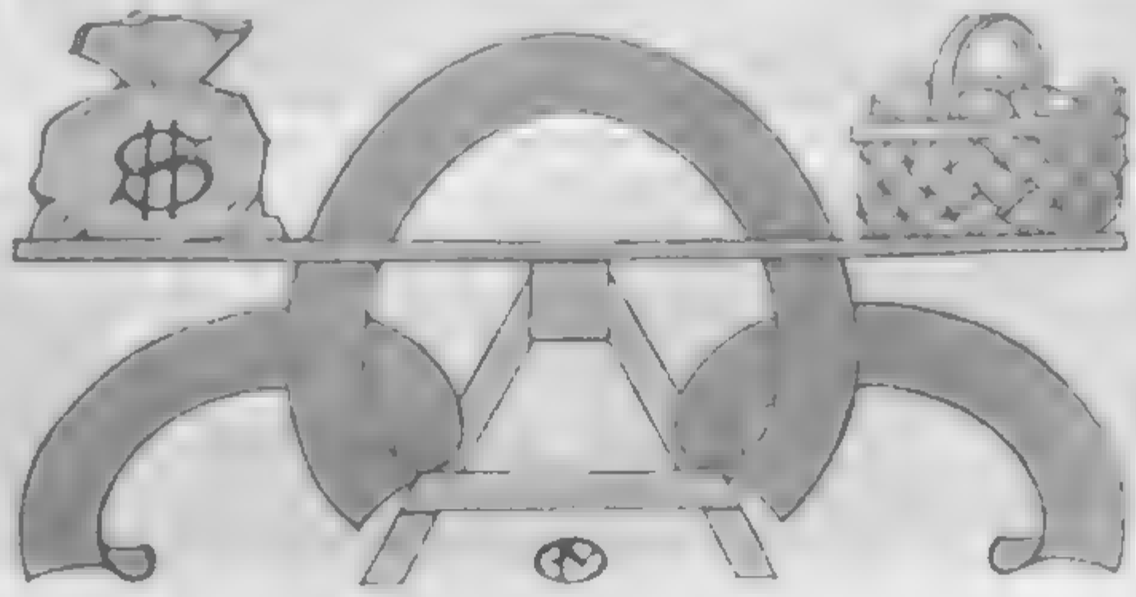
Great Britain is proposing to train her unemployed in agricultural schools and then move them to Canada to increase Canada's output, and the potentialities there for increase are very great. In the face of all this rising competition, to subsidize American agricultural exports because it is a losing trade would be fantastic. Far better spend the money on waterways, thereby moving the low-cost farmer closer by freight rates to the markets of Europe, and then leave him to work out the chances for himself.

The Problem With Many Meanings

Granted that the country is wanting a formative national agricultural policy. This seems unarguable. Yet as people discuss the need and use of one they will be sure to fall into confusion, unless at first they define the point of view. What are they talking about?

Some who know no better are still talking about the food supply, as if there were any such problem. These are living with Malthus.

Others are talking about old agriculture as a refuge of American individualism, a mode of life, that must be preserved. Well, as to that, the time has not yet come—perhaps never will come—when one who so chooses may not find himself a piece of fertile land and live there a self-contained life, practicing agriculture as an art. The ways of the earth have not changed—only the ways of man upon it. That is not the problem.



Some dread what is called our drift to peasantry. But ask yourself if this new age of agriculture is compatible with peasantry. There is no more danger of peasantry in modern agriculture than there is of slavery in modern industry, and for the same reason. It requires a mentality above peasantry.

Then many who seem to be talking about agriculture, who may think they are, are talking really of the land interest. They are for any scheme, sound or unsound, if only it will work for long enough to cause a rise in the value of land.

But if you say the revolution taking place in agriculture is causing an economic disturbance of such proportions as to call for a creative national policy, having in view the great consequences of this change, then you are on solid ground. You are thinking then of the common welfare, and that includes farmers.

Take only the one most harrowing aspect of the problem. Logically a further wholesale elimination of farmers from agriculture is indicated. Let them go, some say. The cities will absorb them. But perhaps urban life cannot absorb them so easily, after all.

Lacking in Imagination

The intensive mechanization of industry is tending to create a surplus of labor, so that there is a more or less constant dread of acute unemployment. Industry also, even more than agriculture, has been increasing the productivity of the individual by adding machine power to him; and now its potentiality of production, too, increases faster than the population.

Is it not an alternative to think rather of founding new occupations on the soil? And to this end, why not employ the principle of tariff protection as it was employed when we were founding infant industries?

We are importing various agricultural products to the value of more than $2,000,000,000 a year. Many of them are directly competitive with our own, such as wool, hides, vegetable oils, eggs, sugar—a long list, in fact. Others are indirectly competitive, in the sense that we have products of our own to be consumed in place of them.

Rubber is a special example. We are the world's principal consumers of rubber, taking perhaps twenty times as much as any other nation. Our imports run to nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds a year. There is no reason why we should not produce this wealth on our own soil—none but the habit of buying it abroad. Many rubber plants can be grown in the United States. There is only the need to solve some technical problems of chemical or mechanical extraction, and then to bring power methods to bear upon the plant culture. If for any reason we were cut off from foreign supplies we should find the way fast enough. Or if a quarter of the millions the Government has spent in the last ten years on reclamation projects, only to bring more surplus land under cultivation, had been spent instead to found an American rubber culture, we should perhaps now be growing rubber profitably on land that is producing an unprofitable surplus of other crops.

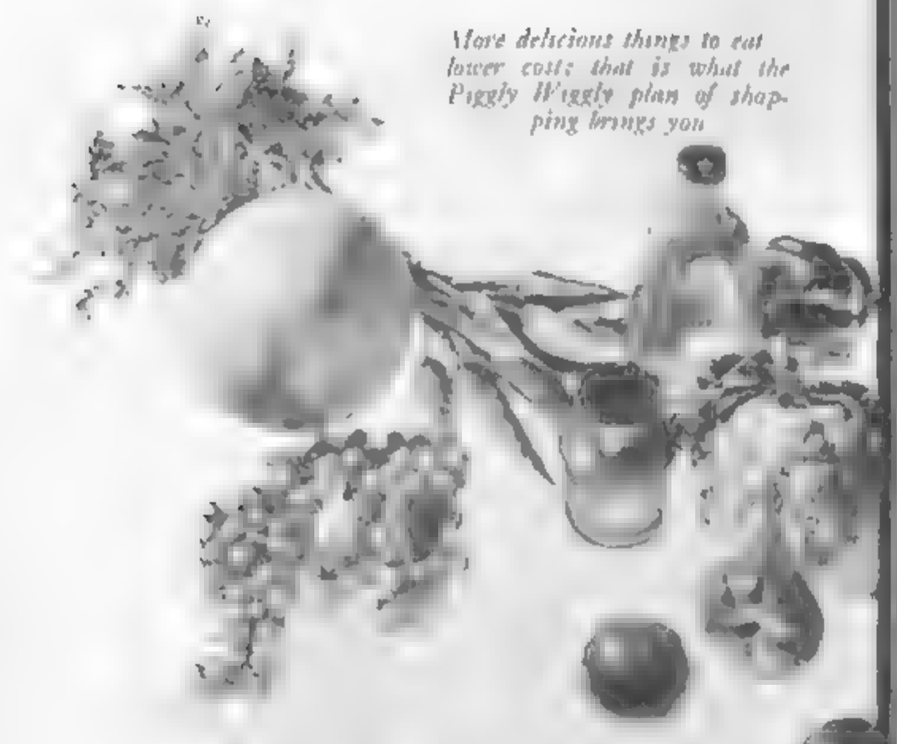
If subsidies are necessary at all, then instead of using them to make good to the farmer the loss he takes when he dumps away his surplus staples in foreign markets, how much more intelligent it would seem to let them run to new chemical and fabricating industries such as no doubt will sometime appear to utilize the waste and excessive products of agriculture. Several such industries might be founded on the cornstalk alone.

For, after all, it is a lame thing to say we cannot profitably utilize our land or find a proper living upon it, directly or indirectly, in new ways, for a quarter of the population. It must be only that we have not turned the full power of our imagination in that direction.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue

ALL BY HERSELF... *she decides*

just what she wants



More delicious things to eat lower costs that is what the Piggly Wiggly plan of shopping brings you

The woman of today has made this method of buying a nation-wide vogue

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"I like to browse around, without a clerk at my elbow—and pick things out for myself." So one woman summed it up recently.

Like many others, she wants to *choose for herself* when she buys foods.

And so—almost overnight, this special plan of shopping has become a nation-wide vogue. The woman of today makes her *own* knowledge pay dividends at Piggly Wiggly. For her it is an easy road to more tempting meals at less expense.

There are no clerks at Piggly Wiggly.

Famous and familiar packages

On the open shelves the choice foods of the world are waiting for you to look over—at Piggly Wiggly. Many famous and familiar packages! Crisp, inviting fruits and vegetables!

Big square price tags hang by every item.

You take what you please in your hands, examine it at leisure, reach your own decision. No clerks to hurry you—no clerks to wait for, at Piggly Wiggly. Shop quickly or slowly, just as you like. There is new pleasure in marketing this way. And how many ideas come to you for menus and dishes!

An easy way to save money

Best of all, you cut your costs for groceries at Piggly Wiggly. Consistently lower prices week in and week out are assured by our special, economical plan of operation.

Finer foods—reduced cost! This is what brings 2,000,000 women back day after day to the Piggly Wiggly stores. To give your family greater pleasure at table and to save money try this method of household buying. Use your own knowledge of values. Choose for yourself. Plan now to visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

You examine what you please make your own decisions, at Piggly Wiggly

No clerks to hurry you—no clerks to delay you. Just read the price tags and choose for yourself, at Piggly Wiggly

2,000,000 come every day to Piggly Wiggly. It has become a nation-wide vogue

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A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

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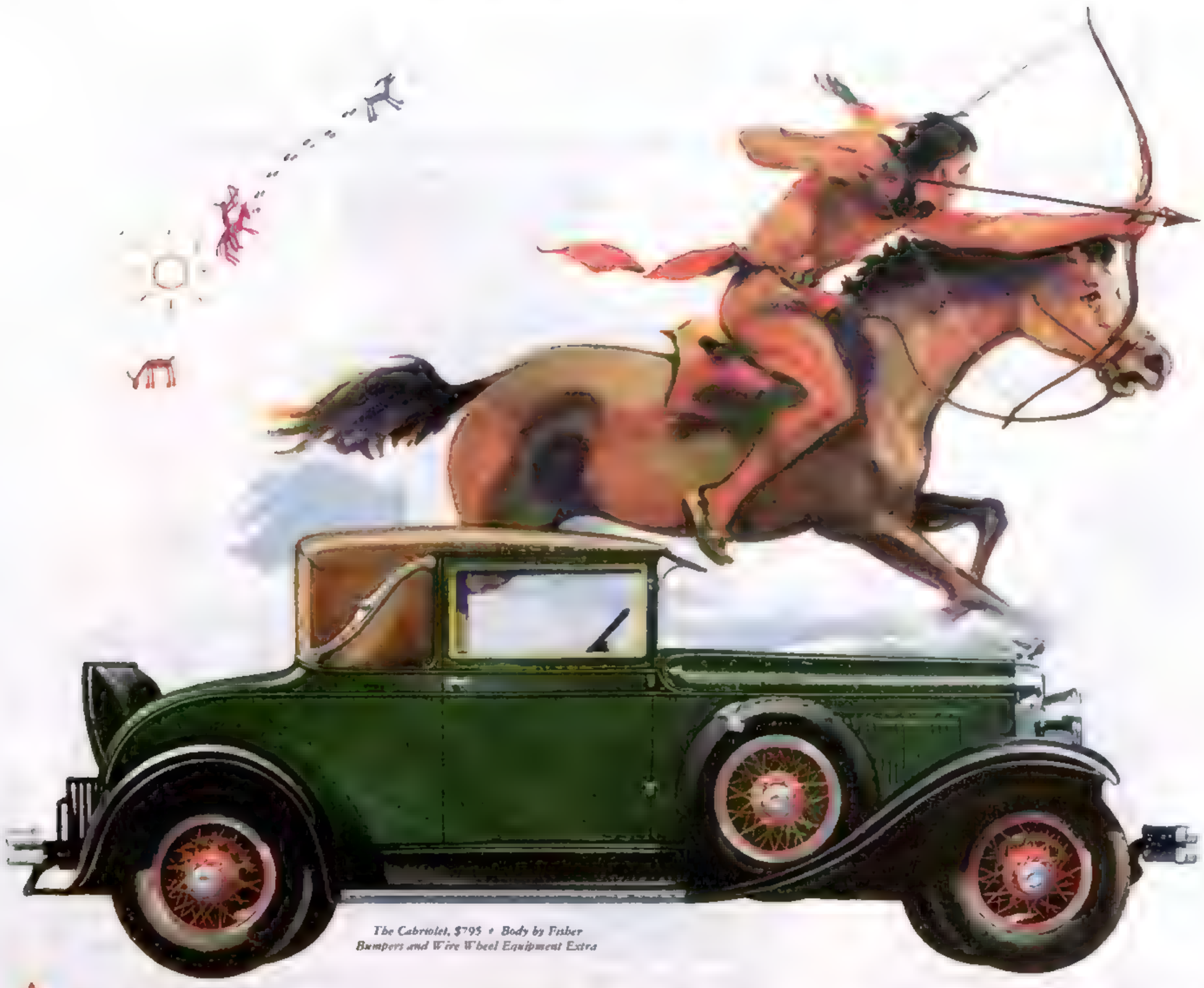
The first Piggly Wiggly store was opened in Memphis, Tennessee, twelve years ago during the first week of October, 1916. Today over 2800 of these unique stores are serving the women of more than 800 cities and towns. The Piggly Wiggly plan of shopping is now being used by over 2,000,000 women. This week, October 1st-6th, throughout the entire United States, Piggly Wiggly is celebrating its twelfth anniversary and is offering an unusual opportunity to buy nationally advertised products at most attractive prices.



The Cabriolet, $795 • Body by Fisher
Bumpers and Wire Wheel Equipment Extra

Added Power··Added Speed···*and the* Added Smartness *of wire wheel equipment*

-a *Successful Six* now winning Even Greater Success

Because it represents a marked advancement over even the famous Pontiac Sixes of the past . . . because it offers elements of performance and appearance never before obtainable in a six at such low price—today's Pontiac Six is winning new buyers at such a spectacular rate that the greatest year in Pontiac history has already been surpassed! And never has any car more clearly deserved such swiftly increasing public endorsement! For today's Pontiac Six is not only faster, more powerful and more economical, but it also makes available to buyers the added smartness and swank of special sport equipment . . . six wire wheels, two spare tires, front fender wells, chrome-plated spare tire clamps and folding rear trunk rack for only a few dollars additional cost.

Visit an Oakland-Pontiac dealer. Let him show you your favorite body type equipped in this ultra-modish manner. Let him explain how today's Pontiac Six is being built to unmatched standards of precision in America's most modern automobile plant. Let him point out the new engineering features that exemplify Pontiac's advanced design. Let him demonstrate by comparison and a ride why today's Pontiac Six is the most popular car of its type ever introduced!

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory

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PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE EVERLASTING WILDERNESS

Continued from Page 28

for other reasons. It was the first act of the Federal Government in the conservation of national resources on a large scale. It was the forerunner, therefore, not only of the present chain of national parks but of the national forests as well. It was the first step by the National Government for the preservation of wild life, as well as for the protection of native landscape. This very first American act setting aside a large area for public use was on a high plane, setting a fine precedent for the other national parks which followed.

It was clearly the intent of Congress in establishing the national parks to withdraw them permanently from commercial development or other exploitation. In the act creating the National Park Service it was declared that the national parks and the national monuments—which are, after all, but lesser national parks—are to be preserved forever in their natural state. Putting the policy enunciated by Congress in other words, it was the intention to preserve for coming generations, as well as for the people of our own times, certain sections of our original wilderness areas, in order that these bits of natural America may always be a source of interest, inspiration and pleasure to the people

Back Country

The laws creating the parks and the National Park Service did not stop with authorizing protection and maintenance of these reservations. They also authorized that the parks be made accessible to the people. Unless they are accessible, the wonders of the parks cannot be seen and enjoyed. At the present time most of the parks are accessible in part by roads, but nine-tenths of the parks area can still be reached only by trails. It should be added that many of these trails are not in existence by act of Congress, which must appropriate every dollar spent each year for construction in the parks, but by act of Providence, aided and abetted by the hoofs of the deer, the elk, the buffalo and other wild animals with a migratory bent found in the parks.

The vocal element of the people interested in the national parks seems to fall into two groups: Those who want no roads into the parks and who would keep them unbroken wildernesses reached only by trails, and, on the other hand, those who are spokesmen for automobile clubs, chambers of commerce and other development organizations, whose appetites for road building are never appeased. The National Park Service has attempted to steer a course between these two extremes and has sought to carry out a policy which would make the main attractions of the parks accessible to motorists; reserving the more remote back country, so-called, for the more adventurous souls who enjoy roughing it over trails, on foot or on horseback.

The back country, I may add, includes 90 per cent of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite, and correspondingly large areas in the other parks.

Prior to 1924 but $3,500,000 had been appropriated for road building during the first half century of national parks development, and half of this sum had been used over a long period of years for construction of roads in the Yellowstone. Practically no automobile roads had been built. Hundreds of thousands of visitors drove into the parks over old wagon roads, many of which were constructed as toll roads and operated as such for decades, until they were bequeathed finally to the National Park Service, which was too poor to maintain them properly. Many of these routes, notably those into Yosemite Valley and in Mount Rainier Park, were so narrow and steep that they were operated under strict one-way controls. The Big Oak Flat Road, one of the main arteries into Yosemite, is still operated under this antiquated arrangement.

When Congress took up the study of the national parks roads seriously in 1924, it was found that there were but 1060 miles of road in the entire park system. Of this, 350 miles were in the Yellowstone. In Yosemite Park there were 138 miles of old wagon road, all but thirty miles of which were built by the old toll-road companies in the 70's and the 80's. In Sequoia Park there were less than fifty miles of road, all of it constructed in the early days by the settlers in the San Joaquin Valley foothills. Grand Canyon boasted but forty miles of road, only eight of which were constructed by competent engineers, the rest being the tracks of freight wagons and horse-drawn stages across the desert and over the hills. Congress found the road conditions in the other parks equally deplorable

In many instances the states had built excellent modern roads up to the park boundaries. The contrast between these highways and the obsolete roads within the parks was such that it reflected badly upon the Federal Government's interest in the national parks which it had undertaken to save for the enjoyment of the people. More than $50,000,000 had been spent up to that time in building roads through the national forests which surround the majority of the national parks, and here again the contrast reflected upon the national parks, which had become the greatest Meccas of travel in the United States.

It was this condition which led Congress, in 1924, to authorize the expenditure of $2,500,000 a year for national parks road construction—an appropriation recently increased to $5,000,000 a year. Practically all this money was needed for reconstruction of the old roads to bring them up to the standard of the new approach roads already built by the states. Road construction in the national parks is expensive everywhere, because of the difficult terrain, the necessity of cutting through solid rock, and due also to the short working season, requiring costly reorganization of working crews from year to year. All the major national parks are located in the wildest and most tumbled mountains of the West. Then there is the expense of preserving the scenic features. Rock that could be dumped ordinarily over the side of the cliff must be end-hauled in the parks and deposited in side canyons where it will not destroy trees or other scenic features. Rock walls must be built to hold fills so that cliffs and mountainsides will not be scarred. Bridges must harmonize with surroundings. On any national parks road-building job the landscape engineer is the final authority, and his recommendations may involve long and painstaking planning and more than ordinary construction costs.

Of the 138 miles of road in existence in Yosemite National Park in 1924, ninety-six miles had to be reconstructed and twenty-eight miles had to be paved at once to eliminate the dust nuisance in the valley, leaving but fourteen miles of road which did not require immediate attention. Even this small section had to be included in the eventual reconstruction and paving plans. The rebuilding of the Yosemite road system is a ten-year job and will cost $11,000,000. When the entire program is completed the park will have no more miles of roads in it than it possessed when the program was adopted in 1924, except for a few miles constructed by the city of San Francisco under terms of the act granting the city the right to erect a dam for storing water in Hetch Hetchy Canyon.

A CONFERENCE OF SUPERINTENDENTS OF NATIONAL PARKS

Top—Left to right: W. R. Tillotson, superintendent Grand Canyon; J. W. Emmert, engineer Yosemite; [illegible] engineer National Park Service; [illegible] custodian Carlsbad Caverns; Harry Karstens, superintendent Mount McKinley National Park; A. B. [illegible], superintendent Lassen Volcanic National Park; Roger Toll, superintendent Rocky Mountain Park; Horace M. Albright, superintendent Yellowstone Park and of National Park Service; Joseph Bolton, superintendent Hot Springs; E. P. Leavitt, acting superintendent Yosemite; F. L. Connor, chief clerk Yosemite; A. F. Hall, chief naturalist National Park Service. *Below—Left to right:* T. C. Vint, landscape engineer National Park Service; Joseph Joffe, assistant superintendent Yellowstone; C. C. Thomson, superintendent Crater Lake National Park; J. R. Eakin, superintendent Glacier National Park; M. F. Daum, assistant superintendent Yellowstone; E. F. Scoyen, superintendent Zion Park.

Concentration

It is evident, therefore, that no new country in the Yosemite can be opened to the automobile, at least not with appropriations at hand. We would not recommend it, even if the money were available, for the reason that we believe that construction of additional roads would mar exquisite glacially carved cliffs or destroy the natural settings of noble waterfalls.

The roads that serve Yosemite National Park reach but a small area—not more than 10 per cent of the park's 1125 square miles. The great concentration of travel to Yosemite is in Yosemite Valley, comprising only about ten square miles, and to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, to Glacier Point, and that is all, with the exception of the motorists who make the trip over Tioga Pass, crossing the Sierra Nevada at above the 9000-foot level during the summertime. The great north half of the park is visited each year by but a mere handful of trail riders. The south half of the park is more easily accessible by trail. When it is realized that Yosemite, with only 138 miles of road in it, is almost as large as the state of Rhode Island, it will be seen at once that most of the park is destined to remain everlasting wilderness.

Today 100,000 machines a year make the trip into Yosemite and out, carrying four times that many people, and in spite of the apprehensions of the early authorities for the safety of the occupants, there have been but two fatal motor accidents in the park. It has been pointed out that the

Continued on Page 66

What happens *inside* your tire?

You are driving along, making good time; suddenly your car thuds into a chuckhole.

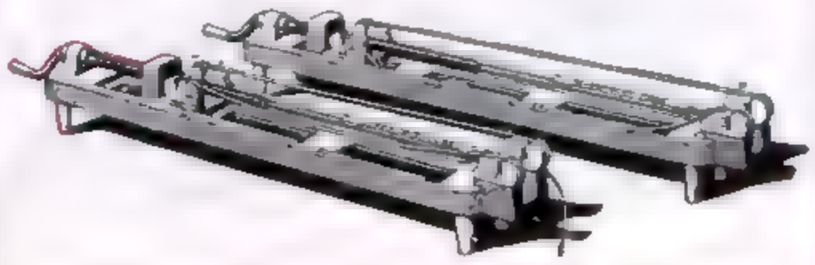
What happens inside your tire?

Nothing is likely to happen—if your tire is a Goodyear Tire, made with SUPERTWIST.

The extra elasticity of this special Goodyear cord fabric allows it to stretch under impact and recover, like a rubber band.

It enables Goodyear Tires to withstand the constant flexing of thousands of miles of driving without internal fatigue.

A child can see the difference!



Ask your Goodyear Dealer to show you the difference between Supertwist and ordinary cord on this cord-testing machine. You will see how, after a tension that leaves the ordinary cord lifeless, Supertwist keeps its life and spring, and how Supertwist has 60% *greater stretch* than ordinary cord

Under the heat and strain of normal usage, ordinary cord fabric grows "tired" and loses its strength.

The shock of chuckholes and sharp bumps may even rupture the casing and cause a blowout.

So you safeguard yourself against trouble and enjoy an added factor of safety when you use tires made with SUPERTWIST.

SUPERTWIST cord is Goodyear-developed, Goodyear-perfected, Goodyear-patented.

If your tire is *not* made with SUPERTWIST—it may be a different story.

It is one of the good reasons why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST

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Dangerous drafts cannot reach her

YOU OWE it to the children—and to yourself and guests—to protect your home against cold drafts at windows and doors.

You can do it easily, cheaply and permanently—with *Numetal* Weatherstrips. You can install them yourself, or a carpenter will do it at small cost. Installed without removing window sash or door. Invisible—but always on the job. They keep out rain and dust, prevent rattle, and pay for themselves by reducing your fuel bills.

The genuine have the name *Numetal* on every strip. Sold by hardware, lumber and building supply dealers. Ask your dealer, or use the coupon.

NUMETAL *is not a coil strip—but, highly tempered spring metal.*

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(Continued from Page 63)

antiquated roads have had something to do with this remarkable record—that motorists must drive slowly and pay attention to the road, or they cannot get to Yosemite at all. There may be something in that. It will be interesting to see if the record can be maintained, now that the roads are being improved, and in some instances paved. We are trying to eliminate dangerous turns and grades to make the roads safer. There is the possibility that they may become speedier and less safe.

Yellowstone National Park, the biggest unit in the park system, contains 3348 square miles and is almost as large as Delaware and Rhode Island combined. It has 302 miles of roads within its boundaries and originally built and still maintains fifty-eight miles of the east and south approach roads in Wyoming.

There have been some short sections of new roads constructed in this park in order to reduce grades and improve alignment, but in other respects there has been no change in the Yellowstone road system during the past twenty years. Approximately one-half of the system is included in what is known as the Grand Loop Road, which connects the principal features of the park: The Mammoth Hot Springs, the Norris, Lower and Upper—Old Faithful—Geyser Basins, Lake Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

Seventy miles of the park system connect this Grand Loop to the four main entrances of the park. The other roads are side-trip roads about the canyon, the geyser basins, and to the Cooke mining district outside the park. Another twenty miles connect the Gallatin Gateway with the western entrance. So far road building under our new program has been limited to improvement of the Grand Loop, the Cody, or eastern, approach to the Loop and the Gallatin Gateway road in the park. More than half the Grand Loop must be more or less rebuilt in order to reduce grades, widen the highway to full two-way-travel width, and to eliminate sharp and dangerous curves and put on a dust-proof surface under the California oil-mix paving system. The Cody road requires the expenditure of $1,000,000 to bring it up to modern standards and already this project is well under way.

There are about 1000 miles of trails in Yellowstone, and the country they traverse should be considered here. The roads reach not more than 350 square miles of the 3348 comprising the park, or only a little more than 10 per cent of the total area of the park. This means that in the Yellowstone there are approximately 3000 square miles of wilderness, accessible only by trail, and when we realize that a large part of the trail system was not built by man but by buffalo and elk, the wilderness character of this country becomes more apparent.

In the Two Ocean Country

It is possible for one to take a pack outfit at Camp Roosevelt in Yellowstone Park and start on the trail over Specimen Ridge to the buffalo range, thence to the Hoodoo country at the head of the Lamar, thence down Pelican Creek to Lake Yellowstone, thence around the lake to the head of the Yellowstone River, thence across Big Game Ridge, with its great views of the Tetons, thence into the Bechler River country and up the Bechler to Old Faithful, and only cross roads twice in this trip, which requires a month. The road crossings are in dense forests and a hundred yards on either side of the highway there is nothing to indicate that an automobile may be within a hundred miles of the pack train. Wild life abounds on these trails, fishing is as good as can be found anywhere, and the scenery is lovely. The thought of a road in this wild region is abhorrent to everybody who knows and loves that country, and it does not seem necessary even to think of any more roads, because already the park has more roads than the average motorist wants to use, and certainly all of the main features have been made easily and comfortably accessible.

Some of us even think that airplanes should avoid this wild Yellowstone country. It was thrilling to know that Lindbergh was winging his way over the Absarokas and across the park last September, and everybody appreciated his visiting the park, but it ought not to be on regular airplane routes.

There are bills pending in Congress providing for the revision of the boundaries of Yellowstone National Park and for the inclusion in the park of the famous Teton Mountains of the Jackson Hole country. These measures would add to the park the rugged mountains at the headwaters of the Lamar River and the extraordinary scenic region far back where the Absaroka Range joins the Continental Divide, and where the Yellowstone River rises at the feet of everlasting glaciers high on the slopes of Younts Peak. This is the Two Ocean Country, where trout pass from one ocean to the other, the Bridger Lake region, where moose abound, the Thorofare, with its far-flung tributaries and vast forests and big mountains and dizzy passes. No road should ever penetrate this section. It is the land of game trails, of pack outfits, of dude-ranch parties, of mountaineers, and with 500 square miles of the existing park, it comprises a wilderness unparalleled anywhere. The pending bills in Congress provide that no roads shall be constructed in this region when added to the park.

Open at All Times to All Comers

Yosemite is our most frequently visited national park. About 500,000 people visit this wonderland annually now, yet there are no more miles of road in the park than when it was visited by but 50,000 annually. The road-building program has been touched upon already. The park has 138 miles of highways, of which almost 100 miles were constructed by toll-road companies in the early days. The Yosemite Valley is of course the most distinguished feature of the park. This valley, only about ten square miles in area, lies in the midst of a high mountain park area of 1125 square miles. The ice-carved domes, spires, towers, arches and palisades of this incomparable valley are known the world over. It was a splendid thing for the people of our country that the pioneers, by the expenditure of large sums of money and almost superhuman effort, made the Yosemite Valley accessible to horse-drawn vehicles, so that the old, the weak and the very young might see this marvelously beautiful place. Today the valley is made accessible the year round by splendid paved highways, and the government roads in the valley itself are paved and are kept open through the winter as well as summer. Fine hotel and lodge facilities are available and there are accommodations for every purse. All this is as it should be. Yosemite Valley, like the geysers and canyon of the Yellowstone, should be open to all.

Glacier Point, above the rim of Yosemite Valley, is also accessible by road, and the spectacle of the valley from Overhanging Rock, 3200 feet above its floor, will never be denied to anyone. Likewise the Tioga Road cuts across the park from the heavily forested lands of the west boundary to the alpine summit of Tioga Pass near timber line, and so the rockbound lakes and glacial cirques of the high country are open also to the motorist and his friends who do not like to ride horseback or hike the trails, or for good reasons cannot take the slower, more intimate way of vacationing in the mountains.

What is left in the Yosemite for the person who seeks to avoid the noise and confusion of civilized methods of transportation? The answer is that nearly 90 per cent of Yosemite National Park can be reached only by trails. There are more than 600 miles of trails, and among them are some of the most spectacular and interesting trails of the world. First, there are the trails up the walls of the Yosemite Valley leading to the summit of Yosemite Falls, to Half Dome, to Glacier Point, to Clouds' Rest. Fine trails lead to the high Sierra country and in summer a chain of hikers' camps provides hospitable service to travelers along many of these mountain paths. A pack outfit or at least a burro is necessary, certainly advisable, to help one in getting into the more remote regions. The Tuolumne Canyon, which leads one from the region of Tioga Pass and Mount Lyell to the Hetch Hetchy, is a remarkable gorge full of waterfalls and stupendous cliffs, and beyond the Tuolumne northward to the park line is a rugged country, 300 square miles in extent, far from any highway. Jack Main Canyon, Benson Lake, Tiltill Valley, Pate Valley—these are all names familiar only to the mountaineering-club people, the rangers and the other classes of visiting folks who love the remote places of the national parks. Yosemite's back country is a vast region of supreme beauty and one can travel for days on its trails without seeing a soul.

What of the Grand Canyon National Park in Arizona? When this park was established there was a system of old wagon roads built many years ago by prospectors, cattlemen and the early providers of stage and hotel service at the canyon. On the north rim there were a few miles of road not passable to automobiles. About eighty-two miles of road could be used, of which eight miles was the total length of modern improved highway, and this was built by the railroad between El Tovar, the famous hostelry on the south rim, and Hermit Rest, westward eight miles, and the point from which the Hermit Trail descends into the canyon. The Federal Government had not spent a dollar on Grand Canyon roads at that time. The present road program contemplates the improvement of the existing roads and the construction of approximately seventy miles of new roads, but when this work is completed only a small portion of the north and south rims of the canyon will be accessible to automobiles. There will remain upward of 100 miles of rim that can be reached only by trail. There will be roads eastward from El Tovar on the south rim to Grand View, Desert View, and on to the reservation of the Western Navahoes, and westward to Hermit Rest and Havasu Canyon. On the north rim there will be newly constructed roads to Cape Royal, Point Imperial and Point Sublime, running east and west from the new Grand Canyon Lodge on Bright Angel Point.

The Grand Canyon in Miniature

No further plans for the park contemplate a road into the Grand Canyon itself, where flows the Colorado River, nearly one mile below the south rim and more than one mile beneath the north rim. It is doubtful whether a road could be built into the canyon on satisfactory standards, but the prohibitive cost is something that the Federal Treasury could not be called upon to bear within the lives of even the young folks of today. A bridge across the Colorado at Lees Ferry not far east of the park will serve to bring more and more people from rim to rim and will give a glimpse of the canyon country from below the rims, but it is safe to predict that within the park there will never be a highway below the rims.

There is one new project that merits mention, and that is the proposal to build a road into Havasu Canyon, formerly known as Cataract Canyon, which lies some fifty miles west of El Tovar. Havasu Canyon is a gorge very much smaller than the Grand Canyon, but is nevertheless a deep and exceedingly spectacular tributary to the main canyon. Nowhere can one descend below the rim and get impressions so similar to the views within the Grand Canyon itself as in Havasu Canyon.

Glacier National Park in Montana is known as the saddle-horse park. More than 800 saddle horses are in use in Glacier

(Continued on Page 68)

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right from the juicy center of the field-ripened fruit!

A color photograph

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2 tablespoons gelatine
½ cup water
2 cups cream
½ cup cocoanut
½ cup Hawaiian Pineapple juice (hot)
3-4 slices Hawaiian Pineapple cut into pieces
1 cup dates

Soak gelatine in water. Add hot pineapple juice. Set aside to cool. Whip cream and when gelatine has begun to thicken fold in cream and other ingredients. Place in large mold or individual molds, chill until set. Turn out molds, garnish with sliced pineapple, dates and whipped cream

Portions—Six Time to Make—30 Minutes

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(Continued from Page 66

Park during the height of the season. Thousands of people go to Glacier every summer because they want to get away from roads. Though there are about 200 miles of roads in the Glacier Park program, of which only about ten miles remain to be built, like the highways of most of the other parks, much of the system has to be rebuilt on modern standards. On the east side of the park the original roads were built by the Great Northern Railroad, and with the exception of some short spurs, these sections have been rebuilt with state and Federal coöperation. Within a few months it will be possible to go from Glacier Park Station on the railroad to the Canadian line on a new crushed-rock-surfaced road. However, on the west side of the park, along the North Fork of the Flathead River, roads built many years ago by homesteaders and other pioneers are still in wretched condition.

Only one new road project was ever planned by the National Park Service. This was the transmountain highway which is to traverse Glacier Park from east to west via Logan Pass. At the present time, in order to get across the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the park, automobiles must be shipped on the train. It is necessary to go north into Canada to get over a pass by motor. It seemed necessary to build one through highway and the route selected was splendid from every standpoint. It will be one of the scenic highways of the world. It will have cost $2,000,000 when completed.

In the northern part of Colorado, Rocky Mountain National Park sits astride the Continental Divide just as Glacier Park does in the far north. The finest scenic regions of the Colorado Rockies are preserved in the park. Formed by the forces of Nature in a manner totally different from the building of Glacier Park, it presents to administrators similar problems of development. The mountains of the park are of granite, the elevation above the sea is very high, the country is rugged in the extreme. There are few valleys which would provide routes for roads. The National Park Service could not build roads into many sections of this great park if its policies called for extensive highway construction and funds were available to build them.

A Road Above the Clouds

On the eastern side of the mountains lie several beautiful open park areas, many of them justly famous—Estes Park, Moraine Park, Horseshoe Park and several others. These are all accessible by means of good roads originally built by the early settlers and much improved by the National Park Service. On the west side there are Grand Lake, largest lake in Colorado, and the valley of the North Fork of the Colorado, which heads far up into the Never Summer Range and into the peaks of the backbone of the park. This side of the park has good roads, and a fine new highway over Berthoud Pass, built by the state with Federal-aid funds, affords easy access to it from Denver and the east and south. A few years ago, under an agreement with the United States, the state of Colorado finished a road from Grand Lake to Estes Park, connecting the two sides of the park via Milner Pass. This is the Fall River Road, and is one of the highest-altitude roads in the world. It crosses the Rockies at 11,797 feet. It is a thrilling highway, and one that is well worth while. It gives everybody an opportunity to see the top of the Rockies and the tremendous power of the elements in the high places where the storm king holds sway nine months in the year. Such a road is necessary in Rocky Mountain National Park, but only one such road need ever be built.

The future road-building program for this park provides for improvement of the alignment, grade and curvature of this transmountain highway, and to carry out this work it will be necessary to abandon part of the present road. When completed, the new Fall River Road will be one of the most-talked-of motor routes of America. Nothing else is contemplated in this park in the way of new highways except some stub roads into three or four rockbound valleys on the east side of the range, where glimpses of the high country beyond can be obtained by those who cannot venture there and where bases for sturdier climbers can be provided. Bear Lake, Fern Lake and the east end of Wild Basin will some day have good roads, and they will contribute pleasure to thousands of real mountain-loving people, while the casual tourist, racing through the country, will pass quickly over the Continental Divide on the Fall River Road and hurry on to other scenes. When these roads are built the park, with nearly 400 square miles of area, will be the proud possessor of just 71.2 miles of road, or about twenty-five miles more than when the park was dedicated in 1915.

For years past Mount Rainier Park has had only twenty-one miles of safe, usable highway —the road up the Nisqually River past Longmire Station to Paradise Valley. Short alternate routes near Rickseker Point and Narada Falls added three miles to this total. All travel to charming Paradise Valley has had to come and go over the same road, and for years part of the road was controlled so as to admit traffic in one direction only, cars going up on the hour and down on the half hour, with strict checking by telephone. The road has now been widened and is being surfaced with crushed rock and oil. Two short roads in the Carbon and White rivers sections of the park added fifteen miles to the system. These roads will soon be abandoned.

Roads to Every Corner

The engineers of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads and the National Park Service, including those of the Landscape Department, have worked out a road system for Mount Rainier Park that contemplates connecting the several corners of the park. The West Side project will join the Nisqually Road to a state highway near Fairfax on the Carbon River, the Stevens Canyon Road will ultimately connect with the state highway running eastward through Cayuse Pass to the Yakima country and Eastern Washington, and this in turn will connect with the Yakima Park road in the White River section of the park, which will replace the old mining road to Glacier Basin. This sounds like a big program, and it is as ambitious as any park-road-construction plan we have, but after all it will make only fourteen square miles of the 325 square miles in the park available for intensive development.

The reason for this is that the character of the country is such that, even though the roads will traverse many ridges and deep valleys, motorists must pass on to the relatively level alpine park lands for camping and recreation. Fourteen square miles seems to be about all of the park terrain along all proposed and existing roads that can be used for housing, feeding and camping accommodations.

The most beautiful park lands are destined to be left in isolation far away from the roads. Let us trace the wilderness areas beginning at Paradise Valley, which is now the best-known part of Rainier Park. West and north from Paradise to Sunset Park the mountain, forest and glacier areas will be touched only by trails. These include Cushman Crest, Van Trump Park, Kautz Creek Basin, Indian Henry and Tum Tum Peak regions, the Tahoma Glacier system, Emerald Ridge, St. Andrews Park, Klapatche Park, and all of the upper part of Sunset Park, including the Puyallup and South Mowich Glaciers and the North Mowich Glacier system.

There will be no road across the northern part of the park, nor in the northwest corner. Therefore the wilderness region will include the Mother Mountain Range, Eunice Lake Basin, the Carbon Valley, the Elysian Fields, Moraine Park, Mystic Lake Park, Sluiskin Mountain, the Chenuis Range, the Winthrop Branch of the White, Berkeley Park, White River Park, and a vast area of unnamed peaks and valleys. This northern area alone covers more than 100 square miles, and not a foot of it will be developed. Southward from the White River and Yakima Park road is another vast region marked for complete protection from development of any kind. This embraces Goat Island Mountain, Summerland, the Cowlitz Chimneys, the Owyhigh Lakes Basin, the great valley of the Ohanepecosh, Cowlitz Park and Stevens Ridge, and the entire Tatoosh Range. About 90 per cent of the park will remain an untouched wilderness.

Zion National Park presents one of our most spectacular road-building undertakings. To make this colorful canyon accessible it was necessary to build eight miles of road from the floor of Zion Canyon eastward to connect with the highway to Bryce Canyon and Grand Canyon Parks, but this new highway will lead eastward through a small side gorge and will not in any way affect the landscape of the walls of the main canyon, which so much resembles the Yosemite Valley. The cost of eight miles of road was $1,700,000, which in itself is sufficient answer why we cannot build many roads into the mountains. More than a mile of this road is a tunnel blasted in the solid rock of the cliff, with windows and galleries overlooking the surrounding cliffs—a most spectacular route. This road building brings the total length of roads in Zion Park to fifteen miles, which is all the park will have. The main canyon is accessible to everybody by a road five miles in length which ends at the Temple of Sinawava, from which a trail a mile in length leads to the Narrows, where the walls of the canyon come so closely together that one must ride in the river if he would ascend horseback up the gorge to the higher country. We plan to build trails to the east and west rims of the canyon, and the only way these vantage points may be reached will be on foot or on horseback.

From Tree to Tree

Sequoia and General Grant National parks in California are known as the big-tree parks, because within their forests are the largest and oldest trees in the world. The Giant Forest in Sequoia Park and the General Grant Grove in the smaller park are both reached by excellent highways, and good camp grounds are available on the outskirts of the sequoia forests as well as lodge facilities for the motorists who do not bring their own supplies and equipment. The highway program for these parks provides for a connection between them to be known as the Generals' Highway, because it will join the General Sherman Tree in the Giant Forest to the General Grant Tree in the other park some thirty miles distant.

There will doubtless be a highway into the Kings River Canyon, destined to be in a national-park status before long; but the high country of the Kings and Kern and Kaweah rivers, often called the Alps of America, will be wilderness areas for ages to come. Here are peaks more than 13,000 feet in altitude, including Mount Whitney, 14,501 feet, and highest in the United States, outside of Alaska.

This, then, is our great heritage of primeval America. Fortunate it is that Americans have awakened to the importance of their wilderness areas before they were entirely destroyed, as has happened in practically all civilized countries. The American wilderness is one that can be enjoyed by all during the summer months, yet one that defies the ingenuity of mankind much of the year when it is guarded by the legions of winter. I look upon this as an act of Providence which forbids man from binding our most gigantic mountains with ribbons of pavement and which gives the wilderness the better half of the year to reclaim her own. It holds new life for those with adventure enough in their souls to look behind the highways.

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ELSPETH COMES OUT

(Continued from Page 23)

says, Mr. Mazos. He really doesn't know a thing about art. He always says he's perfectly contented to leave that to me"

After one long, contemptuous glance at this vessel of the spirit of art, Mazos turned back to his canvas.

"Yes," he mused, "here is probably the best thing I shall do in America. Of course the girl herself is so explicitly beautiful. Look at her as she stands over there—she's as much a part of the *quattrocento* as falconry." He turned to Elspeth at this point and remarked, with one of his rare smiles, "You are really the only woman I ever saw who looked as if she ought to be holding a falcon on her wrist."

"A falcon!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyken, and I saw a gleam, almost morbid in its intensity, light those brilliant brown eyes. "Why, isn't that a pet?"

"The falcon is the famous hunting bird of the past," explained the artist with a bored air. "It would be rather belittling to call it a pet. It is too useful."

"Yes," pleaded Mrs. Lyken, "but it could be one, couldn't it?"

"I dare say one might grow very fond of the bird," yielded he at last.

I watched my employer closely. Not yet did I understand the breathless excitement with which she hung upon each response of the artist.

I was still groping when she asked, "And where can you get them—these falcons?"

"Oh, I don't know. They still practice falconry in England and France and you ought to be able to get them on the other side"

A look of infinite peace descended upon Mrs. Lyken. It was as if the dove and not the falcon hovered over her with its tender brooding wings.

"Elspeth," said she solemnly, "we shall get you a falcon. It will simply be the making of you."

x

IT WAS not until after dinner that I grasped the significance of putting that ancient improvement, the falcon, into Lyken Hold.

"Isn't it strange," remarked my employer when I went to her rooms to consult her about something, "that Mr. Mazos should have spoken of falcons just when we need something like that so much?"

"Why do we need them?" inquired I curiously.

"Why, Mr. Decke said to me the other day that if we could only think up some kind of novel pet for Elspeth, it would be one of the surest ways of getting her picture in every society magazine and Sunday supplement.

"Well, neither of us could hit on a single thing. Lizards are old—so are ichneumons. The great trouble with marmosets is that somebody is always sitting on them and killing them. As for snakes—well, they are so unpleasant—even if they were new. But a falcon! Why, don't you see, Mrs. Pemberton, it's the very thing!"

I knew enough of the ways of publicity to agree with her, and it was I, in fact, who amplified the possibilities of falconry at Lyken Hold.

"Why don't you get a number of birds when you are in Europe?" I asked one day. "If you did that and hired a regular falconer, Elspeth could have some hunts out here and invite all her friends. Besides, you and Mr. Lyken would come in for the publicity."

She snatched at the idea, and when just one week later she and her husband started off for a cruise on the Nike, I felt sure that the sense of her lofty errand did much to support her flagging spirits. Even so, it was a martyred figure that was driven down to board that million-dollar yacht. Nor did Lucy, her English maid, present any comic relief as, in a car with Mr. Lyken's valet, she followed her mistress. For Lucy had been told that Mrs. Lyken was bad every day at sea and she viewed with a natural apprehension the prospect of tending this water lily.

The Nike did not come back for two months. During that time Elspeth and I were left alone in the great house, now more than ever like Sleeping Beauty's enchanted palace. Throughout these weeks all the mail passed through my hands, and even without the advantage of Elspeth's confidence, I should have realized that Melville Laird was writing to the girl every day.

She frequently mentioned the boy, but it was not for some weeks that she referred to Christopher Lovegrove. We were driving together that day and an errand in the village brought us directly opposite the Lovegrove store.

Elspeth stared fixedly at the jumbled merchandise in the windows and for a minute the stare betrayed nothing. Then I saw her eyes harden, her lips resolve into a derisive smile. It was as if she saw before her again that figure with the stuffed owl and the trailing portières.

"And to think of him trying to make society!" I heard her whisper at last.

I was horrified. Her tones were exactly those of her mother when the latter referred to "horrible climbers."

"Elspeth," cried I sharply, "do you know you're positively hateful!"

She looked at me with a vicious tightening of the underlip.

"Am I not?" she assented. "Still, it's really too much, when I think of how he looked the last time we saw him."

"What's too much?"

"Why, that Melville's cousin, Agnes Duchois, should have taken him up. Imagine! Agnes Duchois, the very most upstage girl at Barrett. Why, I'll never forget the way she once said about Doris Knaben, 'Pooh, that girl! She'll not even make Southampton.'"

"And how has she taken up young Lovegrove?"

"Well, Melville said this morning that Agnes and her best friend had been up at the lodge and that they both think this—this—Lovegrove is a knock-out. He tells me that Agnes has actually promised to go to the Yale-Harvard game with him."

I surveyed the girl with positive dislike. "Oh," said I maliciously, "he'll find it all very easy, will young Lovegrove. Any handsome young college man can get into society, whereas a girl may fail absolutely."

She made no reply, and throughout the drive back to Lyken Hold she said hardly a word. When we entered the house she went straight to her rooms, and for several days afterward I was allowed to taste the bitter waters of solitude.

When she did soften, however, it was with such complete abandonment to her mood that I forgot the days of my neglect in that charm which Elspeth Lyken knew so well how to exert. Coming downstairs one morning, to find me in the living room, she walked over and linked her arm through mine.

"Come take a walk," she urged with the most affectionate of glances. Then, as I stiffened, she pitted a caressing smile against the frown of those delicate brows. "You're such a darling, Mrs Pemberton," she cried—"such a darling! How can one resist you? Yet one really should, you know. You're an undermining influence and I mustn't be weakened."

Her tone was light, but there was an undercurrent of truth in those playful words which flashed to the surface in her next speech.

"I've got to make a success of my job," she announced, "and I can't be annoyed by the higher point of view. So lay off of it, Mrs. Pemberton. This morning we're going to read this." And she pulled from under her arm a fat red book. Glancing at the title, I read, The Art and Practice of Hawking

That morning launched the girl on a long and absorbing inquiry. No German savant poring over his cuneiform tablets could have presented, indeed, a more affecting example of the scholarly temperament consecrated to its chosen task than did Elspeth reading one of her tomes on falconry.

"Isn't it the most fascinating vocabulary!" she exclaimed one day, looking up from a fresh source of intoxication. "'Bousing' for 'sipping water,' 'jouking' for 'sleeping' and 'enduing' for 'digesting.'"

So well did Elspeth "endue" this strange and flavorous idiom that by the time the Nike returned she was able to greet Mr. Twombly Pigrim, the falconer, in a language that protected her from any eavesdropper in the land. Never shall I forget the rapt expression with which she surveyed those seven peregrine hawks clasping the screen perch with their saffron talons—I mean, of course, their "petty singles."

"Oh, Mr. Pigrim," cried she, "how perfectly wonderful! Are they eyasses or haggards?"

The ruddy, thick-set falconer surveyed her with amazement. It was evident that his cruise with the Lykens had prepared him for no such erudition. He replied that they were the latter, that they had been caught at their first migration, but Elspeth hardly waited for this information. She was clasping her hands in admiration of the last hawk on the perch.

"And you've brought me a tercel!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how marvelous!"

Personally, I saw in that solitary male hawk no reason for excessive self-felicitation. Yet Mr. Pigrim found in her prompt recognition of the tercel a basis of unexpected companionship.

"Yes," said he proudly, "Captain Kidd's a wonderful bird. But the best of them all is that lady there—the one that's rousing now." Here he pointed to a falcon in the act of shaking herself—one which, even in such highly competitive society, would have been remarked for her ferocious expression. "She's named Boadicea," announced the falconer, "and you may well say she lives up to her title. Oh, yes, she's a warrior queen. Yet gentle as a dove when you know her. The others come to the lure, but she comes to the wrist."

Elspeth regarded the ferocious-looking peregrine with hungry eyes.

"And when do you think I can handle her myself?" asked she.

"That all depends," retorted Mr. Pigrim. "A hawk has to know you love her. That's the whole secret."

He little realized then the ardor upon which he could count, but later he was to discover those almost inexhaustible wells of sentiment. Every available minute Elspeth spent with the falconer and his charges. At the end of a short time she was holding Boadicea on her wrist, had learned to hood and unhood her with remarkable rapidity, and was tying her to a peg with a falconer's knot truly professional in character.

It was at this point of proficiency that Stacker Decke was called in. Already one of the society pages had imparted this information:

> Mr and Mrs James C Lyken have just returned to their Long Island estate after a cruise in their yacht Nike. Mr and Mrs Lyken, who will occupy, after September fifteenth, their new home on Fifth Avenue have brought with them from England a number of falcons under the charge of Mr. Twombly Pigrim, late falconer of the famous Yew Club Mr and Mrs. Lyken are planning to revive on this side the ancient sport of kings, and in the future we may expect to hear of many hunting parties that will recall those picturesque days when knights and ladies with falcons on their wrists set out from their turreted castles to the chase.

This paragraph represented, however, only one timid gesture of the snowplow which Stacker had guaranteed to imitate. His real clearing processes were to come later, and the first of these occurred in the form of interviewers. At the instigation of Stacker, these came from Sunday newspaper magazines and from society publications, and although in many cases they were accompanied by their own photographers, we did not need this latter service. For already we had engaged Rappello to come to Lyken Hold.

Rappello is an aristocrat of the camera whose signature is now affixed to likenesses of many of the most fashionable members of society. His charges were very high, yet it proved to be an excellent investment. No newspaper photographer could have possibly approximated those beautiful portraits of the *quattrocento* girl with Boadicea on her wrist which, published some weeks later, created a flurry on even the least sensitive surfaces of the fashionable world.

Yes, Elspeth's publicity may have been delayed, but there was unquestioned dramatic virtue in this fact. One might say, indeed, that almost immediately the falcon brought down her quarry. But no; I apologize to Elspeth and Mr. Pigrim for my amateurish speech. I mean, of course, that she "bound to" her quarry.

XI

BUT I must not anticipate. The success of this first publicity of our prospective debutante was not realized until later. In the meanwhile we had moved into our Fifth Avenue mansion, designed by the aristocratic yet gifted architect, Mr. Stone Laird, and furnished by the gifted yet democratic decorator, Mr. Charlois Verlaine. For two years the latter had been pillaging Europe in the interests of the Lykens, and his activities during that period would have made those of the old Venetian sea captains seem absolutely bashful.

Floors and ceilings and mantels had been brought over from celebrated manorial halls of England to grace our largest rooms. Paintings and furniture and bric-a-brac were gathered from both East and West. Fine rugs had been specially woven for us on the looms of France, and for several years foreign lace makers had been at work on a single banquet cloth which, with its accompanying napkins, cost more than thirty thousand dollars.

I had been given glimpses of this house throughout the summer, when, during Mrs. Lyken's absence, it was necessary to consult with Mr. Verlaine. But even so, I was unprepared for the finished abode which greeted me on that September day. Certainly if Aladdin's genie had been summoned here he would have found himself as completely out of work as a teacher of skiing in Calcutta.

Imagine, for example, the embarrassement of this functionary if he had ever contemplated the Lyken closets. For here Mrs. Crocker had preceded him. This lady specializes on the fittings of closets, and there is no fine shade of meaning which she cannot wring from a simple little dress hanger, no finesse of which she believes a shoe-tree incapable. Her establishment spent a year in making irreproachable these coverts of the Lyken home, and the only skeleton accommodated was a bill of sixteen thousand dollars

All these closets were equipped with many hangers, each covered with an imported pink-and-silver lame and each topped by handmade flowers of chiffon The long curtains were of the same exquisite fabric and over these trailed garlands of those patiently wrought chiffon blooms. Yet glamorous as were these retreats of the wardrobe, their glory paled before the pomp of the linen closet.

Imagine a room larger than the one in which the average family spends its time Fancy it lined from top to bottom with glass-covered shelves. Conceive these shelves divided into sections determined by the character and function of the linen. And even at this point prod the faltering fancy to higher flights. For to every bundle

(Continued on Page 74)

There is something quite remarkable about the easy-riding comfort of the new Ford

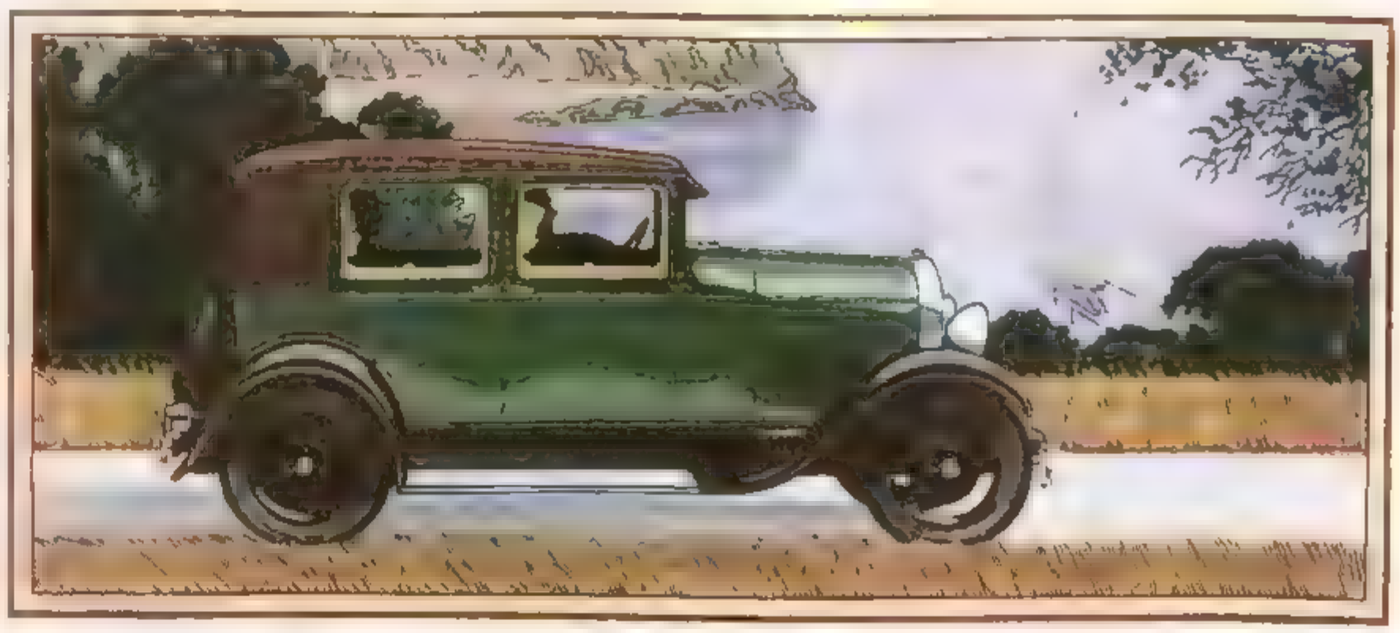
WHEN you see the new Ford you are impressed instantly by its low, trim, graceful lines and the beauty of its two-tone color harmonies.

As you watch it in traffic, on hills, and on the open road you can note how quickly it accelerates and get some idea, too, of the speed and power of its 40-horse-power engine.

But only by driving the new Ford yourself can you fully appreciate the easy-riding comfort which is such an outstanding feature of this great new car.

There is really something quite remarkable about the way that even rough roads may be taken at a fast pace in the new Ford without hard jolts or bumps or the exaggerated bouncing rebound which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

One reason, of course, is the fact that the new Ford is equipped with four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers—two front and two rear. Yet even these shock absorbers of themselves do not account for the complete riding comfort of the new Ford.



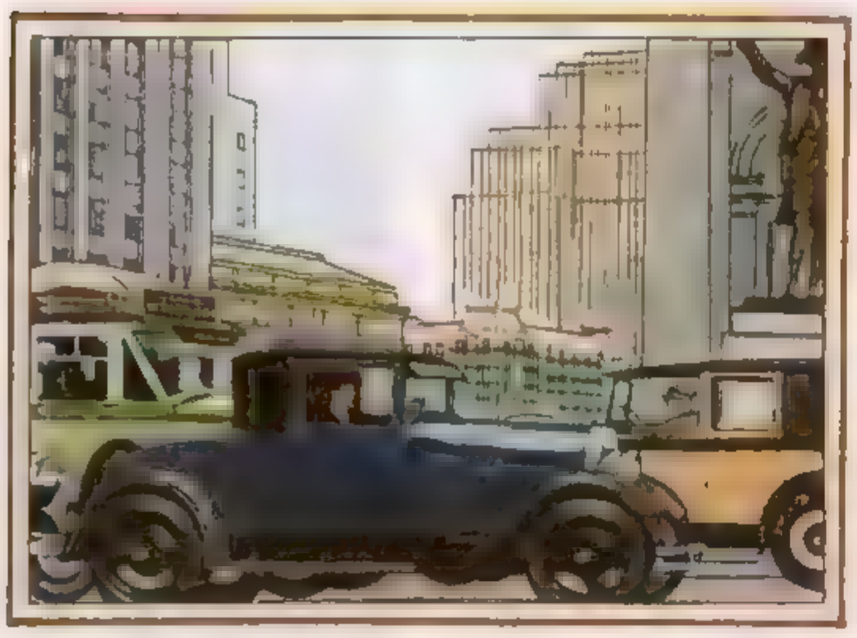
Shown here is the new Fordor Sedan in the beautiful new balsam green color.

Equally important is the low center of gravity and the low ratio of unsprung weight to sprung weight, due principally to the design and construction of the new transverse springs.

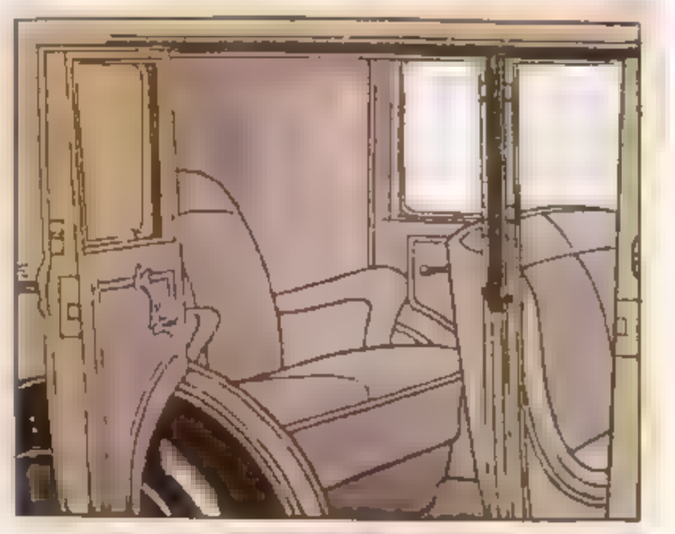
The riding quality of any car, as you may know, depends to a great extent upon the ratio of the weight carried above the flexible ends of the springs (the sprung weight) to the weight carried below the flexible ends of the springs (the unsprung weight).

Unsprung weight is, in effect, a hammer with which every unevenness encountered by the wheels deals a blow against the sprung weight of the car. The flexible ends of the springs must absorb these blows if the car is to ride comfortably.

It follows that the lower the proportion of unsprung weight, the less violent will be the hammer blows delivered against the frame, body and motor of the car.

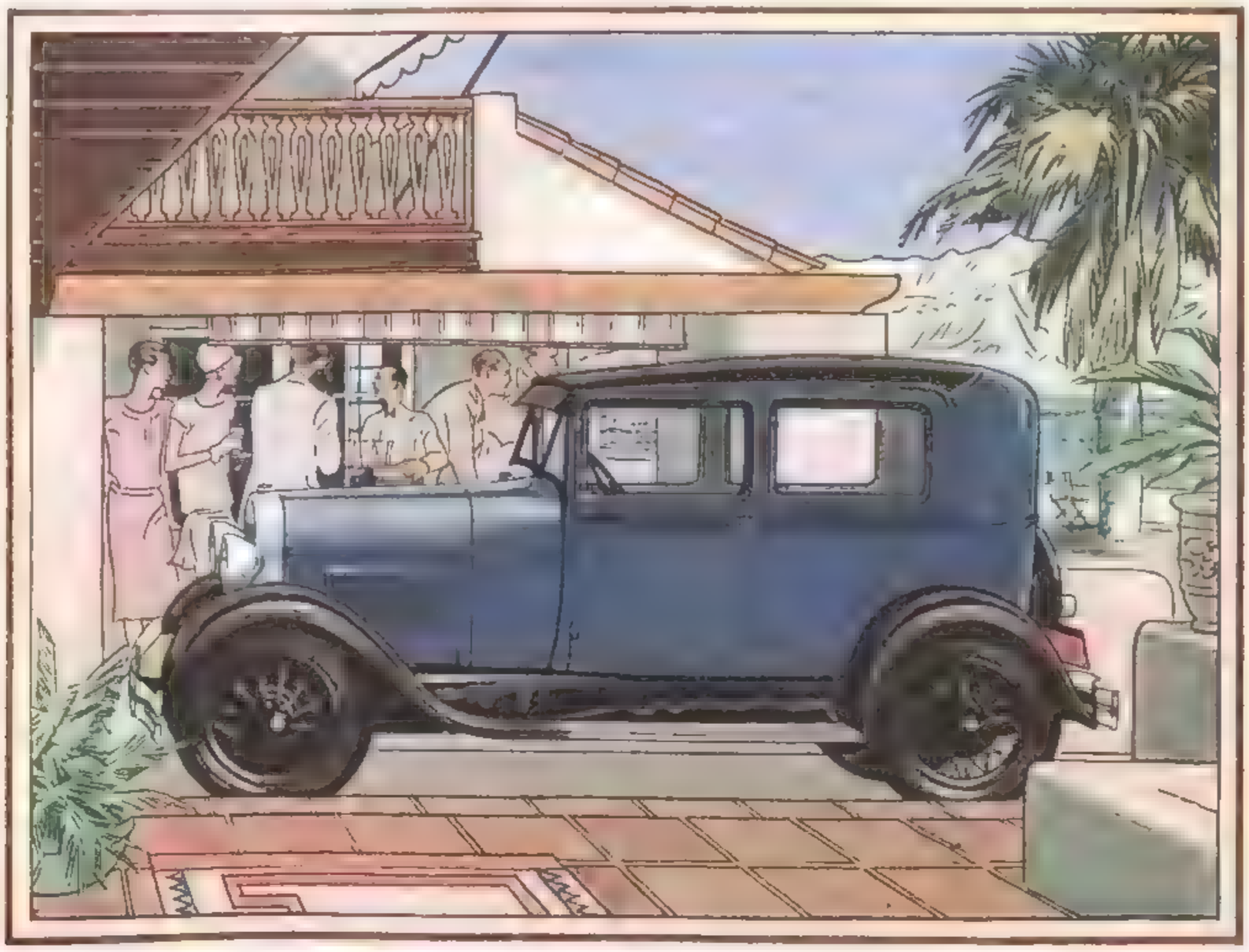


The Ford Business Coupe—a splendid car for constant use in all kinds of weather. The body has been specially designed to meet the needs of business executives, salesmen and physicians.



The luxurious finish of the new Fordor Sedan is comparable to that of a custom built car. Note the lounge seat and convenient arm rests

You ride in real comfort when you ride in this new Ford Tudor Sedan. Built to accommodate five people without crowding. A great family car because of its speed, safety, restful riding ease, reliability, low first cost and low cost of operation and up-keep



FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines

Choice of colors

55 to 65 miles an hour 40 horse-power

Remarkable acceleration

Mechanical, internal expanding four-wheel brakes and separate emergency brakes (all fully enclosed)

New transverse springs

Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers

20 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline

Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield

Reliability and low up-keep cost

Here you can see the advantage of the transverse type of spring used in the new Ford. In this design the springs rest on their flexible ends with the heavy center part uppermost. The weight of the springs, therefore, becomes part of the sprung weight instead of the unsprung weight and the force of road shocks is thereby reduced.

Unsprung weight is further reduced in the new Ford car because the rear spring shackles are attached to the axle housing almost directly over the rear wheel bearings. This means that the rear axle housing carries very little of the body load and can consequently be made entirely of forged steel, yet kept comparatively light in weight.

Furthermore, all road shocks are imparted at the outer flexible end of the spring instead of the middle. The most sensitive part of the spring receives the shock first, diminishing the effects of sharp impacts before they reach the sprung weight of the car.

In front, as in back, the new Fordor Sedan is a comfortable, roomy car Rich simplicity is evident in every detail of finish and appointment

Rebound of the springs to such impacts is controlled by the Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, which have been specially designed for the new Ford.

They give the springs a free range of action when the car is being driven over smooth highways. Yet there is instant shock absorbing effect as soon as the car encounters any bump or rut in the road.

You'll like the ease of getting in and out of this Tudor Sedan Both front seats fold forward

Because these shock absorbers operate on the principle of hydraulic resistance they are simple in construction and require little attention . . . merely filling the reservoir with commercial glycerine every 5000 to 10,000 miles. The usual 500-mile lubrication will keep the shock absorber connecting links working smoothly and silently.

All shock absorbers are set at the Ford factory and should not require adjustment except to take care of seasonal changes in temperature.

However, when adjustments are necessary they can be made easily and quickly by turning the indicator which is in plain sight on the side of the shock absorber.

If you want more shock absorbing action, you turn the indicator back toward 1. If you want to tighten up on your shock absorbers, you turn the indicator toward 8. A slight movement either way makes a big difference.

All of the features mentioned above have a direct and very definite bearing on the easy-riding comfort of the new Ford.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

Buffing and finishing Conklin pens

ARE you one of the many who have been wanting to give or have a fountain pen that is so richly beautiful as to be a perpetual inspiration and delight and yet not ostentatious nor intrusive—a pen that harmonizes with worth, dignity and good taste? Then ask your pen dealer to show you the new Conklin Black and Gold. It's a Conklin Endura covered by an unconditional and perpetual guarantee of free service Like the other Conklin Enduras in Blue, Green, Red, Black, Mahogany, it is sensibly priced at $5 and $7. Pencils to match $3 50 and $4. Other Conklin pens $2.75, $3, $3 50 and more. Pencils $1, $2 50 and more. In stores that make a home for pen and pencil quality

PENS • PENCILS • SETS
DESK SETS • LEADS

The Conklin Pen Company

TOLEDO, OHIO

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Conklin
ENDURA
Serves Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

(Continued from Page 71)

of linen Mrs. Crocker had supplied a wide blue ribbon and every ribbon was topped by a cluster of handmade chiffon roses.

As to the character of that merchandise, everything was of the finest, the silkiest, the costliest. For example, there were the top sheets, made to turn down over their humbler associates of plain linen. These had been prepared for a public career by the lacemakers of France, and not only did they show great wide-top borders of real *filet* and Venise but they repeated the lace at the sides. And into each of the top borders had been woven with exquisite skill Mrs. Lyken's initials.

Nor did this—the most voluptuous linen closet ever existing in New York—represent merely a qualitative interest. It was quantitative as well. An idea of this fact may be gained from the brood of four hundred towels resting under various flower-decked blue ribbons. This figure, too, did not include the servants' linen closet on the third floor. For in this latter place the towel family was as prolific as the guinea-pig family. A progeny of six hundred was placed at the disposal of 'Arry and 'Arriet.

It goes without saying that the Muses were not lightly dismissed in this Fifth Avenue abode. On the first floor there was an enormous library where, under a groined ceiling that had once heard the voice of Cromwell, in company with a Stuart, a Sir Joshua Reynolds and a Vandyke, thousands of costly editions selected by Mr. Verlaine left the beholder in no doubt as to the inclinations of the owners. Indeed, Mrs. Lyken was very fond of coming to this room, where she was wont to survey the bindings with the most doting of smiles. It was the most authentic case of calf love I have ever seen.

This library allied itself with the grand piano of the drawing-room upstairs. It was a very large grand piano, yet its area had not been able to swerve the Lykens from paying tribute to the Muses. They had every inch of it plated in gold. Yes, and they had gone even further. They had equipped it with a swarm of golden Cupids that smiled down inanely upon the *petit-point* chairs—each valued at eight thousand dollars—and upon a rose-colored rug specially woven in France at a cost of many more thousands.

Perhaps it was no wonder that in these new surroundings Mrs. Lyken seemed to find herself more than ever a prey to fears. Truly, in fact, there was nothing here to foster self-confidence. Even a woman born to moderate wealth might have experienced misgivings as to whether her own conduct could possibly approach that of her furniture. As for poor Mrs. Lyken, she patently found in her gold piano, her thirty-odd-thousand-dollar lace banquet cloth and her calf and morocco bindings so many ogres to frighten her pet tableaus away. And each time that she tried to think of herself as Mrs. James Lyken, mistress of the handsomest home in New York and leader of fashionable society, that importunate lodger of her inner being, Fear, nudged her with the words: "Are you doing the right thing?"

This attitude is summed up in one particular incident that emerges from the past to evoke a smile, not of derision but of profound pity, for the ignoble misgivings by which so much of this woman's great force was wasted. One morning, just after we had settled in the New York residence, she arose in time to see the chambermaid making up her husband's rooms. These fronted on Fifth Avenue and the windows were, as a matter of course, open. No sooner had she noticed this fact than an expression of childlike fear clouded her eyes. For a moment she did not speak. When she did so, her voice descended to a whisper.

"Patsy," said she, "the windows! Ought they to be open? Are you sure people do that on Fifth Avenue?"

And had Patsy not come to us from that veteran of Gotham society, Mrs. Armington Squibbs, Sr., my employer might still be challenging fresh air as one of the gross improprieties of Fifth Avenue.

It was not entirely due to the magnificence of her abode that one had to trace my employer's intimidation. The feeling that now for the first time her tableaus had to be squared with real life—this undoubtedly contributed to her uneasiness. As long as she was in a hotel suite or able to blame her own isolation upon that of Lyken Hold, it was all very well to pretend that when she got into her permanent city home she would immediately claim her rightful position.

But now she was here, and her comforting world of silver paper and tinsel would no longer offer her sanctuary. She had to make good.

And the outlook was so bleak. True, Stacker Decke had seen to it that the society editors announced that she was established in her magnificent home. But these announcements fell on a heedless world. For, after all, who in New York society was there to be interested save Mrs. Quentin Van Feder Nest, and she was held only by the fragile bond of that ten-thousand-dollar check to her pet charity.

Remembering Mrs. Nest's words about "steeple jacks climbing by daylight," and guided by my long association with Mrs. Cuttle, I counseled my employer not to force the situation.

"They'll come in time," promised I. "In the meantime be patient, and most of all, pretend that you're indifferent. And remember that if they don't come to you, they will to Elspeth. That girl is going to make her way."

Since Elspeth's conquest of young Melville Laird, her mother's attitude had preserved that same respect which I have recorded. In this beautiful girl who had supplanted the plain and gawky child, in this fledgling social warrior who had succeeded the balky mutineer, my employer found, indeed, a source of real pride. Yet mixed with this was the same emotion which I first saw flash across her face at Mr. Laird's mention of Elspeth's beauty. Her attitude was crystallized in a sudden tightening of the lips as she heard my advice.

"I don't have to wait for Elspeth," she announced stubbornly. "And some of these days very soon I'm going to give a luncheon."

"And whom are you going to ask?" inquired I quite gently.

"Well, Mrs. Nest and Mrs. Saxon Plume—only this morning Mrs. Plume called me up and said she did hope to see me very soon."

"H'm," I commented. "She's president of the board of the Home for Disabled Cooks, isn't she?"

She turned on me a sudden fiery look. "I don't care who she is or what she wants!" she flashed out. "I've got to get her for my luncheon if it costs me five thousand dollars for her old disabled cooks."

The unexpected honesty of a soul which, finding no further sanctuary in its illusions, is brought to face its own desperate need—this moved me more than anything she had ever said to me. The very next day I went to two old friends of Mrs. Cuttle who lived on the same Fifth Avenue block as did the Lykens and begged them to call on my new employer. One of them, the gentle Mrs. Gamble Green, promised to do so immediately. The other, Mrs. Harry Blandisher, told me frankly that she would wait to see how she came out on the funds for her charity bazaar.

In the meantime Mrs. Lyken had got into communication with Isobel Torrence, that *déclassée* member of society whom Mrs. Lyken had singled out among all her Long Island neighbors as being a worthy object of entertainment. Now at last, too, Mrs. Torrence demonstrated that worth. For she brought to the house one day the only aristocratic friend who maintained even a clandestine association with her. Yes, Mrs. Percival Squiffen Van Clef came to call, and it proved to be what the stock reports refer to as "money on call." She took away with her a subscription of one thousand dollars for the subsidization fund of a young Belgian violinist.

By these highways and buy ways the latter amounted to exactly seventeen thousand dollars spent on charity—my employer was enabled to supply herself with a commodity universally conceded as requisite for the success of any luncheon—guests. In this number, however, Isobel Torrence was not included.

When I referred to this omission my employer shook her head a trifle sadly.

"It's too bad," she lamented, "that Mrs. Van Clef and I can't introduce poor dear Isobel to our real friends. But it really wouldn't do. What with all those husbands and everything, she's got herself too much talked about."

From this it will be seen how completely the prospect of entertaining had revived Mrs. Lyken's familiar pose of being bosom crony with these women who made use of her. The honesty of a few days ago now seemed as superfluous as did any loyalty to Isobel Torrence. Unfettered by such sentiments, she prepared excitedly and happily for the first entertainment in her new home. I myself was not present at the luncheon, but afterward I heard from an outraged Harleigh some of the details.

"It resembled a tour more than a luncheon," groaned our stately servitor. "First Mrs. Lyken showed them all over the house. They put up their lorgnettes at the linen closet and said it looked like a garden in bloom. They felt the lace of the upper sheets and when it came time to go downstairs they examined the portraits in the hall. 'What is this?' inquires Mrs. Squiffen Van Clef as she stops on the steps to look at that Fragonard, whereupon Mrs. Lyken goes red and looks down at the floor and finally says, 'Oh, dear, what a shame! I've really forgotten the name of the artist.' And then—can you fancy the insolence of it?—this Mrs. Van Clef drawls: 'Dear, oh, dear, Mrs. Lyken, I should think it would pay you to learn the names of some of these beautiful things you have around you.' Fancy that!"

Harleigh waited for my expression to attain a merited horror, and then he continued:

"As for the luncheon itself, that was even worse, for at least three of those women picked up every dish and every bit of glass and examined it quite as cold-bloodedly as if they had been in some nasty museum. Indeed, Mrs. Van Clef even went so far as to look at the mark on the underside of our Sèvres serving plates, and then she sneers, 'I dare say, Mrs. Lyken, it would quite upset you if you ever used the kind of china that we do.' Oh, I can assure you, Mrs. Pemberton, it was all a most trying experience. If these ladies should ever come again, one may be quite sure that they will bring their Baedekers. For quite evidently they look upon us as a museum and on Mrs. Lyken as a very inferior type of guide."

But as for the hostess herself, I doubt if her fear of not doing the right thing asserted itself except at that one moment when Mrs. Van Clef challenged her as to the name of the Fragonard. Her chief emotional lodger had been, in fact, completely anæsthetized by what she considered a great social triumph. She was now in, thought poor Mrs. Lyken, and I, who from my previous experience had forecast what actually did happen, had not the heart to dispel this rosy belief. I merely waited to hear what those five haughty Gothamites who had accepted her hospitality would do in return.

The first luncheon to which she was invited was given by Mrs. Van Clef. With what a buoyant step did my employer, looking very handsome in a Paris ensemble, swing past Reynolds, our handsome footman—now attired in our new livery of green broadcloth with silver buttons! And how different the air with which she returned!

Although I knew perfectly what had happened, I asked her the names of the other guests. There had been five of them, she told me, and each was familiar to me by reputation. The first was Mrs. Jackson Grympe, who had once carried her assault

(Continued on Page 78)

Rounding a Star

FOR A NEW WORLD'S RECORD

J. Henry Mears and Capt. Charles B. D. Collyer seated in the plane in which they established a new round the world record in 23 days, 15 hours and 21 minutes.

with the NEW Veedol MOTOR OIL

Around the world in 23 days, 15 hours, 21 minutes and 3 seconds—that's the new record set by John Henry Mears and Charles B. D. Collyer . . . . with the aid of the New Veedol.

Long before they started, they noted the motor oil—the New Veedol . . . . chosen by Commander Byrd for his South Pole flight . . . . They knew that Bernt Balchen chose the New Veedol for his flight to Greenely Island to rescue the Bremen flyers . . . . They heard Martin Jensen, pilot of the Aloha in the race to Hawaii, say, "I'll trust my motor and my life any time to the New Veedol."

They made their choice. And when their plane swooped to earth, they found the New Veedol Motor Oil, even under extreme tests of speed, weather and service . . . . completely victorious over the hazards of intense heat and grinding friction.

Somewhere near you, the orange and black sign of the New Veedol is promising longer mileage, greater economy, smoother, sweeter performance. Drain and refill with this tougher, heavier-bodied oil—made to meet the challenge of the modern motor. Let its 100% paraffine base prove its superiority over ordinary oils, to you, as well as to the world's famous drivers and pilots. The Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York City.

THE NEW VEEDOL...LASTS LONGER...KEEPS COOLER...MADE 100% FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND OTHER PARAFFINE BASE CRUDES

THE WHOLE WORLD DEMANDS THE NEW 1929 CENTURY MODELS

These brilliant new 1929 Century Hupmobiles are streaming out to the world's markets, in unbroken volume, as fast as they can be built — and the call keeps coming for more and more of them!

The obvious reason for this unqualified demand is that these Century Hupmobiles do deliver a new kind of motoring which appeals strongly to every class of fine-car buyer.

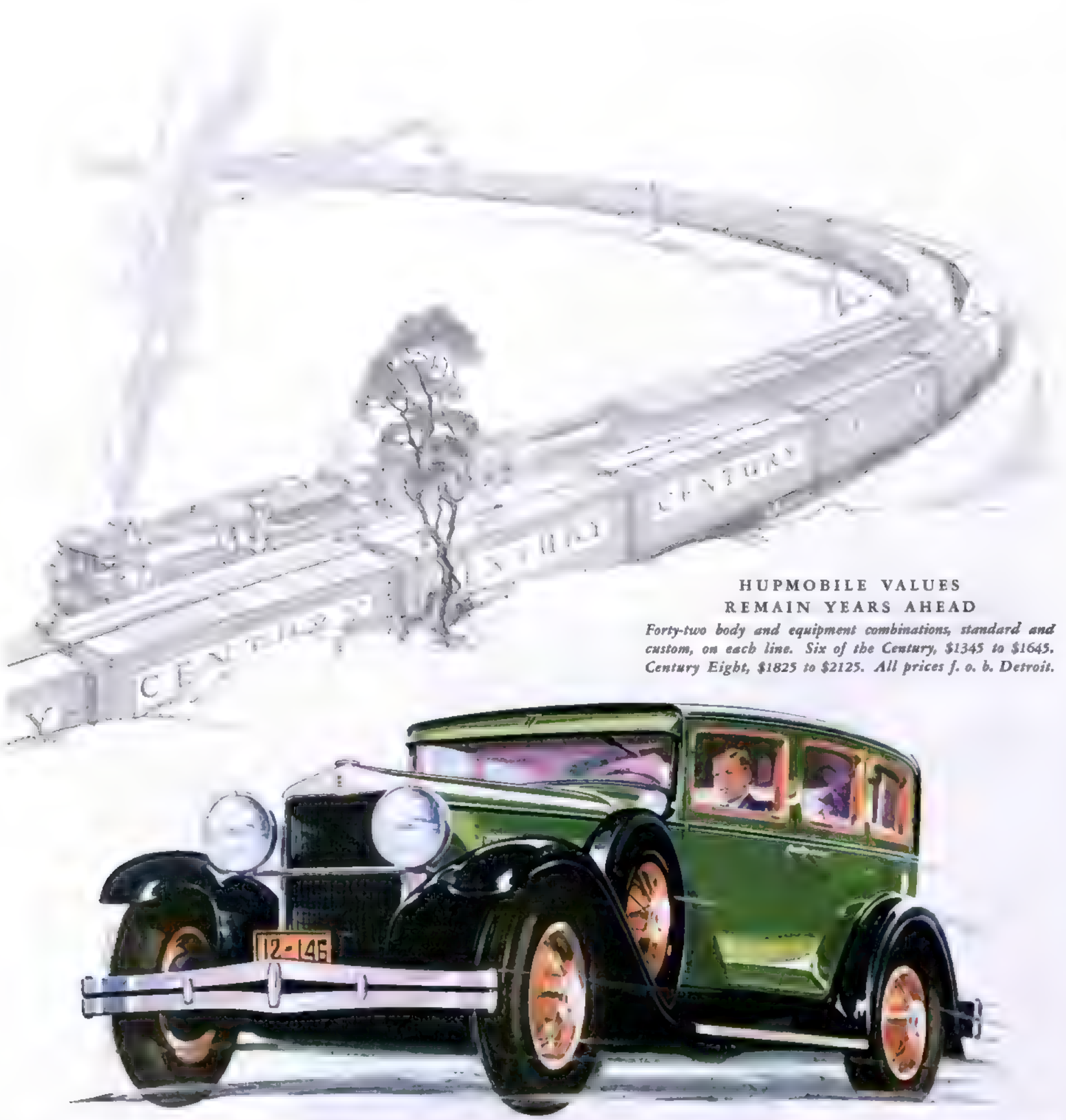
To begin with, there is the special and unique Century beauty which first appeared with the original Six and Eight of the Century. Now, there is a complete tailoring of metal in every detail, which still more sharply singles these cars out for fine finish and distinction.

Underlying these qualities is the famous Hupmobile craftsmanship which now masterfully expresses itself in the "high-compression" power, fleetness, and stability of these wonderful Century motors.

Here is a combination which is difficult to match and which has won for Hupmobile an increasing leadership in its world-wide field. With these new and still finer 1929 models, Hupmobile places the finishing touch upon quality and values already far removed from rivalry or comparison.

HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX



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Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, $1345 to $1645. Century Eight, $1825 to $2125. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

CENTURY & EIGHT

(Continued from Page 74)

on New York society so far as to charter a whole hotel for the fashionable guests who had regarded their joyful acceptance of this hospitality as a basis for subsequent snubs. The second was Mrs. Bolling Weaver, a climber from the Far West. These, together with the three others, had owed their invitations—just as had Mrs. Lyken—to their support of Mrs. Van Clef's musical protégé. Yes, the occasion had been a sort of Old Home Week for the undesirables, for the seconds of New York society.

My employer was sobered by this episode, but she persisted in regarding it as an episode rather than as a calculated eventuality. Even when the same rebuke was administered to her by Mrs. Saxon Plume she did not give up hope. Mrs. Van Feder Nest had invited her for a luncheon several days after that of Mrs. Plume and she relied upon this occasion to meet some of the real set.

"Don't be too sure," I could not help warning her. "I know these people so well."

"But I know Mrs. Nest," she flouted me. "Why, didn't I give her ten thousand dollars—more than twice what anybody else did? Do you think she'd want to snub me after that? Besides, you've no idea how sweet she was to me the other day when she called up."

And so, offering another proof of that strange credulity upon which I have commented, she went forth trustfully to meet the great blow. I knew the minute she entered the library where I had been awaiting her home-coming that my fears had been realized. Those brown eyes, usually so glossy, looked dry and faded. The necessity of hiding her feelings all that long afternoon had drawn circles under her eyes which swept down over the tinted cheeks. Even the curved line of her lipstick could not disguise the weary mouth underneath. She looked twenty years older than the happy woman who had gone to Mrs. Nest's some hours earlier.

For a long time she stared at me without speaking. Then slowly she sank into a great chair from which Cromwell had once spoken to his Roundhead generals. Unrecognizingly, those dull eyes confronted a bookshelf where a thousand years of writing men had put down their reflections upon the vanity of this world. And at last those short insensitive fingers flew to her face. She burst into sobs that came from the real depths of the real Matilda Lyken.

"And after—I had been—so good—to her"—her words beat their way through the sobs—"wouldn't you—have thought—she might—have had—just one—of her—real friends?"

As she cried out these words, Elspeth, just in from a dancing lesson, appeared in the doorway, and back of her shoulder I saw almost simultaneously the startled face of James Lyken. As father and daughter surveyed the defeated figure in the Cromwellian chair, a change came over those faces so strangely related by the wide-set eyes. In neither did that new expression attain compassionate love, but nevertheless its content was almost solemn. For the first time I read that evening in the Lyken home the solidarity of the Lyken family. United by Mrs. Nest's snub, they stood together at last.

XII

ELSPETH'S alma mater is one of the fashionable schools for girls which refuse to recognize any difference between the age of breastpins and the age of vanity cases. Have eyes of flaming youth supplanted those downcast orbs which in other days dropped silken lashes on alabaster cheeks? If so, Barrett does not face the fact. Sweetly and firmly, it goes right on catering to the decorous eyelash. In other words, it offers to young women the same inexorable French and good manners that it offered to young ladies.

Not only does this famous seat of learning arrange its curriculum about the hypothetical eyelash; its educational resources are also directed toward the eyebrow. Barrett wants its charges to be able to raise these, and to this end the managers and faculty present an inspiring example. They themselves raise their own eyebrows with a consistent fervor. Almost alone in a caloused world, the heads of this school retain the capacity of being shocked.

Many stories are extant concerning this exclusive sensation. Once a Western girl, heiress to a number of newly-made millions, wore red stockings to dinner at the school. She was severely reprimanded, and when she ignored the reprimand her second offense was punished by suspension. Another girl was once unwise enough to betray to her fellow pupils the fact that her parents, then in town, had taken dinner with two famous cinema stars. Hearing of this, the principal is said to have sent for the girl and to have rebuked her in the following words:

"My dear, my dear, if these unfortunate things do happen in your family, you mustn't tell them here—not at Barrett. Think of the effect on your schoolmates—hearing about these awful moving-picture people."

It is naturally the boarding pupils who experience the full weight of such educational theories. Girls who live at home, as did Elspeth, are much more free to conduct an independent research in harmony with present-day demands of society. The fact of it was that to Elspeth that period of time when, under the convoy of her French maid, she was taken and brought away from Barrett represented only a small part of arduous preparation for future duties.

Chief among such outside activities were the dancing lessons. It must be understood indeed, that today the New York girl brings to the threshold of her social life a proficiency in dancing unrequired in the days when only the ballroom levied upon this accomplishment. In order to take part in the various amateur revues and other entertainments that form such a feature of modern social life, many of our younger set learn steps that would distinguish the ordinary professional.

Elspeth's tutor in this field was Tom Turnstyle, and she had numerous aristocratic precedents for the selection. Some of the most fashionable of metropolitan juniors resort to this renowned member of the Broadway theatrical group.

But dancing was by no means Elspeth's sole outlet from the restrictions of Barrett. Once a week she had bridge lessons and twice a week she went to a certain hall dedicated to indoor sports. At this latter institution she devoted herself with impartial fervor to fencing and tennis, archery and swimming. Nor must one forget her frequent appointments with a retired actress engaged to impart secrets of voice control and stage movement.

After the occasion when the girl had come in to find her mother in the despair following Mrs. Nest's luncheon, she seemed to throw herself into all these various activities with almost ferocious zeal.

Meeting her one evening after she had just come back from Tom Turnstyle's, I remarked, "Elspeth, you look tired. I'm afraid you're going too hard."

Surveying me with a stoicism almost fiery, she returned, "And what would you have me do? I've got no time to lose before I come out."

I said nothing, but on the Saturday evening after this I had an opportunity for the remonstrance then renounced. It was now nearing the middle of October and Elspeth was just back from one of the big football games, where, chaperoned by a member of the Barrett faculty, she had driven with Melville Laird. I had expected her to be radiant, but as she came into my room she stared at me with frowning intensity.

"What's the matter, Elspeth?" asked I, after a few minutes of silence.

"Nothing," said she shortly. With that she picked up Giles' translations of Chinese poetry lying on my desk, and leafing it over, seemed to read a few lines here and there. At last she closed it almost viciously.

"What rot!" she exclaimed. "Hibiscus flowers! Long roads of parting! Lutes of jade! Weren't they a sickly lot—those old Chinese poets—the way they just wallowed in sad thoughts?"

Perhaps my regard of her was tainted by the objectionable melancholy of which she spoke; for suddenly, with that abrupt shift of mood that made so much of her charm, her eyes smiled dazzlingly.

"Stop!" she cried gayly. "Don't dare look at me that way! I'm not a dead autumn leaf, nor yet the plinth of a ruined temple. You shan't compose sad lines on me."

"Yes," I admitted, "I was being sad about you just then. I was thinking of one phrase those Chinese poets use so often. Dust of the world—do you remember it?"

"'Dust of the world!'" she repeated derisively. "Yes, and who kicked it up? The chariots and horses of those old gentlemen as they rode around to get their spiced wine and songs. Well, give them to me first—my gay times—and after that maybe I'll like going off to my bamboo hut and thinking about the vanity of the dust I once stirred up."

"Ah, but, Elspeth," I sighed, "don't you see how little it's all worth—that what you're after is just 'dust of the world'? Do you think for a minute you're going to be happy in it?"

She tossed back her head. "Happy!" she echoed imperiously. "Who's thinking of that? I'm going to be successful."

"And what is success?"

The proud curve of her lips harshened as she answered me: "It's not traveling second cabin—it's not traveling with a lot of people that you have to look at across a railing." She paused here for a moment, and clasping her slim white hands about her knee, stared down at the floor. "If you only didn't have to see them all the time—if you were poor and could sneak off some place by yourself. But you can't. You've got to travel with them. You've got to ——"

Her voice broke and it was to save her from tears so evidently near the surface that I said quickly, "But, Elspeth dear, why should you feel like this today, when you've just been to the football game with Melville? Isn't that traveling first-class?"

She jumped to her feet. "Oh, no," cried she harshly, "that isn't the way it turned out! I thought it would be different, but ——"

"But what?"

"Well, after the game was over and Melville was hunting his car, a whole lot of his set came rushing over to us. They hardly noticed me at all. It was exactly as if Melville had gone over to the second cabin to visit somebody. And Agnes Duchois began talking about the party she was giving tonight—of course they were all going except me. I was as much out of it as if I had been somebody's nursemaid or governess. And at last Third Squibbs ——"

"Who's he?"

"Oh, you know—Armington Squibbs, 3rd—he's a Boughton boy, a classmate of Melville's—he had been looking at me hard all the time—pretending not to do it, though—and finally he edged over to me and said in a low, sneaky voice, 'Heard a lot about you, but Laird here's an awful tightwad. . . . I say, how are the falcons? Saw that picture of you in last Sunday's paper and I said to myself I wished all birds were as lucky as that.' And then he turned around to see if anybody was looking before he gave my elbow a squeeze. 'I say,' he whispered then, 'how about my sneaking away early from Agnes' party tonight? I could get around to your house by 10:30.' Oh, it was exactly as if he had been trying to make up to the governess. I was so furious I didn't know what to do, and then all of a sudden I noticed that Veronica Silver—she's simply crazy about Third—had been listening all the time she was pretending to talk to the others. Oh, can't you imagine how I'll rate with her after this?"

"But what did you do?"

"I just turned away and didn't say a single thing. But that wasn't the worst. For what do you think happened just afterward? Why, that Doris Knaben came rushing over to me with some of that cheap crowd she's been trying to make all summer, and the way she acted—why, anybody might have thought she was my best friend!"

"But I thought she was," remonstrated I. Even in my sympathetic visualization of all that the afternoon must have meant to that proud and conquering young spirit, I was horrified by a tone so precisely like that of her mother.

"She's not my best friend!" she retorted with passionate conviction. "Haven't I been trying to snub her ever since I got back to school? Didn't I refuse to go to a party at her house this very evening? And to think she had to push herself in on me there! Well, you can imagine how those other girls took it. Even Melville looked embarrassed."

"Yes, but how about him?" I inquired. "I thought he boasted that all his crowd listened to him. Couldn't this *arbiter elegantiarum* work an invitation for you even from his own cousin, Agnes Duchois?"

"Oh, he's perfectly furious about it! I think he must have almost got down on his knees to her about it. But that's always the way, isn't it? What's good enough for the boys of a family isn't good enough for the girls."

"By the way," asked I suddenly, "didn't you tell me that Agnes Duchois was very much taken with young Lovegrove? I wonder if she's having him at her party."

"Rather not," answered the girl, with a gleam of almost vicious satisfaction. "It seems when she asked her mother about going to the Yale-Harvard game with him,

(Continued on Page 83)

Off to the Hunt

In Two Worlds

Among the stars of the mimic world—among the millions of the motoring world, Fisk Tires are prime favorites.

The riding and steering ease, safety and long mileage that attract stage and screen stars to Fisk will win your favor when you equip your car with Fisk Rugged Tread Heavy Duty Balloons. They improve the appearance and performance of your car.

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FISK TIRES

CHEVROLET

The Lowest-Priced Truck *equipped with* 4 Speeds Forward-4 Wheel Brakes

A new four-speed transmission in the new Utility Truck assures the proper power application for every road condition The extra low-speed gear provides maximum pulling power on heavy roads or steep grades

Big, non locking 4-wheel brakes of the mechanical type are standard equipment on this new truck. The emergency brake on rear wheels is entirely independent of the foot brake system

In the few weeks since the new Utility Truck was announced it has received an enthusiastic reception from thousands of truck buyers throughout the nation—

—for it not only embodies the most recent advancements in truck engineering, but it sells for the lowest price ever placed on a truck equipped with four-speed transmission and four-wheel brakes!

The extra low gear in the four-speed transmission provides tremendous pulling power for heavy roads, deep sand and steep grades. It enables capacity loads to be started without undue strain on motor, clutch and rear axle. It permits the truck to be easily driven into places extremely difficult for the ordinary truck to negotiate.

And on crowded streets and open highways, there is provided a new measure of mobility and driving safety, for the new four-wheel brakes are of powerful, high-leverage, non-locking design and are entirely separate from the emergency brake which operates on the rear wheels.

Combined with this improved performance is the greater handling ease of a new ball-bearing steering mechanism and the greater comfort of front shock-absorber springs and air-bound seat cushion, and the front steel bumper is standard equipment.

On *any* truck of similar price such an array of new features would attract widespread attention. But on the new Utility Truck they are provided in addition to all those basic features which have played such a vital part in making Chevrolet the world's largest builder of trucks: rugged rear axle with one-piece banjo-type housing, heavy extra-leaved semi-elliptic springs set parallel to the frame . . . completely enclosed motor with air cleaner, oil filter and thermostatically controlled cooling . . . low loading height . . . ample road clearance and many others of comparable importance.

At an amazingly low price, this sensational truck makes available for every business the type of performance now being demanded by modern haulage conditions. Visit your Chevrolet dealer—and see it today.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

THE UTILITY TRUCK

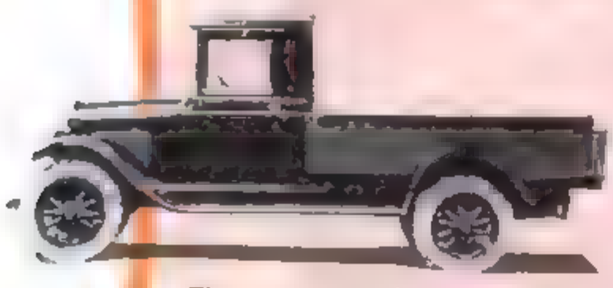
$520

(*chassis only*)
f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

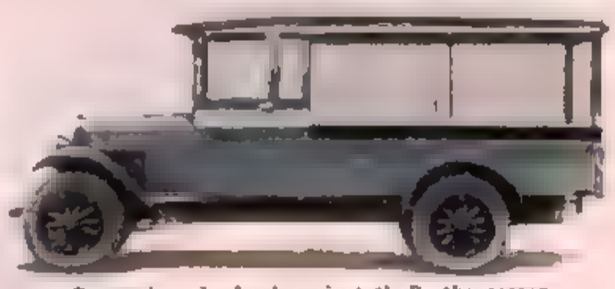
Stake and platform bodies are available in various capacities up to a maximum of 110 inches in length, 72 inches in width, with 40-inch side stakes

A Body Style for Every Business Need

Available for the new Chevrolet Utility Truck is a wide variety of body types, each designed to meet the specific requirements of a particular industry. If the ten body styles illustrated on this page do not include one exactly suited to your individual needs, see the nearest Chevrolet dealer for further information.



The open express body is especially adapted for the haulage requirements of such users as builders, plumbers, truck gardeners, and others who do not need to protect the load against the weather

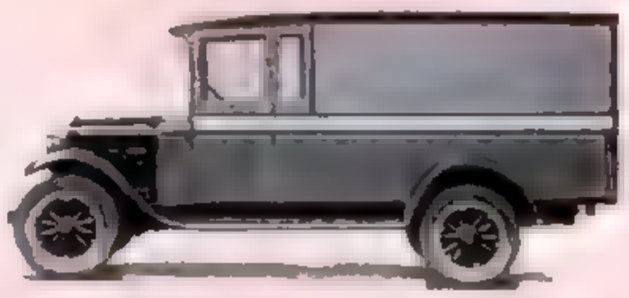


Protecting the load against theft, the screen express body is ideal type for hardware merchants, express companies, produce dealers etc. Side curtains for bad weather. Can also be had without screen sides, if desired

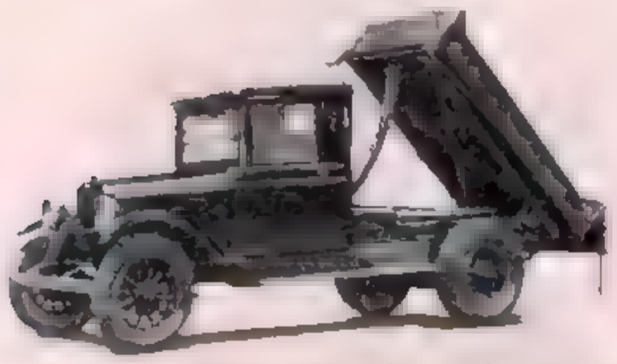
Grain-tight, and equipped with a Comstock end gate that controls the flow of grain when unloading, this body type is very popular among farmers, stock growers, feed companies, etc

The combination farm and stock rack body is extremely popular among such users as farmers, packers, stock raisers and dairymen. It is easily convertible from a stock rack to a grain body

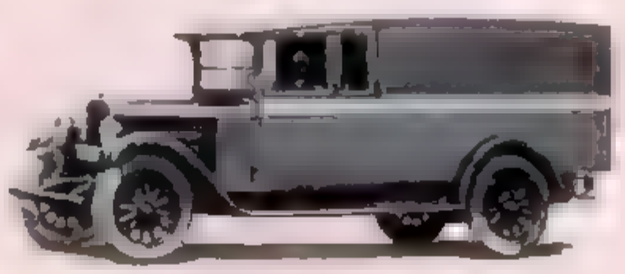
An economical tank truck for gasoline and fuel oil companies. This body can also be had with a glass lined interior for use by creameries and dairy farms. Recommended tank capacity of 350 gallons



The wide panel delivery truck (50 by 98 by 53 inches) is a favorite with department stores, bakeries, laundries, cleaning establishments, etc. It is extremely convenient to load and unload



Equipped with a sturdy sheet steel power dump body, the Utility Truck is an ideal unit for road builders, construction companies, coal dealers and hauling contractors



The DeLuxe Panel body has full-slatted inside panels, padded with felt to prevent rumbling Plate glass windows, full ventilating wind shield, modern quick-action window regulators and air padded seat cushions provide an unusually convenient and comfortable driver's compartment

The packer's express body has extra-heavy base and side boards heavily braced with side irons, to meet the demands of the packing industry for exceptional sturdiness combined with generous load capacity

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF TRUCKS

Some day FIRE will get you!

We have watched his work. We know *Fire* for what he is—cunning, malevolent, *impersonally cruel*. We have watched the homes and property of countless thousands of men razed, gutted, burned down to ashes . . .

Don't let that happen to you!

Why, in reason, should you always be spared when so many have lost everything?

Why, in reason, should you delay action on the *one intelligent and complete safeguard —insurance?*

How, in reason, can it be right for you to overlook, to *delay for even one more day*, the one simple act that alone can give you protection from the *real* danger—the vital danger—the *ever-present* danger of Fire?

Half-measures are wrong. Delay is wrong. Indecision is wrong. *Complete Insurance*—that alone—is the fair and right way. To yourself. To those dependents you must think for and act for. To the community in which you live . . .

We repeat, sir, it is the fair and the right way. Don't you agree?

Call the Hartford agent — now. Find out what insurance you have and what you need— now. Let him begin—now, to act as your agent. He knows insurance and his services are free.*

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*If you do not know the agent's name look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. If he isn't so listed, write the Hartford Fire Insurance Company direct.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of Insurance except life.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

(Continued from Page 78)

mamma almost rang for an ambulance. Now she's forbidden Agnes to see him at all. Well, imagine the Duchoises—the Duchoises, mind you—ever having anything to do with a junkman's son!"

I tried to soar into this prescribed ether of fancy, but failed ignominiously. For among all the haughty members of metropolitan society, this family into which Mrs. Stone Laird had been born was preëminent. The Duchoises were descended from a French nobleman who had accompanied Lafayette to this country, and that fact had qualified them for looking down on all successive strata of society—upon the English Colonial families who spoke patronizingly of the Dutch patroons and upon the Dutch patroon stock speaking in turn of "common Dutch families."

"But hasn't your friend Melville any suggestions about you?" I inquired after a full minute of silence.

She shook her head hopelessly. "No," she returned; "he's absolutely stumped. Oh, of course it's no trouble getting the boys in his crowd to know me. But the girls—well, you see how that goes."

"Yes" I replied. "I can see. And it seems to me we'll have to change the venue. How about giving a party of your own?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" she sneered. "That would be lovely. And what would I use for guests—I mean girl guests?"

"Well," said I, "this very morning Mr. Stacker Decke and I were talking over the phone and we feel that a falcon hunt would be an ideal start for you. We need what the newspapers call a follow-up on those pictures of you in last Sunday's papers."

"Bah!" cried the girl savagely. "Don't talk to me about those pictures! A lot of good they've done me! Why, didn't Millicent Van Boren come up to me at Barrett on Monday and say, 'How nice for you and Doris Knaben—that you have falcons now. You can have so much fun together'! Just as if I couldn't get anybody else to play with except Doris! Heavens, how I wish I had never met that Knaben girl!"

"That's all right," said I with shameless cynicism. "It shows what beautiful pictures they were, that these snobbish girls should be so jealous. Of course they resent your publicity, but let them keep on resenting it. The main thing is that you should be noticed, that people should get used to the name of Lyken. Now suppose we arrange this falcon hunt at Lyken Hold for two weeks from Saturday. It doesn't make any difference how small it is. We can get somebody that ——"

"But not Doris Knaben," interrupted the girl.

"Not Doris Knaben," I assented, smiling somewhat ruefully at a situation that duplicated her mother's elimination of Isobel Torrence. "Tell me: Who is the most unattractive girl at Barrett in Melville's set?"

"Ellen Nest," replied she promptly. "And the poor thing's simply crazy about Melville. It's pathetic."

"Fine!" returned I. "Just what we want." Then, as she stared at me gropingly, I explained myself: "You see, Elspeth, you're just like many another girl. Your popularity is interfering with your success. The girls don't like you because the boys do. So we've got to change the venue. Now why don't you persuade Melville to send word to Ellen Nest that he won't go to the falcon hunt unless she does? That will guarantee Ellen for us, and if she accepts, several of the other girls are bound to follow suit."

Instantly her puzzled frown was scattered by a peal of laughter. In that ambitious young soul there was, indeed, no lurking scruple to resist the course of Machiavellian guile. Even had it not been for the falcons and her physical type, this modern schoolgirl would have proved her affinity with the early Italian school.

Immediately after this Stacker Decke and I began plans for the falcon hunt. We had decided that its greatest publicity value lay in making the affair a faithful reflection of the fifteenth century, and to this end we enlisted the services of Miss Gladys Beaumont.

As a matter of fact, it was highly important for any junior member of a New York household to make connections with Miss Beaumont. Born into one of the older and poorer families of our New York gentry, she was now expiating a youth of discriminating contacts by a middle age of equally discriminating contracts.

"Gladys will be a great spoke in our wheel," had commented Stacker Decke. "Remember, she can always give Elspeth fat parts in the revues, and that will mean big publicity for us."

So to Miss Beaumont was intrusted the responsibility of making this modern hawking party correspond to more pictorial times. Seven fifteenth-century costumes for the young hunters; a special banquet conforming to the dietary sentiment of the *quattrocento;* liveries for the footmen who were to serve that banquet and also for Mr. Pigrim and his assistant—all these were included in her bill.

Meanwhile the ruse which I had suggested had succeeded admirably. Trapped by Melville's ardent telegram, Ellen Nest accepted, and promptly in her wake was enrolled Veronica Silver. Of the three coveted luminaries of Barrett, only Agnes Duchois refused.

I had begged Elspeth not to risk a snub at the hands of this last-named young lady, but my objections had been overridden by Melville. He was sure that at last Agnes was going to demonstrate a more cousinly submissiveness than had yet marked her behavior.

Simultaneously with her refusal came a wire from her kinsman at Boughton.

"The rotter says she's dated up with Millicent Van Boren," read this missive, "but I never believe her."

I shall now pass over all intermediate steps. I shall transport you, as the old-fashioned novelists say, to Lyken Hold on that beautiful autumn day when seven young people started out on their pursuit of the blue heron. At this point I pay tribute to Miss Beaumont. It was really a pageant which, led by Elspeth on a caparisoned white horse, sallied forth from the porte-cochère.

My employer thought so too. The sting of Mrs. Nest's luncheon was salved today by the sight of the six fashionable companions whom Elspeth had been able to recruit. It was to be expected, too, that she would express her satisfaction by the most penetrating of comments.

"Just like a page out of Dickens," she kept approving, as she moved about among the numerous newspaper photographers who, at Stacker's instigation, had arrived on the scene.

Elspeth heard this reiteration with gathering anxiety. She who just a few months before had enjoyed her mother's ignorance of Becky Sharp's character now glanced apprehensively at her companions. And although she did not say anything, I saw her lips frame the words: "Sir Walter Scott, mother—Sir Walter Scott."

From that drive through the Lyken estate dreamlike impressions of beauty always float back to me. Dark evergreens winged with the fleecy gold of some adjacent sapling, the warm autumn sun drawing close to the earth as though to find comfort in the winy reds of the flower bed, the fluttering capes and plumed hats of the cavaliers, Elspeth holding Boadicea on her wrist, Mr. Pigrim's doubleted shoulders bearing the cadge where perched all the falcons save Boadicea—all these were recorded by me from the limousine in which Mrs. Lyken, Gladys Beaumont and I followed the hunt.

After we left the estate we took almost immediately a back road that led to the marshes. It was little frequented, and for half a mile we did not meet either horse or car. Then, suddenly, as Elspeth reached a crossroad, I saw her rein up. A moment afterward I understood. For a car was just turning in from this crossroad, and even from my position I identified the driver. It was a young man with brown hair warming into gold. It was Christopher Lovegrove.

By this time the entire cavalcade had halted and I had time to take in Christopher's companion before I heard Melville, riding with Ellen Nest, just back of Mr. Pigrim, utter an angry greeting.

"Agnes Duchois!" he cried.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE RICH MAN'S CITY

(Continued from Page 21)

Once he interrupted this task. A thought appeared to strike him, and he weighed it for a moment; then called Doctor Gero on the phone.

"Doctor?" he asked, when the other answered

"Yes."

"Inspector Tope speaking."

"Oh, yes."

"Doctor Gero, tell me something: A surgeon, sewing up a wound. Does he take stitches over and over, or does he tie each stitch separately?"

There was a momentary silence; then the medical examiner chuckled.

"I noticed that," he agreed. "I'd forgotten it. Yes, I suppose so. Anything new?"

"Nothing but an old suit of underclothes," Inspector Tope confessed, but he added: "I'd just as soon you wouldn't say anything for a while."

"Right," the other assented, and he added: "Let me know if I can help."

"I will," the inspector agreed, and he returned to his search of the newspapers

He seemed to find at last that which he sought, for from the front page of a morning paper he clipped a brief story He read it a second time, and then he leaned back, peering thoughtfully across the room, his eyes blank But abruptly a light came into them Over there on Dave Howell's desk a paper lay, and Inspector Tope remembered that Dave had been reading it that morning, had found something of interest therein.

At the thought he rose briskly and crossed the room and picked up the paper. The first page had been mutilated, a story torn out. It was the same story which Inspector Tope had clipped from his own paper a minute before, and the inspector nodded and turned back to his desk again. He sat there contentedly, reading from that small leather Book of Proverbs, till Dave Howell returned.

When Dave came in, Inspector Tope looked up with the brisk movement characteristic of the man.

"Oh, hello, Dave," he said, and he smiled faintly and remarked in a casual tone: "I see they've had some trouble down at Milo and Shimburn's."

Dave Howell looked at him in quick astonishment. "Why?" he asked in surprise.

"You started to say something about it this morning," Inspector Tope reminded him, "just as I was called out. When you saw about Shimburn's death in the paper. What's going on down there?"

"I don't know Shimburn," Howell said evasively. "He'd been sick, I guess. Apoplexy or something."

"He was a young man," Tope remarked.

"Forty-two or three," Howell assented. "But he'd lived hard. His doctor told him he ought to take a rest, take a sea voyage. Shimburn and old Milo had some hook-up with a line of tramp steamers, so Shimburn decided to take a cruise on one of them."

Inspector Tope drew his clipping from his pocket and examined it.

"The City of Freedom," he read. "Captain Hazen. Sailed eleven days ago and made Cardiff yesterday And Titus Shimburn died the third day out and was buried at sea" He scanned the clipping again "The ship doctor's name was Milt," he added.

"Yes, I saw that," Inspector Howell agreed

Inspector Tope folded the clipping and put it carefully away again. "I shouldn't think a tramp steamer would carry a doctor," he remarked. But he added, without waiting for a comment on this suggestion: "What's the trouble at their office?"

Inspector Howell hesitated. "It's been a confidential matter," he explained, "but it's due to break today. Some stuff stolen. They take care of securities for customers, in the vault in the office. There's a lot of stuff missing."

"Any line on who did it?" Inspector Tope asked.

"An old man named Peat was custodian of the vault—had it in charge. Milo decided today to swear out a warrant for him."

"Any case against him?"

"Opportunity, that's about all," Howell admitted. "Milo is an old New Englander, absolutely honest himself and pretty rigid where others are concerned. He has hypothecated his own securities and realty, and so on, to cover the loss. It's heavy, and he might have dodged it, but he's a conscientious old fellow. Now he's sworn out a warrant for Peat."

"What's he got against Peat?"

"Peat suggested today that Shimburn might have done it," Howell explained. "Far as I can find out, Milo loved Shimburn like a son. It was Peat or Shimburn probably. Milo told Peat today he'd have been more merciful if Peat hadn't tried to blame Shimburn after Shimburn was dead."

Inspector Tope nodded. "Has Peat any money?"

"Doesn't seem to spend any. Wife died a month ago, one boy in college, ten-thousand-dollar house." Howell became curious in his turn: "Why?"

"Peat will go up for it," Inspector Tope predicted.

"I don't know ——"

"He won't be able to hire a good lawyer and—he'll need a good one. 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.'"

"I may dig up something to help him out," Howell demurred.

Inspector Tope considered this. "It was Peat or Shimburn, you think?" he repeated.

"Peat says the only things he took were at Shimburn's orders; says he delivered them to Shimburn Says Shimburn told him not to report it to Milo: some confidential business."

"How about Shimburn?"

"Well, he was a ne'er-do-well," Howell suggested, "and he lived pretty hard. Milo didn't always approve of him, but he says Shimburn's integrity was absolute. I hinted it might have been Shimburn, today, suggested he might have committed suicide But the old man fired up at that, said he wouldn't hear of anything that might smear a dead man's good repute" He chuckled ruefully "He'd jail me along with Peat if he could!"

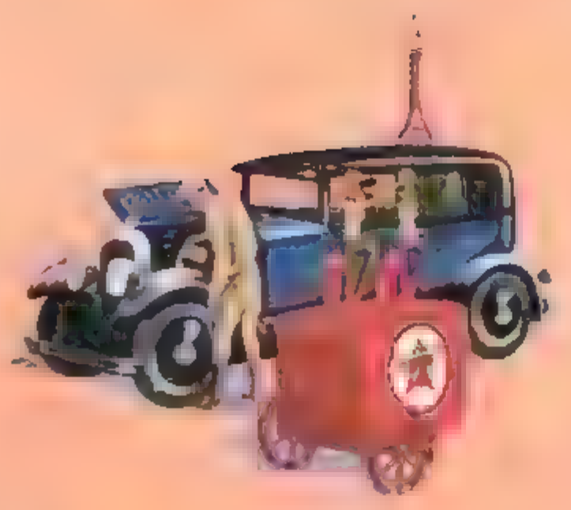
Inspector Tope nodded, tapping the ends of his fingers together in a contemplative way

"Shimburn spend a good deal of money, did he?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Did he often go abroad?"

(Continued on Page 86



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IN ALL GRADES

(Continued from Page 83)

"He'd never been out of the country before; not even to Canada," Howell assured him.

And Inspector Tope tipped forward with a movement of contentment. "I'm not busy right now," he remarked, "and I'm sorry for old Mr. Peat. Maybe I can help you out a little, Dave."

"Sure," the other agreed. "But what are you going to do?"

Inspector Tope smiled. "Well," he said, "I think I'll try to find out where Shimburn had his laundry done, the first thing!"

Howell looked his astonishment. "Why?"

But the older man did not tell him. He was always apt to keep his own counsel until he was very sure.

What Inspector Tope did during the next fortnight appeared to have little if any direct relation to the fortunes of old Mr. Peat, who was duly arrested and arraigned and held on a bond he was unable to furnish to await the action of the grand jury. Inspector Tope did not seek to see the old man, either before or after his arrest; nor did he make inquiries into the prisoner's private life. Instead, he interested himself in Titus Shimburn, whose unfortunate death and burial at sea appeared to put him beyond the reach or the necessity of investigation.

Inspector Howell asked him now and then a question, but Inspector Tope had nothing to report.

He did say one day: "I may have something next week. The City of Freedom's due to dock here then."

"What of it?" Howell demanded, and Inspector Tope had to remind him that Shimburn's death had occurred on that ship. But Howell could see nothing hopeful in this possibility. In fact, the younger inspector felt, now and then, some impatience with the older man. Inspector Tope seemed to spend so many hours quietly at his desk, reading the newspapers and the Book of Proverbs. A manifest waste of time.

Nevertheless, in his leisurely fashion Inspector Tope found out a number of things about Mr. Shimburn. The dead man was, as Dave Howell had said, a bachelor. He lived in a pleasant apartment near the river, but he had put the lease of this apartment in the hands of an agency before he went away, with directions that it be sublet. Through this agency, Inspector Tope arranged to inspect the apartment, but he found it merely a comfortable, decently furnished place of no particular distinction.

The rugs were modern, the furniture ordinary and the only pictures on the walls were interior and exterior views of Shimburn's fishing lodge in Maine. This appeared to be a tremendous, rambling structure of stone and peeled spruce logs, sprawling atop a rocky bluff. From the photographer who made the pictures, Inspector Tope learned that the lodge was located on Patter Pond, a hundred miles north of Portland. The man described it as tremendous, beautifully finished, and furnished so elaborately that it must represent the expenditure of a considerable sum. Yet Titus Shimburn himself, the photographer thought, seldom went there; or if he did, his visits were not advertised.

In fact, there was some obscurity about many points in Mr. Shimburn's private life, and Inspector Tope in the end decided that the only one likely to be able to clear up these minor mysteries was the dead man's partner. Through Inspector Howell, he arranged to talk with Mr. Milo, and the two officers went together to the old man's office.

Mr. Milo, when he received them, proved to be a fine old gentleman, with a hush of white hair and a grave and courtly bearing. He met them courteously, and Inspector Tope immediately discovered in Mr. Milo a keen and sorrowful affection for this dead partner of his, and an almost paternal pride. Shimburn, much the younger of the two men, appeared to have been a protégé before he was a partner, and Mr. Milo's fondness was apparent in his tones.

Inspector Tope said straightforwardly that he was concerned with an investigation of the manner of Mr. Shimburn's death.

"He had been ill for some time," he suggested.

"For some time," Mr. Milo agreed. "For a number of years. He lived unwisely, despite my remonstrances. I urged him to adopt a gentler mode of life, without success. But for a number of years he has been under a doctor's constant care."

"What doctor?" Inspector Tope inquired, and Mr. Milo said that Titus Shimburn had a private physician.

"Doctor Milt," he explained. "Doctor Milt was a surgeon, but he became involved in an unfortunate matter, became liable to the law. His practice was ruined, but Titus befriended him. Such charitable actions were characteristic of Titus. He was gifted with a large generosity—too generous, I sometimes thought. He was generous with Doctor Milt."

"Doctor Milt was with him on the City of Freedom?" Inspector Tope remembered, and Milo nodded his assent.

"They had long been friends," he explained. "Titus was a house officer in the general hospital when I first met him. My wife was ill there. We were attracted to the young man, and I persuaded him to give up his profession and come in with me. That was fifteen years ago."

Inspector Tope nodded, and after a moment he referred to Shimburn's fishing lodge.

Mr. Milo said readily, "Yes, it was his dearest hobby. Men are instinctively builders. A man likes to feel that he has erected a structure which will stand. I think Titus meant this for his monument."

"Monument?" Inspector Tope repeated.

"His will directs that it be kept provisioned and maintained in its present condition for a term of fifty years," Milo explained. "To be used as though it were their own by a selected list of his friends. At the end of that time it is to be deeded to the state as a game refuge and public park."

"He left a large estate, then?" Inspector Tope suggested.

Mr. Milo hesitated; then he shook his head. "He had made some unwise investments," he confessed. "I was not aware of them until too late. But I shall be able to supply the funds to carry out his wishes, and I intend to do so." He added, "I have no heirs except Mrs. Milo. And Titus was like a son to me."

The inspector nodded. Dave Howell was fiddling with his hat in a chair across the office.

"Did Mr. Shimburn know Doctor Milt in the hospital?" he asked. "Did you know Doctor Milt too?"

"No, I've never met him," Milo admitted. "He was a very retiring man. Perhaps because of his trouble. I've only heard Titus speak of him during the last five or six years, since he came to Doctor Milt's assistance. I believe they grew up in the same little town in Maine, perhaps went to school together."

The inspector weighed this. "I expect he's one of those that have the freedom of Mr. Shimburn's lodge up there, isn't he?"

"Yes," Mr. Milo agreed. "Yes." And in the end he asked a question in his turn. "Have your investigations produced anything definite?" he inquired. "Can I assist you in any way? Titus was very dear to me."

Inspector Tope hesitated. "The City of Freedom is due to dock here in a day or two," he returned. "I expect to see Doctor Milt then." He looked gravely at the other. "If any man killed Titus Shimburn I want to find him," he remarked. "You want that, I expect, too?"

Mr. Milo nodded slowly, and his eyes were swimming. "Titus was very dear to me," he repeated. "Yes, by all means."

When the two police officers left the old man, Inspector Tope was faintly ashamed of his own intrusion into the secret places of Milo's heart, but at the same time a slow rage began to burn in him, and his mild blue eyes acquired a firmness they did not always wear.

He told Inspector Howell they could do no more till the City of Freedom docked, but in the event they did not wait so long. The tramp steamer, instead of coming direct to Boston, put in at Portland to unload some cargo there. Such a possibility had not occurred to Inspector Tope, but he chanced upon the fact in his daily study of the shipping news; and half an hour later, with a John Doe warrant for the murderer of Titus Shimburn in his pocket and Dave Howell to bear him company, Inspector Tope hurried to the North Station to board a Portland train.

Patter Pond is one of the larger of the thousands of lakes with which the state of Maine is dotted. Six or seven miles long, it lies in a cradle among the mountains, a thousand feet above the river valley four miles away and with a low range between.

There is no road to the lake, and even in the summertime the tramp up to the pond is an arduous one. Tindley is the nearest town, and the two inspectors, having arrived in Portland too late to board the City of Freedom before her departure for Boston, pushed on to Tindley.

They enlisted there the services of Nate Frye, who was not only the local constable but also held the keys to the Shimburn lodge, to guide them in to the pond; and it was mid-morning when they set out, on ill-fitting snowshoes, for the four-mile tramp and climb. Inspector Tope was a plump little man and the steep trail taxed him sorely.

Once when they paused for breath he said to Dave Howell, "This would be a tough climb for a man with a bad heart, like Shimburn."

And Nate Frye quickly explained: "Oh, he ain't been in here for five-six year. I never even see the man."

The inspector looked at him curiously. "You know Doctor Milt?" he asked.

Nate nodded. "Yeah, I know him. He's been here some."

Tope caught Dave Howell's eye, but Dave was only puzzled by the glance, and they rose and pressed on. It was snowing, a fine soft snow, as they labored up the trail. Nate Frye broke trail, walking with the easy, tireless stride of a woodsman; and Tope struggled at his heels and Dave Howell came somewhat morosely behind. He resented the fact that Inspector Tope had not confided in him. He had asked questions, demanding what the inspector expected here to find, but Tope only said:

"If anybody did kill Titus Shimburn he'll be up here."

So now they climbed, and the muscles along Inspector Tope's shins ached and burned, and his ankles throbbed like an ulcerated tooth. But they came at the end of a mile to the top of the stiffest part of the ascent and thereafter went more easily; and a little after noon Nate Frye said over his shoulder:

"Well, we're almost there!"

Inspector Tope at the words pricked up his ears. "So," he remarked. "Well, wait a minute then." He halted the others and reminded them that danger might be ahead, and they heard his instructions silently.

When they advanced again it was Inspector Tope who led the way. The others stood where they were until he had gone a hundred yards, and then Inspector Howell moved after him. Nate Frye still waited, he followed in the end almost two hundred yards behind the other men, and his jaws were moving ruminatively. His orders were to stay outside the lodge until one of the others should summon him in. If no summons came he was to return in haste to town and report to the Boston police what had here occurred. Nate was impressed with the seriousness of the situation, and with his own responsibilities.

But curiosity was stronger than caution in the man; so he was near enough to see when Inspector Tope approached the fishing lodge. He saw Tope climb the steps to the veranda, while Inspector Howell halted in the shelter of a clump of spruce a hundred yards from the door. And Nate watched while Tope first knocked, then tried the door, and at last fitted into the lock the key Nate had supplied him. He saw Inspector Tope disappear inside the silent and deserted house.

Nate moved nearer, irresistibly drawn. Beyond the house and below the eminence on which it stood, the lake lay sheathed in ice and buried deep in snow; beyond the lake the mountains reared their heads, and a scarf of snow trailed from the nearest peak as the wind whipped at it there. But there was no wind in the still and silent wood about them; no sound but the whispering of the snow.

And Inspector Howell, ahead, was moving cautiously toward the house. He ascended the steps, the open door received him, he went in.

Nate Frye waited, but he moved nearer still. His heart was pounding, but no danger seemed to threaten. He came to the spruces where Dave Howell for a while had taken cover, and he watched from that point. The front of the house toward him was blank and inscrutable, the very windows covered with their winter shutters, no glass showing anywhere. But Nate, scanning the big lodge, saw a thread of smoke above a chimney. The inspectors must have lighted a fire.

Then Inspector Tope came out and signaled him with a lifted arm, and Nate shuffled toward the veranda. The inspector met him at the top of the steps, and Nate saw Dave Howell, with a pistol drawn and ready in his hand, just within the door. Nate kicked off his snowshoes as the others had done, and Inspector Tope said cheerfully:

"It's a big place. Need you to show us around."

Nate strolled in through the open door. "You light a fire, did you?" he asked. But the inspector shook his head, and Nate considered, remembering the position of that smoking chimney. "I guess there's a fire in the library, upstairs," he decided; and he turned toward the wide stair at one side of the big living room into which the front door had admitted them.

So the three climbed the stairs. They went quietly, and rugs muffled their footsteps. And they moved slowly, Nate ahead, Inspector Tope behind, Inspector Howell covering their rear. They emerged into an upper hall, and Nate turned toward the lake side of the lodge. The silence of the other men had impressed itself on him; he indicated, with a gesture, a certain door.

Upon this signal, Inspector Tope strode forward at that alert little gait of his, his empty hands swinging at his sides. He came to the door, and without knocking, he turned the handle. The door swung wide.

There was then a momentary pause while Inspector Tope stood in the doorway, looking in, and Inspector Howell crowded at his shoulder. Nate Frye had to elbow them, in order to gain a vantage which afforded him, too, a view of the room. And the three men were rigid for an instant, while another man, who had turned at the sound of the opening door, looked around at them with curious eyes.

This other man had been sitting in a great chair before the fire. There was a book in his hands. He appeared to have been reading. A skylight illumined this room, whose walls were lined with shelves, permitting no window space anywhere. The man looked toward them; and abruptly he smiled, and he said:

"Why, hullo, Nate."

And he got up and folded down a corner of the page of the book he had been reading, and stood facing them.

Nate said doubtfully: "How do, doc?" And Inspector Tope looked aside at Nate and nodded, and then stepped into the room.

"Doctor Milt?" he asked.

"Yes," the other agreed. There was a question in his tones.

(Continued on Page 91)

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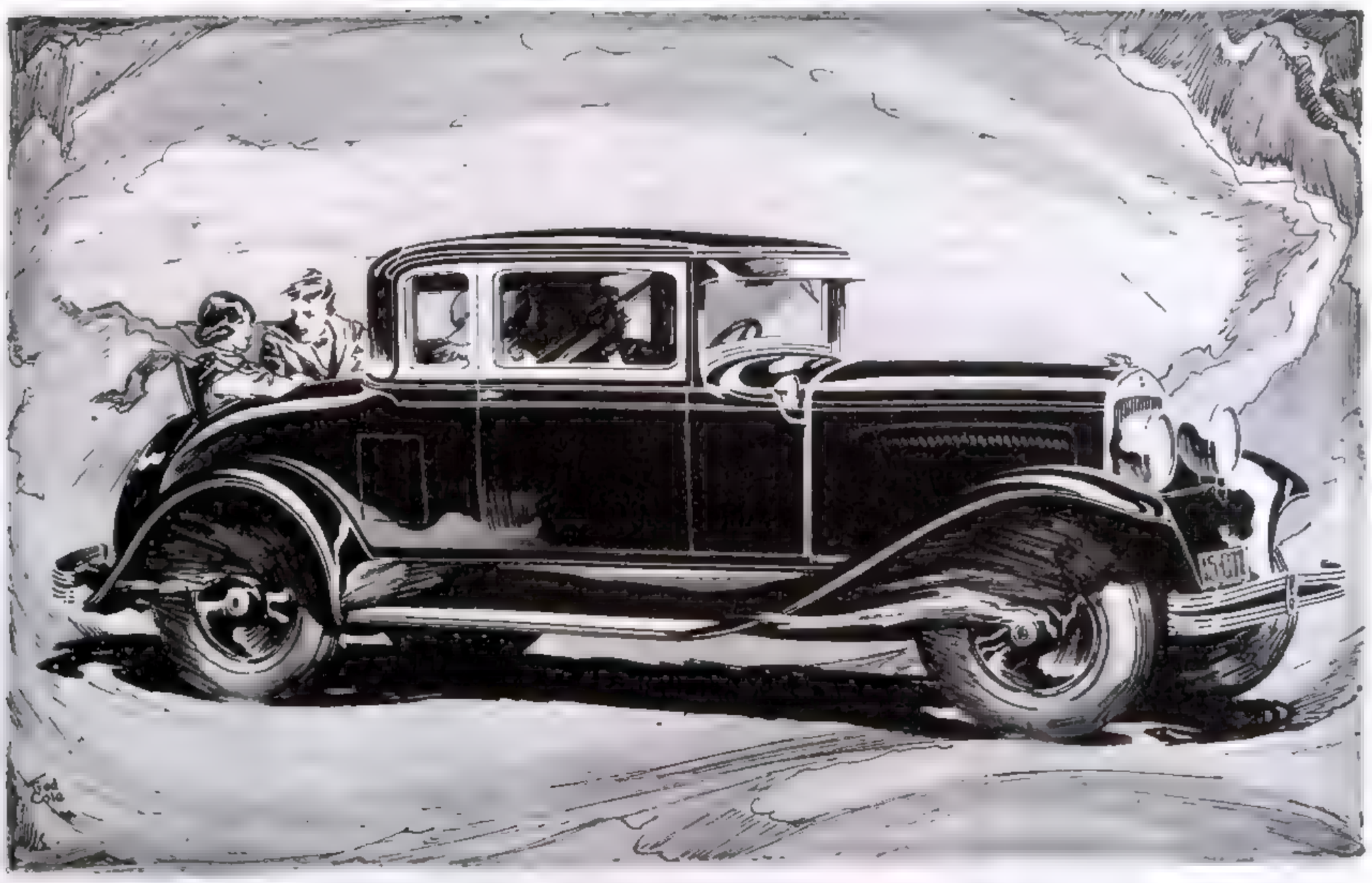

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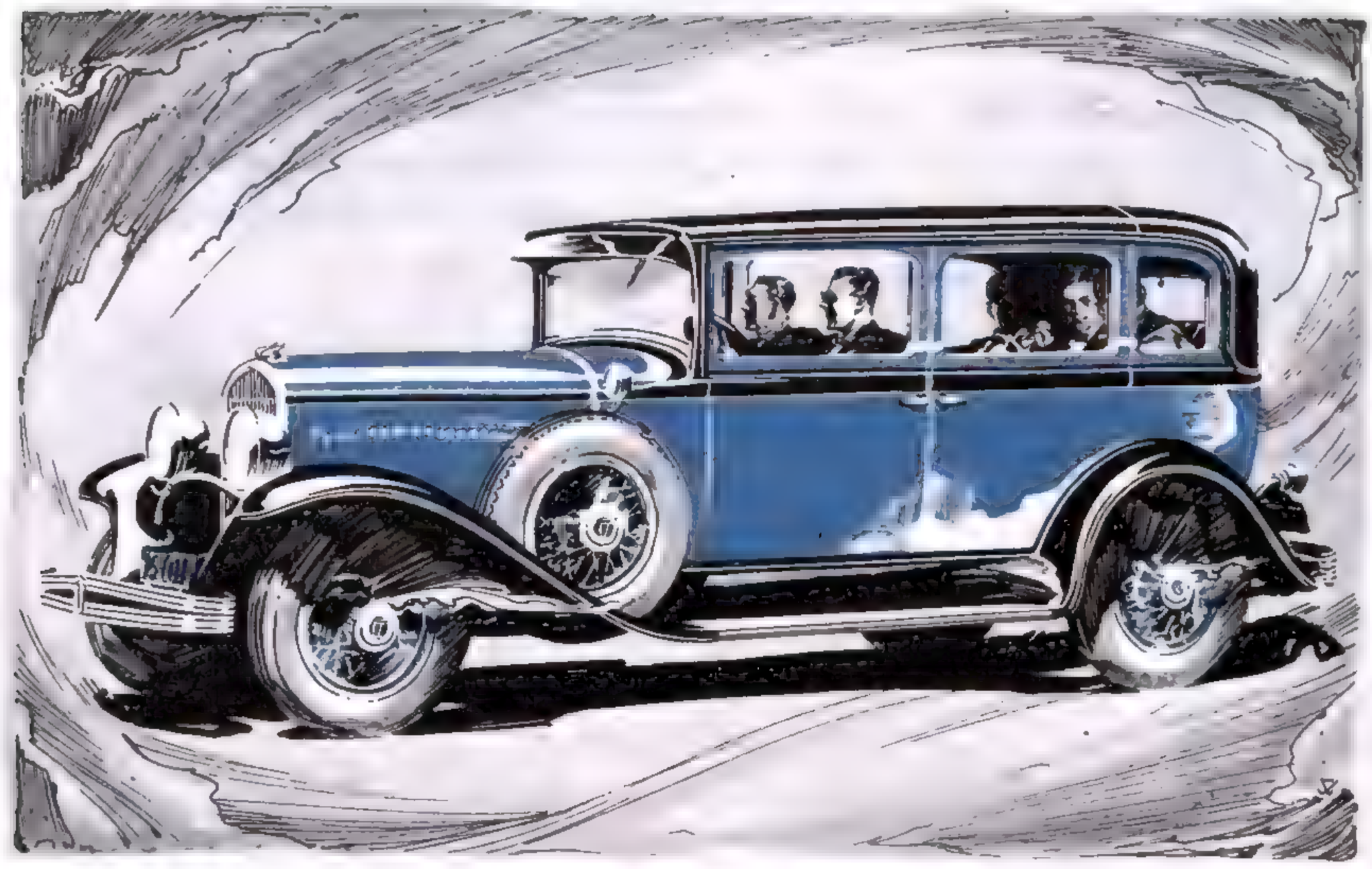

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(Continued from Page 86)

"Guess you left the ship at Portland," Inspector Tope suggested.

"Why, yes," Milt assented. "The City of Freedom, you mean? I didn't hear you gentlemen arrive. What can I do for you?"

Inspector Tope hesitated, and he picked up the book Doctor Milt had been reading, opened it to the turned down page. He said nothing, but Doctor Milt explained: "I was reading. Didn't hear you knock."

Inspector Tope said mildly, "Do you read a book without cutting the pages?"

The silence was for a moment electric; then Doctor Milt laughed shortly. "See here," he suggested. "What do you want? I don't like your tone."

The inspector nodded. "Got something here for you," he explained, and he fumbled in his pocket and produced a folded paper and extended it toward the other man. "It's a John Doe warrant," he said mildly. "Guess that will fit you. Murder of Titus Shimburn."

Doctor Milt did not take the paper. He noticed that Inspector Howell still held his pistol in his hand. "Murder?" he echoed. "Nonsense. Mr. Shimburn died of apoplexy. We buried him at sea. I did all I could for him."

"They picked up his body," Inspector Tope replied, an accusation in his tones.

The doctor stared. "His body?" he repeated. "Who says so?"

"I saw it," Inspector Tope assured him. "I examined it."

Doctor Milt laughed. "There's a mistake somewhere," he protested. "I sewed his body up in canvas myself. Captain Hazen of the City of Freedom will tell you so. We buried it at sea."

"You didn't put enough bricks in," said Inspector Tope, and the doctor's cheek stiffened faintly. "Rags and excelsior need a lot of bricks to sink them," the inspector explained. "You didn't put enough bricks in, doctor."

"What are you talking about?" Doctor Milt challenged, in a defensive truculence. His eyes darted toward Inspector Howell.

"It floated," Inspector Tope insisted. "Some fishermen picked it up and brought it in. The body you buried at sea wasn't anything but a suit of underwear, stuffed with rags and excelsior and bricks, doctor. You didn't put in enough bricks; that's all!"

Doctor Milt laughed. "What fool tale is this, anyway?" he demanded. "Who are you?"

"I'm Inspector Tope," the old man explained, "from police headquarters. You see, there was a laundry mark on the underclothes ——"

The other man stood for a long moment rigidly and his desperate thoughts were passing in his eyes. But the inspector waited in all patience, and in the end the doctor spoke again. He threw out one hand in a gesture of amused surrender.

"Oh, all right," he said, in a good-natured tone. "Here's the answer! I'm Shimburn. I've wanted to retire for years, and Milo wouldn't let me. He's an old woman; insisted I take over the business. I couldn't look forward to a lifetime of that; so I decided to ease gently out of the picture. There isn't any Doctor Milt. I created him, built him up, planned to step into his shoes. I'm Shimburn!"

He had spoken explosively, and he stopped and waited for their word. But the three men only looked at him, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, it was simple enough! Doctor Milt never went to Boston—publicly. And Shimburn never came up here. I went aboard the City of Freedom at night, got to the cabin without being seen, told Captain Hazen that Shimburn couldn't be disturbed, couldn't see anyone. That's all there is to it."

Yet they still were silent, still regarding him; and he cried in sudden impatience:

"You must have seen a picture of me, or something! Some one of you ought to know me!"

Dave Howell, at that, did speak. "Oh, I know you," he agreed. "I've seen you times enough. Sure, I know you're Shimburn."

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

"You were doing the talking," said Dave Howell.

Inspector Tope nodded. "We can get the night train for Boston if we get started," he suggested cheerfully. He put the John Doe warrant away. "This one fits better now," he remarked, and produced another. "Embezzlement and larceny. I swore it out in case we needed it. It wouldn't have done you any harm if you were dead."

"Embezzlement?" the other challenged.

"You looted the office safe," Tope reminded him.

Shimburn laughed. "Pshaw!" he protested. "That's absurd. The whole business was mine if I wanted it. Why should I steal?"

But Inspector Tope disregarded this protest. He glanced searchingly around the room. "Likely there's a safe hid here somewhere," he murmured. "We'll look in that. Anything you did take will probably be there."

And he moved across toward the high shelves.

It was as he did so that Shimburn made his leap for Dave Howell to grapple for possession of the gun. But Dave was a man of experience in such matters, and quite ready for him; and Nate Frye assisted adequately.

Inspector Tope seemed to have the utmost confidence in them. Despite the sudden tumult behind him, he did not even turn around. He continued toward the book shelves, which he felt sure concealed the safe he meant to find.

The search might have been a long one, but Shimburn, once he was helpless, directed the old man's search. Shimburn was defiant and confident again now, and he boasted that Milo would forgive him.

"He's not going to prosecute his beloved Titus," he said derisively.

But Inspector Tope somewhat chilled his arrogance. "That might be," he agreed. "But you see, you killed Titus Shimburn, on the City of Freedom, three weeks ago. Milo will be pretty hard on the man that did that, it looks to me!"

And at this reminder, the captive became more fearful and subdued.

They had a drawing-room on the train back to Boston. Shimburn sat manacled to Dave; and the recovered loot, in an old black suitcase provided by Nate Frye, reposed on the seat across from them. Inspector Tope lay at ease along the couch at one side. They had left Nate Frye behind, bursting with the tale he had to tell, but Dave Howell had here and there a question still.

The matter was, from Inspector Tope's point of view, a simple one. It began with the dummy body picked up at sea. Someone, obviously, wished to be thought dead. Who, and why? The questions were dependent one upon the other; when the first question was answered the second answered itself.

"But what made you think he'd come back?" Dave Howell asked. "Why didn't he stay over there?"

"Doctor Milt had to be in it," Inspector Tope reminded the other man. "And I cabled Cardiff. Doctor Milt didn't try to leave the ship there, or he'd have been held. And Shimburn hadn't ever been abroad. I thought he'd be back. Both of them."

"Both of him," Inspector Howell amended, with a grin toward their prisoner.

"I wasn't sure of that," Inspector Tope confessed. "But I noticed nobody had ever seen Doctor Milt and Shimburn together."

Howell nodded and fell silent, and Inspector Tope drowsed comfortably. Shimburn stared moodily through the black window beside him at the snowy landscape dimly seen outside. Inspector Howell lighted a cigar.

And by and by Shimburn laughed. "Not enough bricks!" he remarked bitterly. "That's what tore it! You can't sink straw without bricks." He turned in his seat. "But, inspector, what made you think I'd be up at the lodge?"

"You'd spent so much money on it," Inspector Tope sleepily returned.

"What of that?"

"You were a rich man, and the lodge kind of stood for your money. It was the only way you'd ever spent much. And when you needed a safe place, you'd be likely to think of that."

Shimburn considered this, and Dave Howell said reluctantly: "I'd never have looked for him up here in the dead of winter."

"Read Proverbs, Dave," Inspector Tope urged lazily. "A lot of ideas there. It was Proverbs gave Mr. Shimburn away." And he added, before Dave could ask a further question: "'The rich man's wealth is his strong city.' The lodge in the woods stood for Shimburn's money, and he needed a good, strong city mighty bad."

So Dave Howell lighted a cigar, and Titus Shimburn fell silent, and he thought on many matters.

Inspector Tope had been all day on snowshoes, and he was old, and very tired from the unaccustomed exercise. He began, by and by, peacefully to snore

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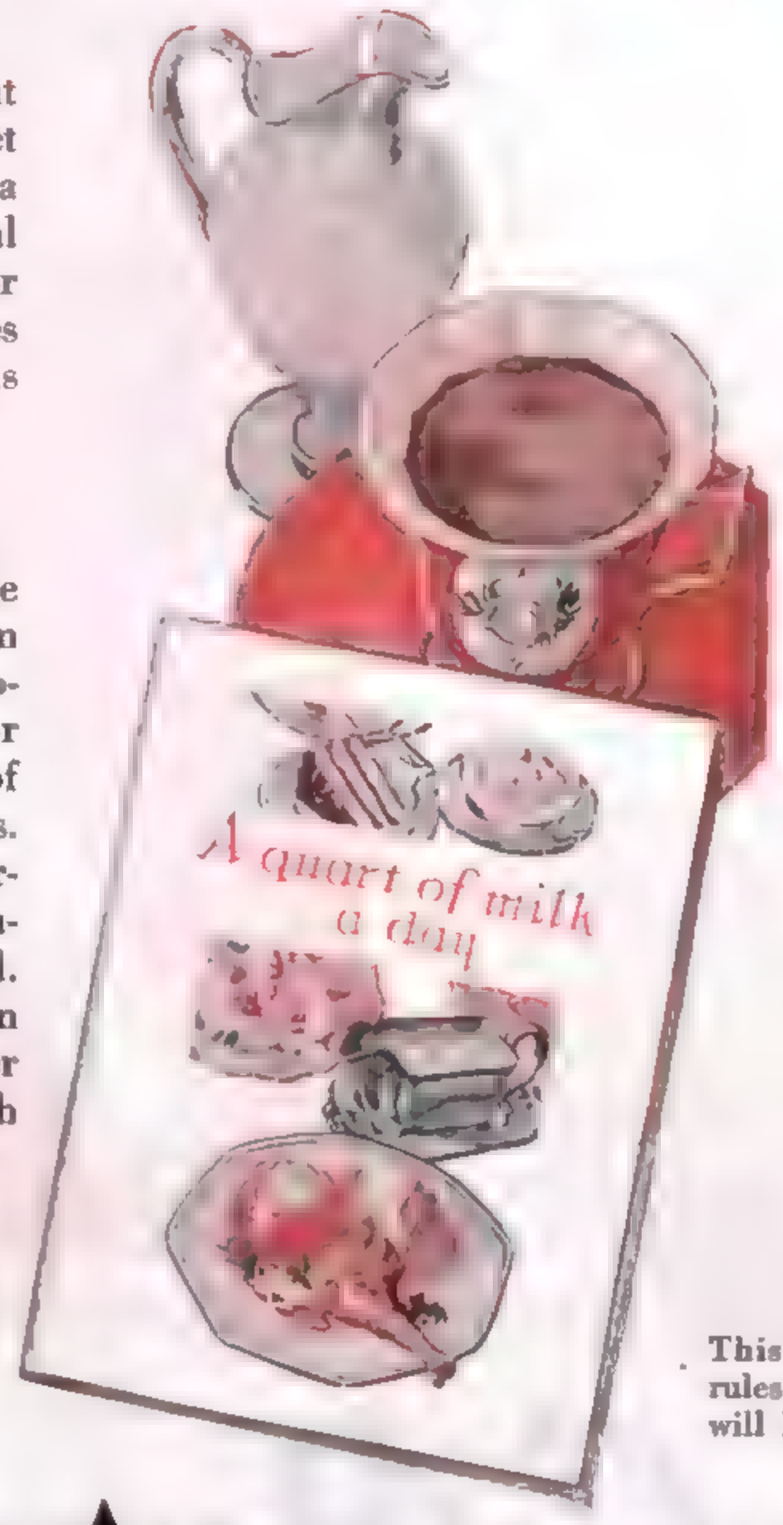
The menus must be designed to put as much milk as possible in the diet of every member of the family—a quart a day for each being the ideal amount—using Evaporated Milk for every cream and milk use. Recipes for each dish where milk or cream is used must accompany the menus.

The Rules of the Contest

The rules of the contest are simple and plain. They will be sent you on request. This is not a contest for professional cooks. It is a contest for women who are managing the work of preparing food for their own families. It is designed to emphasize the importance of milk in the diet—to demonstrate how more milk can be included. Every woman who is interested in better food and better health for her own family can enter the contest with fair chance to win a prize.



Everybody Will Win

Only a few can win the money rewards. But everyone who prepares and uses such menus will win the greater reward of giving her family better, safer, more wholesome food—will discover a convenience and economy that will be a delightful surprise.

About the Milk

Evaporated Milk is pure milk, concentrated by removing sixty per cent. of the natural water—made more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. Sterilized in sealed containers, it comes to your pantry as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm—as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it costs less than half as much as cream—and makes better food. Diluted to suit any milk use, it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

This free booklet will give you the rules of the contest and suggestions that will help you in preparing your menus.

MILK ASSOCIATION

I would like to have your free booklet and the rules of the contest.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
956 Illinois Merchants Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Popular Panatela

10¢

for men who seek real smoking satisfaction

Just give yourself a treat. Light up a long, mild Robt Burns panatela after dinner. You'll revel in the honest-to-goodness smoking pleasure this fine cigar will give you.

The fragrance of its pedigreed Cuban tobacco—now sealed in foil—makes a smoke that you'll appreciate—one you can smoke all day long without tiring your taste. Try it yourself—smoke a Robt Burns today.

Robt Burns

PEDIGREED HAVANA FILLER

MATCHED SABLE

(Continued from Page 17)

immaculately prepared, with ENGAGED written on the little card fastened to the door.

II

BLAIRSDEN'S —— All plate glass and polished wood and lacquer, Blairsden's is on one of the side streets just west of Fiftieth. The trade-mark of the corporation is very like that of a famous Canadian trading company, save that the red is a trifle more carmine and the gold vastly more glittering; there are the necessary little differences, but none of great importance. The first—and only—Blairsden was actually connected with the great fur company, but he himself never thought of the potential value of the great insignia. FURS, on his modest sign, was actually larger than his own name. However, FURS, when he was no longer connected with the store—he called it a store—became FURRIER; later still, there was nothing—save reputation—to indicate the business transacted behind the polished panels except the name of the original owner—trade-marked—in small Gothic letters on the window.

If there was possible deception in the name of the owner and in the gorgeous trade-mark, there was none in the merchandise sold, although Blairsden's people did not call their furs merchandise. Silver fox was silver fox, ermine true ermine, seal nothing but seal, and—if one cared for the authentic extreme—the tiger-skin coats came from North Pyöng-an in Korea. One very naturally paid for all these things.

On this morning, at just about the time Lindsey was seeing that the trays for the fifth floor at St. William's were properly set up, an automobile, shiny with sleet, stopped exactly opposite Blairsden's entrance. The driver swung from his seat, opened the rear door of the car and touched his cap.

Blairsden's functioned with automaton-like perfection. The doorman, permitted to be inside because of the storm, was beside the sedan before the driver had stepped aside; his umbrella was protectingly ready.

Madam distinctly was of the type which might purchase from Blairsden's. She wore a coat of beige kasha, very simple, with darker flat beige fur; her hat was a pinkish tan with a narrow sand-colored ribbon. Madam was tall, slender, blond and unrouged. She might have been midway between thirty and forty. A Blairsden coat would make her entirely correct.

When the doorman had left the warmth of the shop, he had said only a word to the nearest assistant—Blairsden's has neither clerks nor salespeople—but when he now escorted the woman to the door, it swung open instantly and she was greeted with: "A terrible day, Mrs. Joyce—the first taste of winter." The one word had been rapidly conveyed; the manager himself met his customer.

"Cold," Mrs. Joyce agreed, stripping off her gloves. "The weather is an ally of yours, isn't it?"

The manager bowed, or gave the impression of bowing. "It is the season as much as the actual temperature which is of importance. When the door is opened, there is a draft, Mrs. Joyce. Let us go where the screens give more protection."

During the moment in which she lowered herself gracefully into a chair, the manager nodded slightly toward a balcony, and Blairsden's invisible cogs started to turn smoothly in obedience.

Mrs. Joyce said slowly, "I don't care so much about seasons. It is colder where we live than in New York. I've about made up my mind." She said this so positively that the manager knew she definitely had. "I've looked elsewhere. . . . Mr. Harrison, isn't it? Your prices are terribly high. Don't look shocked; you know they are! But none of the other coats I've seen satisfy me. I know little about fur; I'm depending on your advice."

"We have never given a guaranty," Harrison told her solemnly. "We do not find it necessary. I'm glad you looked elsewhere. I believe I suggested it. You will never regret a Blairsden coat."

If it were cold and stormy outside, Blairsden's was almost overly warm. To counteract the interblended scents of perfumed women and the impossible-to-eradicate odor of skins, Blairsden's appealed entirely to the sense of sight. Pale-yellow lights made the salon luminous;

Roberta Said Placidly, "Doctor McArthur's on the Fourth Floor Making Rounds," and the Interne Dropped Her Arm

lamps glowed like stars in their chains. The walls seemed to recede so that the narrow shop was huge in size—spacious. On one wall painted butterflies, with pinions of fiery color, hovered over a mysterious brown forest. Great vases, splendid purple and silver, like a night which is flashed with lightning, stood on teakwood pedestals. The screens, behind which Mrs. Joyce sat, were matched; they showed leafy obscurities and deep vistas of woods glorified with vapors of gold; on one was a wild pomegranate with scarlet blossoms. . . . There was not a fur to be seen.

Harrison might well enough have been merely a gracious host, a little too short, a trifle plump, a bit too meticulously dressed, but nevertheless a man who wanted lovely things about him.

Mrs. Joyce had hardly time to double her gloves and drop them to the floor when three models came before her, all blond, all about her own height, all slender. She smiled at them vaguely, as they pivoted slowly, and then stood up. She seemed to smile a second time, noticing perhaps that all three had very recently rubbed away rouge and lipstick; Harrison made a note of it.

He was a little disturbed, and did not weigh: "Some women can wear sable, some not." He knew that it was a discordant note and covered it by directing one of the models to step aside.

"Your girls look lovely in them," his customer said severely. More briskly, she added: "When so many other coats are just as attractive, warm and more sensible, sable is an extravagance."

Harrison nodded in agreement to nothing at all. He had seen sales lost because of lesser things. Mrs. Joyce, he knew, was truly the great lady; he could, he believed, tell one unerringly.

The three coats were very similar; as brown as the pupil of the eye, and as lustrous. Where light touched them directly they were the dead gold of autumn leaves blended miraculously with the color of bronze. Each coat seemed formed from the single skin of one luxurious and gigantic fabled animal.

Mrs. Joyce looked at Harrison helplessly. "I leave it to you," she said suddenly, and the manager became calm again. "All three are lovely. Did you tell me there was a difference? It was very slight, wasn't it?—that is, slight as compared with the cost." Under her breath she said, "I don't see why they should be so desperately expensive." Harrison heard that also.

"Between these two," he explained, indicating two of the coats, "there is no difference. But this coat, Mrs. Joyce, has three less skins. The price is lower, but in my opinion the skins are more perfectly matched, if that is possible. And what is really more important than you might imagine, this coat does not need to be touched." His head poised to signal if necessary. "Will you try them again?"

"I tried both the coats and your patience yesterday," she said. She seemed deep in thought. "Please tell me the prices again, although I'm sure ——"

Harrison lowered his voice. "The two larger coats are each a hundred and sixty, Mrs. Joyce. The coat I advise for you is a hundred and fifty-five."

In the little silence, Harrison thought he could hear his watch ticking. Blairsden's sold every kind and type of fur, but matched sable coats demanded the efforts which only Blairsden's could put forth.

At the moment when Harrison had about decided to dismiss the models, merely to relieve his own tension, Mrs. Joyce said slowly, "I'll not decide until Mr. Joyce sees the coat." Harrison looked sorrowful an instant, but cheered immensely when she added thoughtfully: "A hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars—it does seem an extravagance, but I do need a coat, and it will last forever."

"I believe Mr. Joyce will appreciate, as you do, the paramount necessity of knowing where such a coat comes from." He bent forward, his bald head inclined toward his client. "We will have it ready when Mr. Joyce comes to see it, and with the darker lining you indicated you preferred."

Mrs. Joyce did not appear to be listening. She waited until Harrison had waved coats and girls away, and then said, almost as if thinking aloud: "Mr. Joyce must see the coat. I telephoned him last night. You know—did I mention it?—that we do not live in New York." Harrison knew it; he knew also the hotel at which Mrs. Joyce was registered, the rate she paid for her room, the purchases she had made, the stores which had delivered packages to the hotel for her, all paid, the garage from which she engaged her automobile; he knew also that she breakfasted at the hotel and never signed the checks, but paid them at once. "I really had my mind made up yesterday, after seeing the other coats." She paused, still gazing blankly at the pomegranate flowers. "Mr. Joyce's father is not well; he lives here. He is going to the hospital today, and my husband will be down to see him. But he must get home tonight again. I ——"

"If there is any way we ——"

"There is," she said, facing him, as if she had arrived at a decision. "Please have someone bring the coat to the hospital. If it suits Mr. Joyce, and I am certain that it will, for he never—if it suits Mr. Joyce, he will give you a check for it." She smiled quietly, her eyes on Harrison's. "I've told him the amount—the larger amount—and Mr. Joyce said that since you did not know us, he would have it certified. The difference you can place on your books in our favor." Harrison assured her that merely a check from Mr. Joyce would be satisfactory. He could say that, since the check was to be certified. "I do want him to see it. I've never been so extravagant about clothes before. I'll send my car ——"

"No, no; that is unnecessary. I will take the coat to the hospital myself."

The woman nodded, as if it were of no importance; had she insisted, Harrison would possibly have considered the irregularity of the proceeding.

"It wouldn't be any trouble, but I am accustomed to this driver. Your way is the better for me, at all events." She added with a smile that she realized shops must be careful in delivering sable coats costing a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; she must, she said, arrange for insurance at once.

"I was only thinking of your own convenience," Harrison protested. His pale face flushed a trifle, and, seeing that Mrs. Joyce was still smiling, he added frankly: "We must be careful. I know you understand that; it is a pleasure to serve a client who does." Mrs. Joyce, he said, had no idea how some women expected to transact business.

"I don't see how you can avoid all types," Mrs. Joyce said, without interest. "I will be at the hospital earlier than five, but—yes, if you will be there then ——"

The time depended entirely upon Mrs. Joyce.

"Mr. Joyce's father is to be at St. William's. Thank you for your advice; and for the trouble." She said it sincerely, but Harrison could see that Mrs. Joyce had dismissed the question of the coat. Good! An excellent sign. She was not worried about any possible disagreement with her husband. The matched sable was sold—for cash.

"It is we who thank you, Mrs. Joyce. It has been a pleasure. . . . Five o'clock, at St. William's."

III

ROBERTA LINDSEY was desperately tired by 4:30 in the afternoon. Over her little desk a light burned; as she wrote on a chart, her eyes, like her whole body, ached. When she was working with her girls on the floor, doing something other than mechanical nursing, the sense of the grapple with the unknown gave her a sense of equality, of power, which she lost once she went back to routine.

The day had been routine, until a half hour earlier. Then 571—an old man—had, through his fogged and clogging sense, some sort of outburst. Lindsey and the nurse in charge had tried to give him the ordered medicine, and each time the ancient had refused it, moving his head back and sidewise and clenching his teeth upon the spoon. Over and over the stimulant had been urged and forced.

When he lifted his old hand and struck the spoon away, muttering that he was no longer sick, Lindsey said to the other girl, "Go phone. Why will they forget to give us orders for a hypo? Bring my case back with you—on th' desk."

The old man cried out fretfully at the stab of the needle—slept.

"Save him for the night girls," Lindsey said wearily. It wasn't that at all; merely a smart mask to hide behind, a screen for one's feelings of relief and satisfaction.

The day superintendent found her plotting the final hours of a temperature chart.

(Continued on Page 101)

Sept. 27th to Oct. 6th

Heatrola HOW? and WHY? WEEK

Want to know—

how to cut your fuel bills nearly in half?... why moist, circulating heat is so much more healthful? This week, the Heatrola dealers listed on the following pages will answer these and all your other "HOWS" *and* "WHYS" *on home-heating*

THIS is your chance to learn all the "hows" and "whys" of home-heating. This is the time to have all your perplexing questions answered . . . to settle any doubtful points . . . to learn how to have warm-weather comfort in cold-weather months.

From September 27th to October 6th, Estate Heatrola dealers are cooperating with us in staging a nation-wide demonstration. They are making special preparations to answer home-heating questions in a simple, graphic, straightforward way. These specialists have made a study of house-heating—they understand its problems and perplexities from A to Z. Talk with them—ask them questions—they will "show" you the answers.

In our many years as builders of home-heating appliances, we have had thousands of people ask us many thousands of questions on this vital subject—questions that are of interest to home-owners and home-renters, present and future. We are printing some of them on the opposite page. Read them!

Surely, at one time or another, you have asked *yourself* some of these puzzlers. Now you can ask your Heatrola dealer—he is prepared to answer them to your entire satisfaction.

Very likely, there is an Estate Heatrola dealer near you—you will find his name among those listed on the following pages. Look him up—look at the special "How and Why" display in his show-window. You will *see* the answers to most of your questions, right there. Better still, go into the store, and talk with the dealer. Ask him . . . he *knows*.

Make it a point to see your dealer's special Heatrola "How and Why" window. It tells the story of modern house-heating so simply, so graphically

Your local dealer will use the Estate Heatrola to answer your questions, because, as you know, this beautiful, mahogany-finished enamel cabinet is the *original*, first-floor, warm-air heating plant. And, naturally, it embodies the best in heating fundamentals, as well as many exclusive features which have made it the leader in its field.

There are few heating questions, you see, that the Heatrola itself cannot answer.

Of course, you will want to take advantage of this opportunity to get all the home-heating information you are seeking. Your Heatrola dealer will give you frank, unbiased answers—his store is headquarters for first-hand heating facts. Look for his name on the following pages. Or, write direct to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 7-A, Hamilton, Ohio, or to any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices: 241 West 34th Street, New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Building, Portland, Oregon.

★ Estate ★ HE

There is

© 1928, The E. S. Co.

How has this luxurious whole-house heater turned thousands of old-fashioned "parlors" into new-fashioned living-rooms?

See the answers to these questions with your own eyes

FOR SMALLER HOMES—ESTATE HEATROLA JUNIOR

A smaller Heatrola with all the important features of design which have made the Estate Heatrola famous. Especially designed for homes of three to four rooms, apartments, stores.

ESTATE GAS HEATROLA

So that gas users, too, may now enjoy all the advantages of Heatrola heating. This slender cabinet—which circulates healthfully moistened heat—has already brought new comfort to thousands of small homes. Of course, the Gas Heatrola is approved by the A. G. A.

1 How can I reduce my fuel expense by 45%?

2 How have the famous and exclusive features of the Estate Heatrola (for coal and wood) been embodied in the Estate Gas Heatrola?

3 How does the Heatrola get the same satisfactory results no matter what fuel is used—any kind of coal, wood, natural or artificial gas?

4 How is waste turned into warmth by the Intensi-Fire Air Duct—an exclusive Heatrola feature?

5 Why is it no hotter within a few feet of a Heatrola than it is in the most remote upstairs room?

6 Why is moist, circulating heat so much more healthful than dry, radiating heat?

7 Why is the Heatrola so easy to keep clean?

8 Why does the Heatrola always harmonize so perfectly with other fine furnishings?

9 Why will my wife prefer the Heatrola—either for coal or gas—to any other heater?

10 Why are the floors and hallways always draft-free in Heatrola-heated homes?

11 How are colds and "seasonal sneezes" prevented by the Heatrola?

12 Why do Heatrola owners never know that twice-a-year, "take-it-down and put-it-up" muss and fuss and bother?

13 Why is it that there are many more Heatrolas bought each year than any other first-floor, warm-air heating plant?

14 How does the Heatrola keep the rooms free from ash, dust or gas fumes?

15 Why does the Estate Heatrola hold fire over-night—and much longer?

16 How does the Gas Heatrola regulate itself so that the house temperature is always the same?

17 Why has the Estate Gas Heatrola been approved by the American Gas Association, and by the laboratories of leading gas companies?

18 What will it cost to install a Heatrola in my home, if I burn coal? If I burn gas? And on what easy terms can I purchase it?

New Low Prices Now in Effect

ATROLA

only *One* Heatrola—*Estate* builds it

The Heatrola dealers listed on the following pages are cooperating in "How and Why" Week. Turn the page—look for the one nearest you—visit him.

ALABAMA

Abbeville — Bland Trading Co.
Albertville — James W Baker
Andalusia — S D Brooks
Anniston — Jack Hubbard Hdw Co
Auburn — Auburn Furn Co
Birmingham
Birmingham Hdw & Gun Sup Co*
Bessemer — R M Tarwater
Brewton — Hatton & [illegible]
Bay Minette — [illegible]
Cuba — Duncanville Mer Co.
Clinton — Jones Hdw Co.
Decatur — John D Weaver & Son
Demopolis — [illegible]
Dothan — Sloan-Mutchman Hdw Co.
Ensley — Hood-McPherson Furn Co.
Eufaula — Satterwhite's
Evergreen — Wall & [illegible]
Florala — Shepherd Furn. Co.
Fairhope — Steele's Sons
Ft Payne — Thomas Hdw Co.
Georgiana — Brunson [illegible]
Greenville — City Hdw
Grove Hill — Johnson Hdw & Sply
Headland — R S Solomon Hdw.
Hartselle — T H [illegible]
Jasper — Farmer Mercantile Co
Jefferson — C L [illegible]
Marion — A J Mitchell
Moulton — [illegible]
Montgomery — H M Price Hdw Co
Montgomery
Opelika — Ernest & Wright
Ozark — [illegible]
Roanoke — Young Hdw Co
Selma — Weaver Hdw
Sheffield — C F [illegible]
Sylacauga — Sylacauga Hdw Co
Talladega — [illegible]
Troy — [illegible]
Tuscaloosa — C W [illegible]
Tuskegee — [illegible]
Union Springs — Rose Hdw Co

ARIZONA

Calumet — Phelps Dodge Mer Co
Douglas — Arizona Hdw Co
Bisbee — Bisbee Hdw
Globe — Arizona Hdw Co
Nogales — Sing Arizona Power Co*
Phoenix — Goldwater & Bing
Phoenix — H S Harris Hdw Co
Prescott — M E Kane
Safford — Page Hdw Co
Tempe — Carter Lbr & Hdw Co
Tucson — [illegible]
Williams — Babbitt Bros
Winslow — Arizona Hdw Co
Yuma — J P Sanguinetti

ARKANSAS

Arkadelphia — Arkansas Hdw Co
Ashdown — Ashdown Hdw Co
Batesville — A W Mayo Hdw Co
Benton — Lewis Hdw Co
Blytheville — [illegible]
Camden — J W Smith Hdw Co
Conway — [illegible]
Fayetteville — W M [illegible]
Forrest City — [illegible]
Fort Smith — K Lee & Mc[illegible]
Harrison — K S Stephens & Sons*
Hope — [illegible]
Jonesboro — Thomas Hdw Co & Mfg Co
Helena — Arkansas [illegible]
Hope — [illegible]
Hot Springs — [illegible]
Jonesboro — [illegible]
Little Rock — Home Depot Store*
Lonoke — [illegible]
Magnolia — [illegible]
Marianna — [illegible]
Monticello — Sawyer Furn Co
Newport — [illegible]
Osceola — [illegible]
Pine Bluff — Sorrels & Wood
Prescott — Nevada [illegible]
Stuttgart — Bowlds Hdw & Furn Co
Texarkana — [illegible]
Van Buren — Bourland Furn Co

CALIFORNIA

Auburn — Pacific Gas & Elec Co*
Bakersfield — [illegible]
Berkeley — Pac Gas & Elec Co*
Burbank — Inland [illegible]*
Eureka — Paul Caimano
Fresno — B. A. Newman Co.*
Hanford — Sou. Calif. Gas Co.*
Lodi — Pac. Gas & Elec Co.*
Long Beach — Farley Gas & Elec Co.*
Los Angeles — Birch Smith Furn*
Los Angeles — Goodan-Jenkins Furn.*
Los Angeles — [illegible]
Los Gatos — Pacific Gas & Elec. Co.*
Madera — Madera Gas Co.*
Marysville — Pac Gas & Elec Co.*
Monrovia — Southern Co. Gas Co.*
Napa — Pac Gas & Elec Co.*
Oakland — Pac. Gas & Elec Co.*
Orange — Gray Nurse Hdw Co
Palo Alto — Pac Gas & Elec
Pasadena — Cardinal Hdw
Petaluma — Nelsen Furn. Co
Portland — Pac Gas & Elec
Pomona — [illegible]
Porterville — Soo [illegible]
Redwood City — [illegible]
Richmond — Pac. Gas & Elec Co.*
Ripon — Davis Bros.
Roseville — Pac. Gas & Elec Co.*
Sacramento — Pac. Gas & Elec Co.*
Sacramento — Wilson Bros.
San Diego — Frank Reinemund Co*
San Francisco — John Brenner Co*
San Francisco — Gerhardt-Stenhauser Co*
San Francisco — Sterling Furn. Co.†
San Jose — Pac. Gas & Elec. Co.*
San Mateo — Pac Gas & Elec Co.*
San Pedro — Southern Co. Gas Co.*
San Rafael — Pac Gas & Elec Co.*
Santa Ana — Southern Co. Gas Co.*
Santa Barbara — Pierce Bros*
Santa Barbara — Southern Co. Gas Co.*
Santa Cruz — Coast Co. Gas & Elec*
Santa [illegible] — [illegible] Co.
Santa Maria — Santa Maria Gas Co.*
Santa Monica — [illegible]
Santa Rosa — [illegible] Co.*
Stockton — [illegible] Co.*
Sunnyvale — [illegible]
Taft — [illegible] Co.*
Tulare — So. Calif Gas Co*
Turlock — [illegible] Hdw Co.
Vallejo — [illegible]
Visalia — Pac Gas & Elec Co.*
Watsonville — [illegible] Co.*
Whittier — [illegible] Gas Co.*

COLORADO

Ault — [illegible]
Alamosa — [illegible]
Boulder — [illegible]
Brighton — [illegible]
Canon City — [illegible]
Colorado Springs — [illegible]
Delta — [illegible]
Denver — [illegible]
Durango — [illegible]
Eaton — [illegible]
Florence — Florence Hdw. Co.
Ft Collins — Poudre Valley Gas Co.*
Fowler — Frank G Hough
Gill — Evans Imp. Co.
Glenwood Spgs — Heuwed & Torrey
Grand Junction — [illegible]
Greeley — [illegible]
La Jara — E M Stone & Co
Lamar — The Mason [illegible]
Las Animas — [illegible]
Longmont — [illegible]
Loveland — [illegible]
Manitou — Madison [illegible]
Manzanola — F. E. A. Schilling
Meeker — J N Carter Co.
Monte Vista — [illegible]
Montezuma — Espy Bros.
Montrose — Hall Hdw Co.
Newman — Ragland Hdw. Co.
Olathe — [illegible]
Pagosa Springs — [illegible]
Pelham — Pelham Hdw. Co.
Perry — B. H Andrew
Quitman — Young-Jones Hdw Co.
Rocky — [illegible]
Salida — [illegible]
Savannah — Savannah Gas Co.*
Soperton — Farmers Hdw Co.
Statesboro — Statesboro Wagon Co.
Swainsboro — [illegible]
Thomasville — Watson & Son Hdw
Thomson — W Feinberg & Son
Tifton — Thomson Hdw Co.
Toccoa — G. L. Blalock & Sons
Vidalia — [illegible]
Vienna — Lanier [illegible]
Waycross — [illegible]
Waycross — [illegible]
Waynesboro — [illegible]
Waynesboro — Consumers Gas & Co.*
Waycross — Walker-Hood Furn. Co
Waynesboro — Paine Hdw Co
Wrightsville — Robinson Furn Co
Wrightsville — T. V Kent

IDAHO

Arco — Arco [illegible]
Bancroft — H. C Johnson Merc. Co.
Blackfoot — Neil F Boyle Hdw. Co.
Hawkinsville — Merritt & Anderson
Helena — Service Hdw. & Furn. Co.
Homerville — Hollis Hdw & Furn.
Jesup — W J O'Quinn & Sons
Lawrenceville — LaGrange Hdw. Co.*
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] — Master Shoe Repair
Milledgeville — [illegible]
Millen — [illegible]
Monroe — [illegible]
Moultrie — [illegible]
Nashville — [illegible]
Quitman — [illegible]
Reidsville — [illegible]
Rochelle — [illegible]
Sandersville — [illegible]
Sylvania — [illegible]
Thomaston — [illegible]
Thomasville — [illegible]
Tifton — [illegible]
Valdosta — [illegible]
Vidalia — [illegible]
Vienna — [illegible]
Washington — [illegible]
Waycross — [illegible]
Waynesboro — [illegible]
Wrightsville — [illegible]

CONNECTICUT

Ansonia — Ansonia Furn. Co
Baltic — C H Rood, Inc.
Branford — Collins & Freeman, Inc.
Bridgeport — Gas App. Exchange*
Clinton — [illegible]
Danbury — [illegible]
Deep River — [illegible]
Essex — [illegible]
Fairfield — [illegible]
Greenwich — [illegible]
Hartford — [illegible]
Madison — [illegible]
Meriden — [illegible]
Middletown — [illegible]
Naugatuck — [illegible]
New Britain — [illegible]
New Haven — [illegible]
New London — [illegible]
New Milford — [illegible]
Norwalk — [illegible]
Norwich — [illegible]
Putnam — [illegible]
Rockville — [illegible]
Salisbury — [illegible]
Stamford — [illegible]
Stonington — [illegible]
Thomaston — [illegible]
Torrington — [illegible]
Waterbury — [illegible]
Willimantic — [illegible]
Windsor Locks — [illegible]

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington — [illegible]
Washington — [illegible]

DELAWARE

Bridgeville — [illegible]
Dover — [illegible]
Georgetown — [illegible]
Harrington — [illegible]
Laurel — [illegible]
Milford — [illegible]
Newark — [illegible]
Seaford — [illegible]
Smyrna — [illegible]
Wilmington — [illegible]
Wilmington — [illegible]

FLORIDA

Arcadia — [illegible]
Bartow — [illegible]
Belle Glade — [illegible]
Bradenton — W M Jones Hdw
Brooksville — [illegible]
Bushnell — [illegible]
Chipley — [illegible]
Clearwater — [illegible]
Crestview — [illegible]
Daytona Beach — [illegible]
De Funiak Springs — [illegible]
Deland — [illegible]
Fort Myers — [illegible]
Gainesville — [illegible]
Hollywood — [illegible]
Jacksonville — [illegible]
Jacksonville — [illegible]
Key West — [illegible]
Lake City — [illegible]
Lakeland — [illegible]
Leesburg — [illegible]
Live Oak — [illegible]
Marianna — [illegible]
Milton — [illegible]
New Smyrna — [illegible]
Ocala — [illegible]
Orlando — [illegible]
Palatka — [illegible]
Panama City — [illegible]
Pensacola — [illegible]
Perry — [illegible]
Quincy — [illegible]
St Augustine — [illegible]
Sanford — [illegible]
Tampa — [illegible]
Tampa — [illegible]
Tarpon Springs — [illegible]
Titusville — [illegible]
Vero Beach — [illegible]
W Palm Beach — [illegible]
Winter Haven — [illegible]
Winter Haven — [illegible]

GEORGIA

Albany — [illegible]
Americus — [illegible]
Athens — [illegible]
Atlanta — [illegible]
Atlanta — Georgia Power Co.*
Augusta — Augusta Gas & Lt Co.*
Augusta — [illegible]
Barnesville — [illegible]
Bailey — [illegible]
Brunswick — [illegible]
Brunswick — [illegible]
Buford — [illegible]
Cairo — [illegible]
Camilla — [illegible]
Carrollton — [illegible]
Cartersville — [illegible]
Cedartown — [illegible]
Clarkesville — [illegible]
Cochran — [illegible]
Columbus — [illegible]
Commerce — [illegible]
Conyers — [illegible]
Cordele — [illegible]
Cornelia — [illegible]
Covington — [illegible]
Dalton — [illegible]
Douglas — [illegible]
Eastman — [illegible]
Elberton — [illegible]
Fitzgerald — [illegible]
Forsyth — [illegible]
Gainesville — [illegible]
Greensboro — [illegible]
Griffin — [illegible]
Hartwell — [illegible]
Hawkinsville — [illegible]
Helena — [illegible]
Homerville — [illegible]
Jesup — [illegible]
LaGrange — [illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible]

Oakley — Harmon & Schmidt
Pittsburg — Utley Furn. Co.
Preston — Wiedower Hdw. & Imp.
Pittsburg — Peoples Furn. Co.†
Elkton — H B King & Sons
Frostburg — The Prichard Co.
Hagerstown — Garver Furn. Co.
Princess Anne — C H Hayman & Sons
Salisbury — Feldman Bros.
Westminster — C W Wampler

MASSACHUSETTS

Allerton — Jas. G. Clark
Amesbury — Premier Furn. Co.
Attleboro — Cowdrow Derby Hayes Co.
Barre — J F Higgins & Co.
Brockton — Bates Bros.
Cambridge — Cambridge Gas Light Co.*
Chelsea — Mutual Fuel Co.*
Dalton — Wilcox & Barker
Dedham — Dedham Gas Co.*
Fall River — J Sunderland & Son
Fitchburg — Tarbox Holbrook Furn.
Framingham — People's Furn. Co.
Gloucester — Gloucester Gas Light Co.*
Greenfield — Greenfield Gas Light Co.*
Hyannis — Hyannis Gas Co.*
Lawrence — Lawrence Gas & Elec. Co.*
Lowell — Lowell Gas Light Co.*
Lynn — Titus & Buckley Co.†
Malden — Malden-Melrose Gas Lt. Co.*
Marlboro — The Hosmer Co.
Maynard — Avery & Wood Supply Co.
Middleboro — J F Morton & Son
Newburyport — Lockhart Hdw. Co.
New Bedford — N Bryant & Johnson Lt. Co.*
New Bedford — Tabb Furn. Co.†
Newton — Murray Bros.
Northampton — Cons. Dry Goods Co.
No. Attleboro — J. J. Beard Furn. Co.
Northboro — Adams Hdw. Co.
So. Brookfield — W B Wilson
Springfield — Eaton & Bates
Taunton — J A Bennett
Wakefield — Wakefield Gas Light Co.*
Waltham — E. A. Sampson
Watertown — Mac Martin
Winchester — Day & McCormick

LOUISIANA

Alexandria — Hemenway Furn. Co.*
Baton Rouge — Globe Furn. Co.*
Bogalusa — Cohen's Furn. Store
Crowley — Thompson-Reiber Imp. Co.
Hammond — Lewis Hdw. Co.
Lafayette — Dauterive Furn. Co.
Lake Charles — Berdon-Campbell
Minden — W. B. Thorpe Furn. Co.*
Monroe — The Monroe Furn. Co.*
New Iberia — Dauterive Furn. Co.
New Orleans — N. Pub. Service Co.*
New Orleans — S. P. Service Co.†
Opelousas — Chretien & Reed
Ponchatoula — Wardle Hdw. Co.
Shreveport — American Furn. Co.*

MAINE

Augusta — Maxim & Dorr Co.
Bangor — Farrar Furn. Co.
Bar Harbor — Frank T. Young & Co.
Belfast — Donald S. Clark
Bethel — I. P. Bird
Brunswick — Brunswick Hdw. Co.
Camden — A. S. Pierce
Dover — Hines & Son
Ellsworth — H. L. Dunn
Farmington — Farmington Hdw. Co.
Fort Fairfield — Thompson & Co.
Gardiner — Wheeler Hdw. & Co.
Greenville — Creed
Houlton — F. W. Wilson & Co.
Kennebunk — G. W. Lord
Kittery — W. T. Newton
Lewiston — E. A. Weatherbee Co.
Lisbon Falls — A. P. Barker
Lubec — J. F. Timmons Co.
Machias — Hall & Wilson
Madawaska — Madawaska Farm Co.
Millinocket — H. D. Lee
Monmouth — H. D. Lee
Newport — K. A. Deering & Son
New Sharon — Jones Hdw. Co.
North Anson — Hall & Wilson
Old Orchard — J. H. Staples
Rockland — Farrar & Trefethen
Rumford — A. B. Merrill
Saco — Saco Hdw. Co.
Skowhegan — Skowhegan Hdw. Co.
Thomaston — C. A. Tilton & Co.
Waterville — E. J. Hamelin
Westbrook — John R. Fenton
Winthrop — Malcolm & Dyer Co.
Yarmouth — Storer Bros.

MARYLAND

Annapolis — McCready & Co.
Baltimore — Approved Appl. Assn.†
Berlin — Berlin Hdw. Co.
Church Hill — H. E. Wells
Clarksburg — Clifton Dronenburg
Crisfield — Bradshaw Supply Co.
Cumberland — C. & A. Gas Appl. Co.*
Cumberland — Peoples Furn. Co.†
Elkton — H B King & Sons
Frostburg — The Prichard Co.
Hagerstown — Garver Furn. Co.
Princess Anne — C H Hayman & Sons
Salisbury — Haines & Kirk
Salisbury — Feldman Bros.
Westminster — C W Wampler

MASSACHUSETTS

Allerton — Jas. G. Clark
Amesbury — Premier Furn. Co.
Attleboro — Cowdrow Derby Hayes Co.
Barre — J F Higgins & Co.
Brockton — Bates Bros.
Cambridge — Cambridge Gas Light Co.*
Chelsea — Mutual Fuel Co.*
Dalton — Wilcox & Barker
Dedham — Dedham Gas Co.*
Fall River — J Sunderland & Son
Fitchburg — Tarbox Holbrook Furn.
Framingham — People's Furn. Co.
Gloucester — Gloucester Gas Light Co.*
Greenfield — Greenfield Gas Light Co.*
Hyannis — Hyannis Gas Co.*
Lawrence — Lawrence Gas & Elec. Co.*
Lowell — Lowell Gas Light Co.*
Lynn — Titus & Buckley Co.†
Malden — Malden-Melrose Gas Lt. Co.*
Marlboro — The Hosmer Co.
Maynard — Avery & Wood Supply Co.
Middleboro — J F Morton & Son
Newburyport — Lockhart Hdw. Co.
New Bedford — N Bryant & Johnson Lt. Co.*
New Bedford — Tabb Furn. Co.†
Newton — Murray Bros.
Northampton — Cons. Dry Goods Co.
No. Attleboro — J. J. Beard Furn. Co.
Northboro — Adams Hdw. Co.
So. Brookfield — W B Wilson
Springfield — Eaton & Bates
Taunton — J A Bennett
Wakefield — Wakefield Gas Light Co.*
Waltham — E. A. Sampson
Watertown — Mac Martin
Winchester — Day & McCormick

MICHIGAN

Adrian — Wood Hdw. Co.
Akron — R. S. Streeter
Alba — F. M. Shepard & Son
Alma — V. L. Boyd
Augusta — H. B. Comings
Avoca — Mich. Fuel Gas Co.*
Avon — Avon Hdw. Co.
Bancroft — Bancroft Hdw. Co.
Bay City — Bay City Gas Co.*
Bellaire — Bellaire Hdw. Co.
Benton Harbor — Benton Harbor Gas Co.*
Berrien Springs — Berrien Springs Hdw. Co.
Big Rapids — Big Rapids Hdw. Co.
Birmingham — The Home Gas Co.*
Blissfield — C. A. Bliss
Boyne City — Boyne City Hdw. Co.
Bridgman — J. F. Hagy & Son
Bronson — Bronson Hdw. Co.
Buchanan — Buchanan Hdw. Co.
Cadillac — Cadillac Gas Co.*
Caledonia — Kuhnle & Gaugler
Capac — Capac Hdw. Co.
Carleton — I. R. Crawford
Caro — Hennes & Reuter
Caro — Wagner Hdw. Co.
Carson City — Geller Hdw. Co.
Cedar Spgs. — Dick Kimm Furn. Co.
Centerville — Truckenmiller Bros.
Cheboygan — Cheboygan Hdw. Co.
Chesaning — Chesaning Hdw. Co.
Clare — Clare Hdw. & Furn. Co.
Coldwater — Kerr Hdw. Co.†
Crystal Falls — John Bauer & Son
Custer — W. E. Reader & Co.
Deckerville — Stoutenburg & Wilson
Detroit — Arcade Hdw. Co.
Detroit — Detroit Gas Co.*
Detroit — J. Inglis Co.
Detroit — People's Outfitting Co.†
Detroit — Detroit Vapor Gas Co.*
Dexter — Dexter Hdw. & Furn. Co.
Dowagiac — Dowagiac Gas & Fuel Co.*
Eaton Rapids — E. F. Sandler
Fair Haven — M. A. Sherman
Escanaba — Escanaba Hdw. Co.
Fennville — Fennville Hdw. & Imp.
Fenton — Don J. McGuire
Flat Rock — M. F. Keenan
Flint — Wiesgerber Furniture
Fraser — Chas. J. Reindel
Freeland — Bert Ferris Hdw.
Fremont — H. Van Tatenhove
Fruitport — R. L. Shook
Gaylord — Gaylord Hdw. Co.
Gladwin — Gladwin Hdw. Co.
Grand Haven — Grand Haven Gas Light Co.*
Grand Rapids — Grand Rapids Gas Light Co.*
Grand Rapids — Grand Rapids Hdw. Co.
Grand Rapids — Kingsbury & Seiber
Grand Rapids — Lemon & Wheeler Co.
Grand Rapids — Steketee-Van Huis & Dekker
Grand Rapids — Wurzburg's
Grandville — Grandville Hdw. Co.
Hamtramck — Hamtramck Gas & Electric Co.*
Hancock — Hancock Gas Co.*
Hart — Hart Hdw. Co.
Hartford — Hartford Hdw. Co.
Hastings — Hastings Hdw. Co.
Hemlock — Hemlock Hdw. Co.
Hillsdale — Hillsdale Hdw. Co.
Holland — Holland Furn. Co.
Howard City — Howard City Hdw. Co.
Howell — Howell Hdw. Co.
Hudson — Hudson Hdw. Co.
Ida — Ida Hdw. Co.
Imlay City — Imlay City Hdw. Co.
Ionia — Ionia Hdw. Co.
Iron River — Iron River Hdw. Co.
Ishpeming — Ishpeming Hdw. Co.
Ithaca — Ithaca Hdw. Co.
Jackson — Jackson Hdw. Co.
Jasper — Jasper Van Meter
Jonesville — Jonesville Hdw. Co.
Kalamazoo — Kalamazoo Gas Light Co.*
Kalkaska — F. B. Tomkins & Co.
Kingston — John J. Barden
L'Anse — Baraga Co. Hdw. Co.
Lansing — Lansing Hdw. Co.
Lapeer — Lapeer Hdw. Co.
Lawrence — J. Thompson & Son
Leonard — W. L. Conrad & Co.
Leonidas — B. I. Banta
Lexington — J. F. Meyer
Linden — M. W. Johnson
Manchester — Fred Widmayer & Sons
Manistee — Wm. Miller Hdw. Co.
Maple Rapids — Upton Lbr. & Hdw. Co.
Marcellus — Patch Hdw. Co.
Marine City — Zimmerman Bros.
Marion — Marion Hdw. Co.
Marquette — Kelly Hdw. Co.
Marshall — Mich. Fed. Utilities*
Mason — Mickelson-Haugh Co.
Mayville — J. E. Berry
Menominee — M. & M. Lt. & Pr. Co.*
Mio — H. H. Wilcox Hdw. Co.
Mount Clemens — Mount Clemens Gas Co.*
Munising — Munising Hdw. Co.
Muskegon — Muskegon Gas Co.*
Muskegon — Muskegon Hdw. Co.
Negaunee — Elliott & Dawe
New Lothrop — New Lothrop Hdw. Co.
Niles — Kerr Hdw. Co.
No. Branch — Daniel Orr & Sons
Norway — Ratzenberger Hdw. Co.
Nowland — F. W. Bumgarner
Otsego — Mich. Fuel & Lt. Co.*
Owosso — Ingram Hdw. Co.
Paw Paw — B. G. Walters & Co.
Perry — Rann & Hart
Petersburg — A. C. Gradolph & Son
Pinckney — Briggs & Smith
Plainwell — Bay-Hdw. Co.
Pontiac — Pontiac Gas Co.*
Port Huron — Dale Hdw. Co.
Reading — Reading Gas Co.*
Reese — Reese Hdw. Co.
Rockford — Rockford Lumber & Supply Co.
Saginaw — Saginaw & Co.
Saginaw — Wahl Hdw. Co.
Sandusky — The Hardware Co.
Sebewaing — M. A. Sherman
Shepherd — Rupert Stephens
Shelby — A. J. Rankin
Spring Lake — Cleveland & Son
Springwood — Haviland Hdw. Co.
Stockbridge — Kaiser & Shaw
Sturgis — Lynch Hdw.
Sylvan Lake — Thompson & Hallett
Tecumseh — Hardware Hdw. Co.
Trenton — F. Fox
Utica — Rosenk Bros.
Vassar — E. L. Mayer
Vicksburg — A. Wagner & Son
Wakefield — R. J. Bates
Warren — The Jonathan Hdw.
Watervliet — W. F. Hdw. Store
Webberville — C. E. Vanvalkenburg
Wyandotte — Wyandotte Hdw. Co.
Ypsilanti — Ypsilanti Gas Co.*
Zeeland — Van Hoven-Vereeke Co.

MINNESOTA

Ada — Ada Hdw. Co.
Albert Lea — Albert Lea Hdw.
Alexandria — Alexandria Hdw. & Furn. Co.
Appleton — I. M. Reuter Co.
Austin — Hegg & McGinley
Bemidji — Bemidji Hdw. Co.
Benson — Benson Hdw. Co.
Blue Earth — Blue Earth Hdw. Co.
Brainerd — F. L. Quale Hdw.
Breckenridge — Breckenridge Imp.
Brownsdale — Ryan Bldg. & Mfg.
Canby — C. Bell
Cannon Falls — W. R. Kemp
Chatfield — Chatfield Hdw. Co.
Cloquet — Cloquet Hdw. Co.
Crookston — Crookston Hdw. Co.
Detroit Lakes — Detroit Lakes Hdw. Co.
Duluth — Duluth Gas & Water Co.*
Elbow Lake — Elbow Lake Hdw. Co.
Fairmont — Fairmont Gas Co.*
Farmington — Farmington Hdw. Co.
Fergus Falls — Fergus Falls Gas Co.*
Glenwood — Glenwood Hdw. Co.
Grand Meadow — Grand Meadow Hdw. Co.
Hallock — Hallock Hdw. Co.
Harmony — Harmony — Barlow Hdw. Co.
Hawley — Hawley Hdw. Co.
Hopkins — Hopkins — Kolnik Hdw. Co.
Hutchinson — Hutchinson — F. J. Zilk & Sons
International Falls — International Falls — Keyes Furn.
Jackson — Jackson — Emil J. Skalicky
Kasson — Kasson Hdw.
Kenyon — Kenyon — John A. Tweed
Lake Crystal — Lake Crystal — R. I. Mark
Lake Mills — Lake Mills — Jones Hdw. Co.
Lanesboro — Lanesboro — Kingsley
Le Center — Le Center — Lemon & Nelson
Lewiston — Lewiston — S. P. Burgess & Son
Madelia — Madelia — James Hdw. Co.
Madison — Madison — Berg Hdw. Co.
Madison Lake — Madison Lake — Muellerleile Hdw.
Mankato — Mankato — John C. Hagen
Marietta — Marietta — C. A. Berg & Co.
Marshall — Marshall — Addison Brothers
Minneapolis — Minneapolis — Franklin Ave. Hdw. Co.
Minneapolis — Minneapolis — Minn. Gas Lt. Co.*
Minneapolis — Minneapolis — Warner Hdw. Co.
Minnesota City — Minnesota City — Church Bros.
Montevideo — Montevideo — [illegible]
Morgan — Morgan — Steinke Seidl Lbr. Co.
Mora — Mora — H. B. Lunn
Mountain Lake — Mountain Lake — Jungas Hdw.
New Ulm — New Ulm — Robt. Petermaier
Nicollet — Nicollet — Zins Hdw. & Imp. Co.
Northfield — Northfield — N field Furnace Co.
Olivia — Olivia — Anderson & Metcalf
Ortonville — Ortonville — Ortonville Hdw. Co.
Owatonna — Owatonna — Swan Supply Co.
Paynesville — Paynesville — Schroeder & Latterell Hdw.
Perham — Perham — J. E. Breher
Pipestone — Pipestone — Demaray Hdw. Co.
Raymond — Raymond — L. E. Ormseth & Son Co.
Red Wing — Red Wing — A. Swanson & Sons
Richmond — Richmond — Nick Strum
St. Cloud — St. Cloud — Powell Hdw. Co.
St. James — St. James — R. C. Gibson Hdw.
St. Paul — St. Paul — R. N. Cardozo & Bro., Inc.†
St. Paul — St. Paul — Jensen Furn. Co.†
Sauk Center — Sauk Center — C. D. Marshall & Co.
Sauk Rapids — Sauk Rapids — Sauk Rapids Hdw. Co.
Sleepy Eye — Sleepy Eye — Leitschuh-Seidl Hdw.
Springfield — Springfield — [illegible]
Spring Grove — Spring Grove — M. [illegible]
Spring Park — Spring Park — [illegible]
Spring Valley — Spring Valley — [illegible]
St. Hilaire — St. Hilaire — [illegible]
Thief River Falls — Thief River Falls — [illegible]
Tower — Tower — [illegible]
Truman — Truman — [illegible]
Verndale — Verndale — [illegible]
Virginia — Virginia — [illegible]
Wabasha — Wabasha — [illegible]
Warren — Warren — [illegible]
Waseca — Waseca — [illegible]
Watertown — Watertown — [illegible]
Waverly — Waverly — [illegible]
Wayzata — Wayzata — [illegible]
Willmar — Willmar — [illegible]
Winona — Winona — R. J. Crane Co.
Worthington — Worthington — Redfield Hdw.
Zumbrota — Zumbrota — Sohn & Tretsand

MISSISSIPPI

Amory — Amory — Chas. Amory Hdw. Co.*
Ashland — Ashland — [illegible]
Bay St. Louis — Bay St. Louis — [illegible]
Biloxi — Biloxi — [illegible]
Brookhaven — Brookhaven — [illegible]
Canton — Canton — Woodruff Hdw. Co.
Clarksdale — Clarksdale — McCrory & Co.
Crystal Springs — Crystal Springs — Crystal Springs Hdw.
Greenville — Greenville — [illegible]
Greenwood — Greenwood — [illegible]
Gulfport — Gulfport — [illegible]
Hattiesburg — Hattiesburg — [illegible]
Burkett-Sweet Music Works
Hazlehurst — Hazlehurst — [illegible]
Hollandale — Hollandale — [illegible]
Indianola — Indianola — [illegible]
Jackson — Jackson — [illegible]
Laurel — Laurel — [illegible]
Leland — Leland — [illegible]
Meridian — Meridian — Jones-Johnson Co.
Natchez — Natchez — Sentry Hdw. Co.
Newton — Newton — Rice Furn. Co.
Okolona — Okolona — [illegible]
Pascagoula — Pascagoula — [illegible]
Pass Christian — Pass Christian — [illegible]
Philadelphia — Philadelphia — [illegible]
Picayune — Picayune — [illegible]
Port Gibson — Port Gibson — [illegible]
Prentiss — Prentiss — [illegible]
Quitman — Quitman — [illegible]
Ripley — Ripley — [illegible]
Rolling Fork — Rolling Fork — [illegible]
Senatobia — Senatobia — [illegible]
Starkville — Starkville — [illegible]
Summit — Summit — [illegible]
Tupelo — Tupelo — [illegible]
Vicksburg — Vicksburg — [illegible]
Water Valley — Water Valley — [illegible]
Waynesboro — Waynesboro — [illegible]
Winona — Winona — [illegible]
Yazoo City — Yazoo City — [illegible]

MISSOURI

Ashgrove — Ashgrove — [illegible]
Aurora — Aurora — [illegible]
Blackburn — Blackburn — Ruhelman
Bloomfield — Bloomfield — [illegible]
Bowling Green — Bowling Green — [illegible]
Brookfield — Brookfield — [illegible]
Cameron — Cameron — [illegible]
Campbell — Campbell — [illegible]
Carthage — Carthage — [illegible]
Cassville — Cassville — [illegible]
Chillicothe — Chillicothe — [illegible]
Clarksville — Clarksville — [illegible]
Clinton — Clinton — [illegible]
Columbia — Columbia — [illegible]
Cuba — Cuba — [illegible]
Dexter — Dexter — [illegible]
Doniphan — Doniphan — [illegible]
Edina — Edina — [illegible]
Eldon — Eldon — [illegible]
Excelsior Springs — Excelsior Springs — [illegible]
Farmington — Farmington — [illegible]
Fayette — Fayette — [illegible]
Fredericktown — Fredericktown — [illegible]
Fulton — Fulton — [illegible]
Gallatin — Gallatin — [illegible]
Hannibal — Hannibal — [illegible]
Harrisonville — Harrisonville — [illegible]
Higginsville — Higginsville — [illegible]
Hillsboro — Hillsboro — [illegible]
Houston — Houston — [illegible]
Huntsville — Huntsville — [illegible]
Independence — Independence — [illegible]
Jackson — Jackson — [illegible]
Jefferson City — Jefferson City — [illegible]
Kahoka — Kahoka — [illegible]
Kennett — Kennett — [illegible]
Kirksville — Kirksville — [illegible]
Lamar — Lamar — [illegible]
Lancaster — Lancaster — [illegible]
Lebanon — Lebanon — [illegible]
Lexington — Lexington — [illegible]
Liberty — Liberty — [illegible]
Linneus — Linneus — [illegible]
Macon — Macon — [illegible]
Malden — Malden — [illegible]
Marceline — Marceline — [illegible]
Maryville — Maryville — [illegible]
Marshall — Marshall — [illegible]
Mexico — Mexico — [illegible]
Mt. Vernon — Mt. Vernon — [illegible]
Odessa — Odessa — [illegible]
O'Fallon — O'Fallon — [illegible]
Otterville — Otterville — [illegible]
Palmyra — Palmyra — [illegible]
Pleasant Hill — Pleasant Hill — [illegible]
Rolla — Rolla — [illegible]
St. Joseph — St. Joseph — [illegible]
St. Louis — St. Louis — [illegible]
Sedalia — Sedalia — [illegible]
Sikeston — Sikeston — [illegible]
Springfield — Springfield — [illegible]
Springfield — Springfield — [illegible]
Tipton — Tipton — [illegible]
Vandalia — Vandalia — [illegible]
Verona — Verona — [illegible]
Walnut Grove — Walnut Grove — [illegible]
Washington — Washington — [illegible]
Waverly — Waverly — [illegible]
Webb City — Webb City — [illegible]
Webb City — Webb City — [illegible]
Wellsville — Wellsville — [illegible]
Weston — Weston — [illegible]

MONTANA

Belgrade — Belgrade — [illegible]
Billings — Billings — [illegible]
Bozeman — Bozeman — [illegible]
Bridger — Bridger — [illegible]
Butte — Butte — [illegible]
Dillon — Dillon — [illegible]
Forsyth — Forsyth — [illegible]
Livingston — Livingston — [illegible]
Missoula — Missoula — [illegible]
Red Lodge — Red Lodge — [illegible]
Roundup — Roundup — [illegible]
Stanford — Stanford — [illegible]
Three Forks — Three Forks — [illegible]
Whitehall — Whitehall — [illegible]
Wolf Point — Wolf Point — [illegible]

NEBRASKA

Arlington — Arlington — [illegible]
Ashland — Ashland — [illegible]
Benson — Benson — [illegible]
Bertrand — Bertrand — [illegible]
Blair — Blair — [illegible]
Cambridge — Cambridge — [illegible]
Crawford — Crawford — [illegible]
Culbertson — Culbertson — [illegible]
Curtis — Curtis — [illegible]
Edgar — Edgar — [illegible]
Fairbury — Fairbury — [illegible]
Fairmont — Fairmont — [illegible]
Franklin — Franklin — [illegible]
Fremont — Fremont — [illegible]
Geneva — Geneva — [illegible]
Gothenburg — Gothenburg — [illegible]
Grand Island — Grand Island — [illegible]
Hastings — Hastings — [illegible]
Holdrege — Holdrege — [illegible]
Kearney — Kearney — [illegible]
Lexington — Lexington — [illegible]
Lincoln — Lincoln — [illegible]
Loup City — Loup City — [illegible]
Madison — Madison — [illegible]
McCook — McCook — [illegible]
Nebraska City — Nebraska City — [illegible]
Norfolk — Norfolk — [illegible]
North Platte — North Platte — [illegible]
Oakland — Oakland — [illegible]
Omaha — Omaha — [illegible]
Omaha — Omaha — [illegible]
Omaha — Omaha

Monroe — Munroe Hdw. Co
Monterey Lbr. — W. C. Johnston & Co
Morganton — Kirksey & C
Mt. Airy — Carter Walker Lumber Co
Mt. Gilead — Mt. Gilead Hdw. Co
New Bern — Turner Tyson Furn. Co
Newton — Abernethy Hdw. Co
No. Wilkesboro — Whitaker Dry Goods Co
Norwood — Morton Furn. Co
Oxford — Baird Hdw. Co
Plymouth — A. L. Owens
Raeford — Freeman Furniture
Rockingham — Everett Hdw. Co
Rocky Mount — Lancaster Furn. Co
Rosemary — Roanoke Hdw. Co
Roxboro — J. W. Pass & Son
Salisbury — Fisher Thompson Hdw.
Shelby — Shelby Hdw. Co
Statesville — Booth Furn. Co.
Sylva — Cowee Hdw. Co.
Taylorsville — Adams Furn. Store
Thomasville — Crutchfield Hdw.
Thomasville — Moore Bros.
Vanceboro — Skinner Bros.
Wadesboro — Rose's Variety Store
Warrenton — Rodwell Bros.
Washington — Owens Furn. Co.
Waynesville — Massie Furn. Co.
Whiteville — Joe Sheldon
Wilmington — Peoples Furn. Co.
Wilmington — Tidewater Power Co.*
Winston-Salem — W. S. Hdw. Co.

NORTH DAKOTA

Aneta — H. L. Stark & Son
Berthold — Emanuel Hdw. & Furn.
Bottineau — Ferguson Hdw. Co.
Carrington — Sec. Bros. Co.
Cooperstown — Nelson Hdw. Co.
Crosby — Otheim Hdw. Co.
Drayton — J. R. Vestre & Son
Edmore — Tegen & Knutson
Fargo — Lewis Furn. Co.
Goodrich — Billgrammer Mercantile Co.
Grafton — Bronnum & Olson
Grand Forks — G. F. Gas & Fuel Co.
Hague — Jacob Schu
Harvey — C. H. Blanding Hdw.
Hebron — Hennig Hdw. Co.
Kenmare — M. Bergen & Co
Lakota — The Barrett Co.
Leeds — Lyons Warehouse
Lidgerwood — Lidgerwood Hdw. Co.
Marmarth — Montana Dakota Pr. Co.*
Mayville — Mayville Hdw. Co.
Milton — Geo. Green & Son
Minto — Lazakowski & Co.
Napoleon — Dawes & Co.
New Rockford — F. R. Adams
Osnabrock — Pioneer Mch. & Imp. Co.
Park River — T. F. Meagher & Son
Rolla — Johnson & Sons
Sheyenne — Carmona Bros.
Steele — J. P. Bingham
Towner — Erickson Hdw. Store
Wishek — Wishek Hdw. Co.

OHIO

Ada — Huber & Sons
Addyston — Wm. Schenking
Akron — Central Hdw. & Sply. Co.*
Akron — East Ohio Gas Co.*
Akron — Quality Furn. Co.
Alliance — J. H. Johnson & Sons
Amelia — E. D. Monnier
Amherst — Weybercher Hdw. Co.*
Amherst — Logan Gas Co.*
Antwerp — Lewis Smith & Son
Arcadia — Fruth Hdw. Co.
Archbold — Vernier McLaughlin Probeck Co.
Ashland — Arnold Hdw. Co.†
Ashley — Westbrook Hdw. Co.*
Ashtabula — Lake Shore Gas Co.*
Athens — Keer Hdw. Co.†
Attica — R. L. Parish*
Bainbridge — Wm. Eagle
Barberton — East Ohio Gas Co.*
Barnesville — E. C. Stewart Co.
Bellefontaine — C. F. Cook†
Bellevue — Rollenhagen Hdw.
Bethel — Hannah Hdw. Co.
Beverly — National Gas & Gas Co.*
Bladensburg — Wood's Store
Blanchester — P. E. Snyder & Son
Bluefield — J. F. Vanhaines
Bluffton — L. T. Fleming
Bowling Green — Cory & Son
Bradner — Bradner Hdw. Co.†
Brecksville — Brecksville Lbr. Co.
Brookville — L. Zuckburn
Bryan — Carroll Acres Hdw.
Butler — Sparks & Black
Byesville — H. C. Legge & Son
Cadiz — Geo. D. McFadden & Sons
Cambridge — J. G. Barnhart
Cameron — Cameron Hdw. Co.
Canal Winchester — The Beck Co.
Canton — East Ohio Gas Co.*
Canton — Fite Plbg. Co.†
Celina — Foreman-Heckler Hdw.
Chardon — Parks & Barker Co.
Charm — A. J. Scrimgeour
Chatfield — M. J. Reiter
Chillicothe — H. W. Croft
Cincinnati — The Electric Shops of The Union Gas & Elec. Co.*
25 W. 4th St.
3051 Madison Rd.
878 Main St.
4911 Wheeler Av.
3652 Warsaw Av.
1009 W. Liberty St.
Cincinnati — The Newton Co.
Cincinnati — Sub. Hdw., 6171 Hamilton Av.
Cincinnati — The Union Gas & Elec. Co. 4th & Main*
Circleville — H. G. Steinmetz*
Cleveland — Colonial Furn. Co.†
Cleveland — The May Co.†
Columbiana — Lehman Hdw. Co.
Columbus — Bishop-Kennedy Co.†
Columbus — W. S. Sedwick & Son†
Columbus — Jochum Furn. Co.†
Columbus — Gas & Elec. Appl. Co.*
Columbus — B. F. Keer & Son†
Columbus — Spacer Heat-ators Co.*
Continental — W. C. Veach
Convoy — Swidert & Dressel
Coshocton — H. D. Van Kannel
Crestline — F. Wray†
Creston — Selzers & Co.†
Curtice — Joe Drummey
Cuyahoga Falls — East Ohio Gas Co.*
Dalton — J. Isenhart
Dan Rice — Dan Rice Hdw.
Dayton — Dayton Pr. & Lt. Co.*
Dayton — C. S. Nave of Reed & Co.
Decatur — Frank B. Ellis
Delaware — Wm. Kerr & Son†
Dennison — Dennison Bros. & Russell
Delta — Delta Hdw.
Detroit — C. D. Haas Hdw.
Dresher — Hay Bros.
Dola — Dola Hdw. Co.
Dunkirk — Dunkirk Hdw.
East Akron — East Akron Hdw. Co.†
East Liverpool — J. A. Trotter Co.
Eaton — West Ohio Pub. Serv. Co.*
Eaton — Wilson Hdw. Co.
Edgerton — Howard Bros.
Elmore — Jaeger Hdw. Co.
Elyria — Heidmyer Hdw. Co.†
Farmersville — J. L. Kurtz
Fayette — Baldwin-Luke Hdw. Co.
Finley — Tressler Produce & Co.†
Forest — Wm. A. Mapletoft
Fostoria — Foith Hdw. Co.
Franklin — H. S. Conkwright
Fredericktown — Gas & Elec. Appl. Co.*
Galion — Hoppers Hdw. Co.†
Galloway — Swanson Hdw. Co.†
Garrettsville — Irwin & Dietrich
Genoa — W. Shallter & Sons†
Georgetown — Pobst Bros.
Germantown — Robert Weikle
Girard — L. & S. Sawyer†
Gnadenhutten — Supply Co.
Grafton — Rumbaugh Furn. Co.†
Granville — J. F. Lamont
Greenville — Dayton Pr. & Lt. Co.*
Greenwich — Greenwich Gas & Ref. Co.*
Groveport — Fuel Gas Co.*
Hamden — Seaman Hdw. Co.†
Hamilton — H. H. Gray
Hanging Rock — Frank Burton
Harlem Spgs. — The Baxter Store*
Harrison — Fayette Marquardt
Hartford — Cummins & Long
Harveysburg — [illegible] Hdw.
Haviland — Harrison Hdw. Store
Haydenville — C. H. Bates
Hebron — Hebron Hdw. Co.
Howard — C. A. Mitchell
Huron — P. A. Sawyer†
Independence — Peters Bros.
Jackson — Jackson Hdw. Co.†
Jasper — J. W. Dewey Est.
Jewett — Hamblet & Co.†
Kenton — Huber Furn. Co.
Kilbourne — A. B. Sommer
Lafayette — F. L. Durbin
Lafayette — Lafayette Hdw. Co.
Lancaster — Rigdon Hdw. Co.
Leesburg — Leesburg Hdw. & Imp.
Leipsic — Ear Andrews
Lewisburg — Miller Hdw. Co.
Lima — The Hoover Band Co.
Linden — Burkett Bros.
Lisbon — Bye & Bye
Lockland — Carlson Hdw. Co.
Loudonville — Loudonville Hdw. Co.†
Louisville — Louisville Hdw. Co.
Logan — Ohio Fuel Gas Co.*
Logan — Work Bros.
Loudon — Dwyer Bros.†
Lowellville — E. S. Homan
Lucasville — Fife Plbg. Co.
Lucasville — Bruch Hdw. Co.
Lowellville — J. Cunningham Co.
Luckey — W. H. Schwauf
Lynchburg — Acton Co-op.
Lyons — E. A. Hall & Son
Macarthur — I. M. Lantz†
Macksburg — C. H. Baker
Mc Connelsville — Miller Furn. Co.
Magnolia — Kenney Bros. & Co.
Manchester — Boatman & Bro.
Marietta — M. V. Kipp & Son*
Marion — H. Schreiber Co.
Marion Ferry — Dixie Ferry Co.
Martinsville — L. H. Miller
Massillon — East Ohio Gas Co.*
Massillon — Wilbur Hdw. Inc.
Maumee — DeBard Bros.
Maumee — C. P. Bailey
Mechanicsburg — W. H. Hunter
Medina — A. Murray & Sons†
Mentor — Carlton Hdw. Co.†
Miamisburg — Jos. Conninger & Son
Middletown — Rogers & Reiff
Middletown — Gas & Elec. Supply*
Middletown — Pearl Furn. Co.†
Midland — Midland Hdw. Co.
Millersport — Millersport Hdw.
Millwood — C. Mitchell & Son
Minerva — J. A. Grander Co.†
Mt. Blanchard — J. J. Fraser
Mt. Healthy — Geo. Short & Co.*
Mt. Liberty — L. F. Otte
Mt. Orab — Wright Hdw.
Mt. Sterling — I. R. Dial†
Mt. Vernon — Mac Moore's Store
Napoleon — Stickley & Rausch
Nelsonville — A. Hamilton Co.
New Albany — W. H. Wilson
Newark — Consumers Gas Co.*
New Bremen — Arcade Dept. Store†
New Carlisle — Joe Wise
Newcomerstown — J. R. Sargent
New Lexington — Brumbaugh Bros.
New Lexington — Dunlap & Stuart
New Madison — Bay Bros. Hdw. Co.
New Richmond — Floyd Stevens
New Vienna — P. T. Chiles
Niles — East Ohio Gas Co.*
Norwalk — Beachorn Hdw. Co.†
North Bend — A. Groth
North Lima — Jenkins Hdw. & Furn.†
Oak Hill — Shannon Furn.†
Oberlin — Wades Hdw. Store†
Orrville — C. E. Mowry & Sons
Ostrich — West Ohio Pub. Serv. Co.*
Ottawa — Geo. Rieger
Ottawa — The Economy Store*
Painesville — Hdw. & Furn.
Parkman — Nye Hotel
Paulding — Paulding Hdw. & Furn.†
Pemberville — Herbert Bowers Co.
Perry — Parker & Smith
Piqua — Kyle & Sons
Plain City — Howland Hdw. Co.
Pleasant Corner — F. A. Mumaugh
Plymouth — Watkins Hdw. Co.†
Point Pleasant — Morgan Drygoods
Port Clinton — Central Hdw. Co.†
Portsmouth — Portsmouth Gas Co.*
Portsmouth — Portsmouth Hdw. Co.
Powhatan Point — A. Strasburg & Son
Proctorville — Barnett & Hall
Quaker City — W. C. Engle & Co.†
Ravenna — Mayer Hdw.
Ripley — Tapp & Gallagher
Rising Sun — Hardrick & Lancaster
Rittman — Frank Bros.
Rockford — Swauseh & Sons†
St. Bernard — Suburban Hdw.
St. Marys — Glass Block Co.
St. Paris — Proctor & Burgeon
Salem — Davis Hdw. Co.†
Sandusky — Dilgart & Sons
Sardinia — Campbell Bros.
Sarona — T. A. Fullenwider
Sebring — Dixie Sales Co.
Seven Mile — Dixie Service
Shadyside — Shadyside Hdw. Co.†
Shelby — P. A. Sawyer†
Sherrodsville — Parry Bros.
Sidney — Sidney Hdw. Co.
Smithfield — Smithfield Hdw. Co.†
Somerset — Somerset Hdw. Co.
South Charleston — Community Nat. Gas Co.*
South Point — Chesapeake Gas Co.*
Spencer — Spencer Hdw. Co.†
Springfield — Springfield Hdw. Co.†
Stanley — Stanley Hdw. Co.†
Steubenville — Steubenville Gas Co.*
Stockport — Stockport Hdw. Co.
Stone Creek — Stone Creek Hdw. Co.
Stratford — Stratford Hdw. Co.
Strasburg — Garver Bros.
Stryker — Ed. Piper
Sugar Creek — J. A. Lang & Son
Swanton — Koepler Hdw.
Sycamore — Dale C. Finch
Sylvania — Koepler Hdw. & Imp.
Toledo — Buckmaster Rudemill Shovel Co.†
Toledo — Peerless Heating
Tremont City — C. A. Arguedas
Troy — Zerkel Bros. Hdw. Co.†
Upper Sandusky — John Thiel
Urbana — McCracken's Sons†
Van Wert — C. L. Page
Vaughnsville — J. C. Sumser
Vermilion — C. Alhedt†
Wadsworth — Dick's Hdw.
Wapakoneta — Doering Hdw. Co.†
Warren — Eagle Electric Co.*
Washington C. H. — Will E. Dalef
Washington C. H. — Daytonville Lbr. Co.*
Waterville — Grace Tyson
Wauseon — Baldwin-Luke Hdw. Co.
Waynesville — Fred M. Cole
Wellington — Wellington Hdw. Co.†
Westlake — Mather & Wilson Hdw.†
West Alexandria — Rumbaugh Co.
West Carrollton — Mary A. Wolfe
Westerville — Sexton & Sons
West Manchester — Chas. A. Ford
West Milton — A. Pemberton
Weston — T. J. Pugh
West Union — J. J. Brodt & Son
West Unity — Beach Bros. & Co.
Williamsburg — Clint Fultz
Willard — A. S. Hunter & Son*
Washington — Daywalt & Lutz*
Wilmington — Sparks Hdw. Store
Woodsfield — Woods Lumber Co.
Youngstown — Wilson Lumber Co.
Zanesville — F. W. King Sons†

OKLAHOMA

Ada — M. C. Thweatt Gas Co.*
Altus — Southwestern Lt. & Pr.*
Battiest — Gas & Elec.*
Blackwell — Okla. Nat. Gas Co.*
Bowman — Okla. Nat. Gas Co.*
Buffalo — Temple Dept. Store
Chandler — Chandler Furn. Co.*
Cushing — Southwestern Lt. & Pr.*
Cleveland — Texas Hdw. Co.*
Clinton — West Central Gas Co.*
Comanche — Southwestern Lt. & Pr.*
Cromwell — West Central Gas Co.*
Cushing — Okla. Nat. Utilities*
Duncan — Southwestern Lt. & Pr.*
El Reno — Jones Furn.*
Enid — Huber Wear Furn.*
Frederick — Tillman County Hdw.*
Guthrie — Okla. Nat. Gas Co.*
Guymon — Brady & Simmons
Gypsum — W. W. Morrison
Guthrie — Guthrie Gas Co.*
Gymon — New Star Hdw. Co.*
Haileyville — John W. Foster
Hobart — Western Counties Gas*
Hominy — Kelly Bros.
Hominy — Okla. Nat. Gas Co.*
Hooker — W. T. James Hdw.
Hydro — Hatfield Furn. Store
Lawton — Southwestern Lt. & Pr.*
Mt. Vernon — Sun Sweet Power Co.*
Muskogee — Southwestern Lt. & Pr.*
Medford — Okla. Nat. Gas Co.*
Mayes — Consumers Gas Co.*
Newkirk — Kay & Kaw Mercantile Co.*
Norman — Geo. Wentworth*
Nowata — Nowata Gas Co.*
Oklahoma City — W. J. Petter Co.*
Ponca City — Williamson Furn. Co.*
Pawnee — Brumbaugh*
Ponca City — Hancock Hdw. Co.*
Purcell — Rowan Bros.*
Rush Spgs. — J. F. Galloway & Co.*
Sapulpa — Reed's Furn. Co.*
Sayre — Price Hdw. & Furn.*
Tahlequah — Lawrence Wyle
Temple — Southwestern Lt. & Pr.*
Tonkawa — Okla. Nat. Gas Co.*
Tulsa — Shannon Furn.*
Wewoka — E. C. Mann Furn. Co.*
Wayne — W. R. Beck*
Woodward — Doyle Bros.
Wynnewood — C. F. Kennedy Hdw.*

OREGON

Arlington — J. K. Irby
Dayton — C. L. Cloer
Eugene — Johnson Furn. Co.
Eugene — Mountain States Pr. Co.*
Gresham — L. L. Kohler Hdw.
Hamilton — Portland Gas & C. Co.*
Hood River — E. A. Franz Co.
Mc Minnville — Scott Woolf
Milton — Williams & Olinger
Oregon — Peterson Furn. Co.
Oregon City — Portland Gas & C. Co.*
Portland — Meier & Frank Co.
Portland — Portland Gas & C. Co.*
The Dalles — Bernard & Walther

PENNSYLVANIA

Adamsville — J. R. Andrews
Allentown — Lehigh Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Altoona — W. S. Aurouf
Ambler — Wm. D. Kunkel
Beaver — J. T. Anderson
Bellefonte — Potter Hoy Hdw. Co.
Bentleyville — Bville Furn. Co.
Bird-in-Hand — Neuhauser & Sons
Bloomsburg — Bburg Maytag Co.
Blossburg — C. J. Weaver
Bradford — Bodine Hdw. Co.†
Brockway — Brockway Hdw. Co.†
Cambridge — Van Fossen Bros.
Canton — Commercial Gas Co.
Chambersburg — Lehigh Pwr. & Lt.*
Clearfield — Clearfield Furn. Co.†
Coatesville — Coatesville Gas Co.*
Conshohocken — Conshohocken & Norristown Gas Co.*
Corry — Corry Hdw. Co.†
Curwensville — Curwensville Hdw.
Danville — Danville Furn. Co.
Derry — Derry Hdw. Co.
Dillsburg — Dillsburg Hdw. Co.
Downingtown — Downingtown Hdw. Co.
Du Bois — Du Bois Hdw. Co.
E. Stroudsburg — E. Stroudsburg Gas Co.*
Elizabethtown — J. A. Shaffer
Elwood City — Zeigler Furn. Co.
Emlenton — Central Trading Corp.
Enon Valley — D. M. Long
Ephrata — Imboden & Zeh
Erie — J. G. Sprecher's Sons
Erie — Epp Furn. Co.†
Falls Creek — Epp Furn. Co.†
Farrell — Phillips Hdw. Co.
Franklin — Myers Frank Furn. Co.†
Galeton — Anderson & Co.†
Glen Rock — Lush Bros.
Greensburg — L. B. Lan & Son
Greenville — Wm. B. Mansell†
Grove City — Wm. A. Reamson Co.
Hanover — McClimans Hdw. Co.
Harrisburg — E. B. Hamm
Hazleton — Jacob Metz
Hughesville — Rosen & Co.
Jeannette — I. S. Thompson
Johnsonburg — McConnell Bros.
Johnstown — Penn & Co.
Kane — Schreiber Store Co.†
Kennett Sq. — M. Nathan & Bro.
Kittanning — Kittanning Gas Co.*
Kutztown — McCosker & Wanamaker
Lancaster — G. W. Posey & Son
Latrobe — John W. De Turk
Lawrence — Meuser Bros. & Bro.
Lawnsdale — Baker & Son
Lebanon — Lebanon Furn. Co.
Lehigh Construction & Sup. Co.
Leechburg — Leechburg Furn. Co.
Lewisburg — Fisherman Hdw. Co.
Lewistown — Mifflin County Hdw.
Lititz — McCune Sharpe
Littlestown — Robert A. Topping
Lock Haven — Hummer Hdw.
Mc Keesport — R. F. Stevens*
Mahanoy City — H. J. Heater & Co.
Manheim — H. H. Martin
Manchester — Farner & Tanger
Manayunk — Barr & Strong
Mars — L. H. Miller
Masontown — Rush Furn. Co.
Meadville — Maxwell & Ranchardt
Mechanicsburg — L. A. Lamason
Mercer — L. H. Call & Son†
Mercer — F. M. Sloan & Sons
Middleburg — C. V. Musser Estate
Milton — Geo. S. Chaffant
Moyamensing — H. W. & W. L. Mowery
Montrose — Conroy & Son
Mt. Carmel — Lengan & Co.
Mt. Pleasant — Granger Hdw. Co.
Mt. Union — H. A. Reeder
Nanticoke — Central Trading Corp.
New Bethlehem — J. K. Martsof
New Castle — Haney Furn. Co.
Newville — F. R. Charlton Co.
Oil City — Seep Bros.*
Palmyra — Ober & Frey
Perkasie — J. M. Painweber
Pittsburgh — R. D. Fogg
Pittsburgh — Hatfield Furn. Store
Pittsburgh — The Gulf Co.*
Platteman — Robt. P. Baker
Pittsburgh — L. Hummel's Sons
Quarryville — Geo. W. Hesse Jr.
Reading — E. R. Snyder
Red Lion — I. G. F. Kinard
Renovo — C. E. Maxwell
Ridgway — Smith Bros. Co.*
Ridgway — Kaster Hdw. Co.
St. Benedict — Cent. Trading Corp.
St. Marys — P. Hornung Jr.*
Scranton — Household Furnishing
Shickshinny — Zurn Plbg. & Htg.
Shenandoah — Waters Furn. Co.
Shickshinny — Woodworth's Sons
Shippensburg — C. Bruce Berry
Shippensburg — C. E. Maxwell
Spangler — Central Trading Corp.
Stevenson — H. Stewart & Son
Sunbury — W. H. Furr Co.
Tamaqua — Seligman & Co.
Titusville — S. B. Bryan*
Towanda — C. J. DePue
Tyrone — A. F. Young
Union City — Colyer Furn. Co.†
Warren — L. D. Peters Hdw. Co.
Warren — Sugar Hdw. Co.*
Washington — Mitchell Plbg. Co.*
Washington — Woodward Wright Furn.*
Waynesboro — Beck & Benschot
Wilkinsburg — Hoffman Furn. & Rug
Wilkesbarre — Lush Brothers
West Middlesex — Bell Bros.
West Newton — W. L. Overholtzer
Wilmerding — Furman Bros.
White Haven — Peoples Supply Co.
Williamsport — Sterner Hdw. Co.
York — Walker Stove Co.

RHODE ISLAND

Bristol — W. H. Bell, Inc.
Manville — B. V. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Pawtucket — J. J. Beard Furn. Co.
Providence — Providence Gas Co.*
West Warwick — J. B. Archambault
Woonsocket — R. I. Gas & Elec. Co.*

SOUTH CAROLINA

Abbeville — Sprott Bros. Co.
Aiken — Holley Hdw. Co.
Anderson — C. F. Tolly & Son
Barnwell — R. D. Reid
Beaufort — Rogers & Hughes
Bennettsville — Bennettsville Hdw. Co.
Camden — Stevens Hdw. Co.†
Central — Central Furn. Co.
Chester — Chester Furn. Co.
Clinton — Clinton Furn. Co.
Columbia — Porter Waters Hdw.
Darlington — Brown's Furn. Store
Dillon — I. C. Sawyer
Florence — Jones & Co.
Georgetown — Hobbs Sloan Co.
Greenville — Chamberlain-Dreh.
Greenwood — Piedmont Sec. Co.
Hartsville — Fountain Sq. Furn.
Kingstree — Double Furn. Co.
Lancaster — Lone Hart Hdw. Co.
Laurens — Power & Valley Hdw.
Lexington — Summers & Thomas
Marion — Nation Hdw. Co.
Mullins — New Bros.
Newberry — Degrott Andre Hdw.
Orangeburg — Harwell Hdw. Co.
Pickens — Nash Fuel & Htg.*
Ridge Spring — T. V. Reynolds
Rock Hill — Drake Bros.
Saluda — Jas. Bowen
Spartanburg — Ed Shepard's Store
Summerville — Woosley & Evans
Shelbyville — Stewart Williams
Springfield — Stewart Williams

TEXAS

Abilene — G. W. Woolsey Furn.*
Alvin — Winchester Store*
Amarillo — Pantian Hdw. Co.*
Anson — Anson Gas Co.*
Austin — Austin Gas Co.*
Ballinger — Ballinger Hdw. Co.
Bastrop — Steger Bear Hdw. Co.
Bay City — Lockridge Furn. Store*
Beaumont — Rayner Furn. Co.†
Beeville — Burrows Hdw.*
Benjamin — Stamford & W. Gas Co.*
Big Spring — Big Spgs. Pub. Serv. Co.*
Bonham — Smith Moore Whse.*
Brownsville — Texas La Pr.*
Brownwood — Ellwood & Co.†
Bryan — Bryan Furn. Co.*
Burkburnett — Burkburnett Furn. Co.*
Cameron — Cameron Furn. Co.*
Carthage — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Center — Tarpley & Payne*
Clifton — R. H. Norris Hdw.*
Colorado — T. W. Scott & Sons*
Corpus Christi — Community Nat. Gas Co.*
Corsicana — Corsicana Nat. Gas Co.*
Crockett — South Mississippi Hdw.
Cuero — Sugg Hdw. Co.*
Dallas — Anderson Furn. Co.*
Denison — Sears & Mathews*
Denton — Denton Furn. Co.*
De Kalb — De Kalb Lbr. & Bldg. Co.
Eagle Pass — Eag. Pass Lbr. Co.
Edna — Adams Hdw. Co.*
El Paso — El Paso Gas Co.*
Ennis — Ennis Furn. Co.*
Fort Worth — Wilson Bros. Co.*
Gainesville — Kaufman Mercantile Co.*
Galveston — Lasker Hdw.
Georgetown — Bagsby & Lewis*
Gilmer — Gilmer Furn. Co.*
Graham — Graham & West Texas Lt.*
Greenville — Texas Pr. & Lt. Co.*
Hamlin — Hamlin Gas Co.*
Harlingen — Harlingen Gas Co.*
Hearne — Hearne Furn. Co.*
Henderson — Henderson Gas & Elec. Co.*
Hillsboro — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Houston — Houston Lt. & Pr. Co.*
Huntsville — Huntsville Furn. Co.*
Jacksonville — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Kaufman — Carlisle Hdw.*
Kerrville — Stanford & Wood Co.*
Laredo — Texas Border Gas Co.*
Livingston — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Longview — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Lubbock — Sherrill Bros. Hdw.*
Marshall — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Memphis — Harrison Hdw. Co.
Midland — Home Furn. Co.*
Monday — Monday Gas Co.*
Nacogdoches — Dixie Gas & Fuel*
New Braunfels — Lewis Henne Co.†
Nocona — Texas Pr. & Lt. Co.*
Orange — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Paducah — Christian Stokes*
Palestine — Palestine L. H. & Pr.*
Paris — Texas Pr. & Lt. Co.*
Pharr — Dowden Hdw. Co.†
Ranger — Texas La Pr. Co.*
Robstown — Ewing & Pettus Hdw.*
Rosenberg — Stamford & West. Gas*
Rosenberg — Rosenberg Ice & Gas*
Rotan — Stamford & West. Gas Co.*
Rule — Stamford & West. Gas Co.*
Rusk — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
San Angelo — Angelo Furn. Co.†
San Antonio — Prueger Hdw. Co.†
San Marcos — A. R. Rogers Furn.
Seguin — Seguin Hdw. Co.†
Seymour — Seymour Gas Co.*
Sherman — Ice Fuel Co.*
Somerset — Siegel Hdw. Co.*
Spofford — Ewing Produce Hdw.*
Stanton — Stanton Hdw. Co.*
Stephenville — Community Nat. Gas Co.*
Stamford — Stamford & West. Gas Co.*
Sulphur Springs — Tapp Furn. Co.*
Sweetwater — Community Nat. Gas*
Taylor — Jim L. Brown Hdwe.†
Temple — Reed Furn. Co.†
Tyler — Dixie Gas & Fuel Co.*
Tyler — Tyler Gas Service Co.*
Waco — Texas Pr. & Lt. Co.*
Weatherford — J. T. Murphy*
Wharton — J. L. Lane & Co.*
Wichita Falls — Texas Elec. Serv. Co.*

UTAH

American Fork — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Brigham — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Cedar City — Leigh Hdw. Co.
Delta — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Fillmore — F. Ramsey & Co.
Garland — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Heber — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Helper — Helper Furn. & Hdw. Co.
Kaysville — Sheffield & Sons
Logan — Lundstrom Furn. Co.
Magna — Swenson Hdw. Co.
Manti — A. P. Anderson
Mt. Pleasant — Cope Furn. Co.
Nephi — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Ogden — Boyer Furn. Co.
Payson — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Pleasant Grove — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Provo — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Richfield — Richfield Hdw. Co.
Richmond — Monson Lbr. Co.
Salt Lake City — Bamberger Furn.
Spanish Fork — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Springville — Dixon-Taylor-Russell
Vernal — Ed. Woodard & Co.

VERMONT

Barre — Barre Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Bennington — T. S. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Bradford — Libbey & Greve
Brattleboro — Brewster Hardware
Burlington — G. S. Blodgett Co.
Fair Haven — Durfee Furn. Co.
Hardwick — W. H. Cass
Hyde Park — C. E. Badger
Island Pond — Hugh Smith
Ludlow — M. P. Proctor
Montpelier — Peck Bros. Co.
Northfield — Peck Bros. Co.
Orleans — Whipple-Converse
Poultney — D. J. McDonald
Richford — R. McElroy
Rutland — Adams & Son
Shrewsbury — A. S. Juneau
Springfield — Cutler Hdg. Co.
Waterbury — O. L. Ayers

VIRGINIA

Abingdon — Water Supply Co.
Appalachia — Tyler Bros. Hdw.
Bear Haven — James T. Wakley
Cape Charles — Cape Charles Hdw.
Chase City — R. F. Burks & Co.
Chase City — Roberts Hdw. Co.
Covington — Steele & Connor
Culpeper — Clark Hdw. Co.
Dublin — Virgil Hdw. Co.
East Radford — Burton Hdw. Co.
Galax — I. S. Johnson
Harrisonburg — Hawkins Hdw. Co.
Luray — R. L. Printz
Lynchburg — The Furniture Mart
Lynchburg — Reames & Co.
Marion — W. C. Sexton & Sons
Newport News — Parker & Spencer
Norfolk — Hawkins Appl. Co.†
Petersburg — Harlow-Harry Co.
Pocahontas — Pocahontas Fuel Co.
Pulaski — Rady-Free Furn. Co.
Richmond — Eanes & Co.
Roanoke — West Furn. Co.
Rural Retreat — Harrison-Hancock
Smithfield — Isle of Wight Hdw.
South Boston — Glass & Hdw. Co.
Staunton — Augusta Furn. Co.
Strasburg — Hooker & Huckle
Tazewell — J. A. Carriver
Wytheville — Mast Hdw. Co.
Warrenton — Hamilton & Cook
Waynesboro — Peoples Hdw. Co.
Winchester — Ramsey Furn. Co.
Wythe — Brittain Hancock

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen — West Gas & Elec. Co.*
Anacortes — Wm. Harper Monaghan
Bellingham — P. S. Power & Lt. Co.*
Bellingham — Thiel & Wolpert
Camas — W. Swanke & Co.
Centralia — Centralia Mercantile
Chehalis — Wash. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Chehalis — Wash. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Chehalis — Eastern Furniture
Clarkston — Snake Dry Goods Co.
Dayton — C. E. Setchell
Ellensburg — Peterson Hdw.
Everett — Model & Co.
Everett — Hoffman Hdw. Co.
Hoquiam — Wash. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Kelso — Wash. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Kennewick — Kennewick Hdw. Co.
Kirkland — Kirkland Hdw.
Longview — Longview Furn. Co.†
Mabton — Mabton Hdw.
Moses Lake — Moses Lake Hdw. Co.
Mt. Vernon — Mt. Vernon Hdw.
Olympia — Wash. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Pasco — Pasco Hdw. Co.
Port Angeles — Thomson Hdw.
Prosser — F. R. Davies Hdw. Co.
Pullman — Lee Allen
Puyallup — Wash. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Renton — Renton Hdw.
Seattle — Seattle Gas Co.*
Seattle — Seattle Hdw. Co.
Seattle — Stokes Hdw. Co.
Snohomish — Snohomish Hdw.*
Spokane — Spokane Gas & Fuel Co.*
Spokane — Spokane Pbg. & Htg. Co.
Spokane — Spokane Gas & Fuel Co.*
Spokane — Tull & Gibbs, Inc.
Tacoma — Rhodes Bros.
Tacoma — Wash. Gas & Elec. Co.*
Tekoa — S. V. Hdw.
Tenino — Williams Hdw. Co.
Vancouver — Portland Gas Co.*
Walla Walla — Hooper's Furn. Exch.
Wenatchee — Kemp-Isenhart Furn.
Yakima — Yakima Hdw. Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley — Raleigh Hdw. Co.
Berkeley Springs — Jack Hunter
Bramwell — Bogges & [illegible]
Buckhannon — [illegible]
Charleston — Woodrum Hdw.
Clarksburg — M. W. P. Pub. Serv. Co.*
Clarksburg — Gas Co.*
Elkins — M. W. P. Pub. Serv. Co.*
Fairmont — M. W. P. Pub. Serv. Co.*
Gassaway — [illegible]
Hinton — [illegible]
Huntington — [illegible]
Kenova — S. & I. Co.*
Keystone — [illegible]
Lewisburg — Campbell Hdw. Co.
Martinsburg — O. M. Ramsey & Co.
Matoaka — [illegible]
Montgomery — Kuykendall Hdw.
Morgantown — Loving Furn. Co.†
Morgantown — M. W. P. Pub. Serv. Co.*
Moundsville — Hupp Bros.
Nitro — Wilson Co.
Nutter Fort — Nutter Fort Hdw.
Oak Hill — Oak Hill Co.*
Parkersburg — Campbell Hdw. Co.
Paw Paw — M. Ramsey & Co.
Philippi — Kuykendall Hdw.
Point Pleasant — Loving Furn. Co.†
Princeton — M. W. P. Pub. Serv. Co.*
Ravenswood — Ravenswood Hdw. Co.
Richwood — Richwood Hdw. Co.
Ripley — Ripley Hdw. Co.
Romney — Romney Hdw. Co.
Salem — Salem Hdw. Co.
Sistersville — Sistersville Hdw. Co.
Spencer — Spencer Hdw. Co.
Summersville — Summersville Hdw.
Sutton — Sutton Hdw. Co.
Terra Alta — Farmers Supply Co.
Thomas — Thomas Hdw. Co.
Weirton — M. W. P. Pub. Serv. Co.*
Welch — Welch Hdw. Co.
Weston — H. J. Kane Hdw. Co.†
Wheeling — Stone & Thomas

WISCONSIN

Abbotsford — [illegible]
Abrams — Abrams Lbr. & Hdw.
Appleton — A. Gulpin & Sons
Ashland — Depp & Watson
Bangor — Ott Hdw. Co.
Baraboo — G. A. Lee & Son
Beaver Dam — Zweck Mercantile
Bonduel — R. F. Mayer
Beloit — Wisconsin Pr. & Lt. Co.*
Boaz — C. S. Peck Hdw.
Black Creek — H. F. Brandt
Boscobel — Mabie Bros.
Brodhead — Kemple & Brown
Brookfield — Brookfield Hdw.
Burlington — Dietzman & Co.
Cadott — [illegible]
Cameron — Jos. Dressler & Sons
Clinton — Jodar & Hein
Clintonville — F. B. Reeder
Cumberland — Schneider-Jacobsen
Dane — G. A. Beck
Denmark — H. W. Nocker
Eau Claire — H. J. Kohlhepp & Son
Elkhorn — Johnson Hdw. Co.
Fennimore — W. W. Hunt
Fond du Lac — Kuehlsen Hdw.
Fort Atkinson — Hartman Hdw.
Gays Mills — J. I. Hoffner & Son
Gillett — Bocher Bros.
Green Bay — Green Bay Hdw. Co.†
Highland — Peck & [illegible]
Hortonville — James & Breitenbach
Hudson — Nelson & Swenson
Kaukauna — Lais Hdw. Co.
Kewaunee — Koenig Furniture
Kiel — H. Lueck & Sons
Kohler — Kohler & Kohler
La Crosse — A. G. Kohl
Lancaster — A. C. Ebert
Lena — Vandehey Hdw.
Luxemburg — Kuenzi & Co.
Manitowoc — H. C. Schmidt Hdw.
Marinette — J. Stangel Hdw.
Marshfield — Hupp Bros.
Menomonie — Williams Bros.
Merrill — Wenzel Hdw.
Milwaukee — Philip Gross Hdw. Co.†
Monroe — Gust Gardner
Mosinee — A. C. Ebert
Neenah — W. H. Rose
New Lisbon — New Lisbon Hdw.
Niagara — Niagara Hdw.
Oconto — Oconto Hdw.
Oshkosh

(Continued from Page 95)

"Is 571 pretty bad?" she asked. "Doctor McArthur told Doctor Stone to see that emergency orders were given. . . . Not on the chart? Not given? . . . Hurry up, little interne, don't you cry; you'll have a practice by and by. . . . The next time Doctor Stone forgets to give you the orders I'm going to see that McArthur knows it."

Lindsey said "Oh, well ——"

Miss Graham grunted. "There's a particular deity who watches over internes, I expect. What a lot of work he must have." She touched a bell, timing the appearance of a probationer. "I could have died while I was waiting for you to come," she told the girl severely. "Get along back to your work." To Lindsey: "I wanted to tell you about 533. Doctor Keyes"—the house physician—"isn't here this afternoon, and Stone's the oldest interne. The patient—533—hasn't a doctor of his own, so far as I know; or I haven't been told. But keep your eyes open, Lindsey; you might tell me what Stone says about it, if I don't come up with him—or can't. A nervous case."

Incuriously—"What's the matter with him?"

"It isn't exactly our sort of case. Belongs on the second floor, but we're full there. Mental—for observation. I don't remember his name." Miss Graham added that two attendants would be on the floor in case Lindsey needed them. "I'm sending up two big men. They are to take orders from Doctor Stone, if he has any, and then from you."

"Is the man wild?"

"If he were, or is, we wouldn't take him here. Just coming for observation and possible treatment. He goes through a regular performance, from what I'm told."

Roberta twitched her cap straighter on her dark hair. "I don't think any performance'd make me laugh," she admitted. "Is it me, or did you get as tired as I do sometimes, Miss Graham?"

It was in the superintendent's mind to become confident and soothing; instead, she put on her own mask. "This 533," she said abruptly, "starts out by never opening his head. Desirable in a husband, but doesn't stay that way long. Not to be expected. Next stage, won't come home. Goes looking around for beetles—the two-legged kind. Guess he finds plenty. Third, he gets a pawnbroker complex. Tries to sell wife's clothes. May not be as crazy as you'd think. Probably needs the money after buying cakes for his silk-stockinged insects. Final stage, thinks he's a tough tomato and desires a lot of blood. Only in the third stage now. Up to us to can him if he gets worse."

She observed that, for all her apparent attention, Lindsey hardly seemed to have heard the crisp history. "I'm sorry you get him after a hard day, Bob," she said, a hand on the nurse's shoulder.

A light glowed down the hall.

Lindsey waited impatiently, and then said "The girls are all busy," as she hurried to answer the summons. She was back rapidly; Miss Graham was gone.

Alone, she went back to her fever curves. She bent closely over her desk. It was hard to concentrate. Had 517 been given his ice pack? Or 528 had her temperature taken? Darn lazy probes! She was, she believed, too tired to eat dinner. A hot bath and then bed. Had 545 been fumigated? Was Dick still at the office? Did it help him any, waiting to see if he would be given a chance at—what did Dick call it?—rewriting. She was uncertain what that meant. She remembered that it wasn't leg work, chasing after stories. Fishing expeditions, Dick said.

An old doctor stopped at her desk. "It's enough to give a man melancholia to see nurses becoming so scientific," he barked. But his barking was strangely mild; he spoke with a sort of eager gentleness, as if he were trying to make his voice soft enough for some unuttered pitifulness. "We can't keep 571 long," the doctor grunted. "You've done well on that case, Lindsey." The nurse flushed; she was so pleased to hear the kind, gruff voice that she forgot her weariness. When her eyes crinkled it seemed to the doctor that some of her courage went into him also. "Good girl," he said roughly. "Want you on cases when you're out. Don't forget." She would, Lindsey said, like to work for him.

After his deep voice, Doctor Stone's, down the hall, seemed unusually high-pitched. "Yes, yes," she heard. "Naturally. Of course that isn't her name. Careless mistake of mine—very careless." She thought that the interne was practicing a bedside manner. "Now just come along with us ——"

And then, in protest, an uneasy voice: "We're merely going to show Mrs. Joyce's husband a coat she intends purchasing. Why do you treat me as if I were a patient?"

"A patient?" Doctor Stone laughed sharply. "Why, my dear sir, what makes you think that?"

The nurse saw, now, a well-dressed plump man carrying a very large cardboard box. The interne had him by the arm. Slightly behind these two was a woman, called Mrs. Joyce by the man.

She seemed more than faintly uneasy; she looked about in the manner of one who was fearful of a hospital. Lindsey, as she stood up at her desk, decided that she herself could never wear that sandy sort of brown; only a pale blonde dared risk it. Bringing up the rear were the two male attendants.

Doctor Stone winked at Lindsey. "We are going to sell a coat to 533. Do you think we can go in now? Is he ready for us?"

Without smiling, Lindsey agreed: "All ready, doctor." She refused to take part in the interne's little play.

"Well, then, we'll just step down the hall and show the coat. Will you come with us, Mrs. Harrison?"

"Her name," the plump man said, holding firmly to his box, but bristling slightly, "is Mrs. Joyce. My name is Harrison." He glanced apologetically back at the woman. When he saw the two attendants, his eyes became troubled, although he said nothing.

"I won't forget. . . . Now we'll sell the coat, eh?"

Blairsden's manager was trained to catch meanings, pauses, intonations; he said suddenly, more excitedly than he intended, "I must telephone my office, please. I had forgotten ——"

"Later—later. Plenty of time for that." Stone glanced at the little nurse, saw that she was unimpressed and unlaughing, and became smitten with dignity. "This, sir, is a hospital. We are breaking a strict rule in permitting you to bring your wares here to show—a patient of ours."

"I appreciate that, doctor." Harrison's voice was at once perplexed and humble. "But you see ——"

Doctor Stone thought he saw what was in the man's troubled head. "Do you think anyone in an institution such as St. William's would run away with your coat?" he asked jovially. "Don't be nervous. Not"—archly—"but that some of our nurses wouldn't mind having a fur coat." Since Lindsey said nothing, he added brusquely, "Come, let's get this over with."

The woman, Roberta observed, said no word; the nurse believed she could understand how unhappy she must be, to see a man slip from sanity to moroseness, from that to infidelity, next to something as perfectly silly as selling his wife's clothes, and lastly to become utterly unreasonable.

Lindsey pushed open the door to 533.

"You've made a mistake, nurse," Harrison said sharply. "This room is empty."

Doctor Stone turned on her. "What d'you mean by bringing this gentleman into an empty room?" He winked again. "However, since we're here, make yourself comfortable, Mr. Harrison, and"—agree with the patient!—"while you are doing that, I'll go and see where the man is who ought to be in here."

"I must be back to the store ——"

"Too late now. No hurry. It's after five. Let me have your package."

A caged look came into Harrison's eyes. He wet his lips; his heart was doing double knocks against the walls of his chest. He said exactly what he thought: "I do not understand ——"

Lindsey closed the door and shut the transom.

"Don't try to understand," Stone ordered suavely. "Just leave everything to us."

"Leave what to you?"

"My dear Mr. Harrison, if you will please be reasonable—there's no cause for excitement."

"What's the meaning of this? I've come to the hospital to show a gentleman a coat this lady intends purchasing. I ——"

"We know all that. Please ——"

"Here"—shifting the box from arm to arm and drawing a card from his pocket—"here is my name, and Blairsden's. If ——"

Stone said grimly "Put him to bed."

As the attendants stepped beside him, the bewildered, frightened man shouted, "Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. Joyce, explain to them ——"

Speaking for the first time, she said "Oh, Arthur!" She put a hand over her eyes and they could see her slender body shake.

Harrison's face was very pale and drawn into a pucker of pain; it was the queerest look Lindsey had ever seen on a man's face.

"Stop it!" he cried fiercely, his thin voice rising like wind in the reeds. "Let go of that box!" Since the attendant would not: "Help! Help!"

He had suddenly the fury of the demented. As if the cardboard box were the one real thing in an impossible world, Harrison clung to it fiercely. The box was ripped apart, the coat on the floor, before the two attendants were able to start undressing him.

Lindsey stooped and picked it up, laying the heavy fur on a chair. Her fingers ran over the sleek skin and the shining lining.

"If Arthur didn't work for a fur store, I'd never have such a marvelous imitation," Lindsey heard. "If—if it weren't for fear of what he may do next —— He could sell everything I have."

Lindsey nodded. "I don't think you'd better stay in here, Mrs. Harrison."

The woman picked up the coat—and Harrison went wild. They were all, he screamed, prepared to defraud him of the sable. What did they think would happen when he got away?

"Not just theft!" he screamed. "Grand larceny! Life for the lot of you! You're all together!"

Harrison battered futilely at the attendants. His face was savage now; his eyes glittered, and bright beads of sweat stood out on his bald head. He was, clearly, almost insensible to pain. The attendants were no longer able to hold him gently. Once he broke away from them and rushed halfway to the coat before they could catch him. He was never still, either in body or word; over and over he cried his story, more and more pleadingly and incoherently. He tried to smash out with his pudgy fists. It took both the interne's and the nurse's help before he could be held.

"I'll kill you!" Harrison howled then. "I'll kill the lot of you!"

After that they wasted no time. Harrison was in bed, with the restraining sheets fastened securely, before he could shout a dozen violent words more.

IV

MRS. JOYCE, waiting for the elevator, listened attentively as Doctor Stone talked:

"I don't want to alarm you, but I should advise that you have a specialist here at once. Your husband should be observed while still suffering from this homicidal mania. Who did you say your physician is?"

"I had intended Doctor Case. . . . We can't afford him, but now ——" She could and would, the implication was, go to any expense. Of Doctor Stone she made an ally with: "Who would you suggest, doctor?"

"Doctor Case by all means," Stone agreed.

"I'll arrange it at once." She sighed softly. "It's hard to keep one's head, doctor ——"

Doctor Stone clucked in his best manner. "I'm sorry we had to pull at the coat, Mrs. Harrison. I hope we haven't hurt it any."

"It's only an old coat; it doesn't mean anything." She seemed to be trying to laugh, wearily and bitterly. "Arthur could sell everything I have —— But what's the use of talking?"

Doctor Stone stepped into the elevator after her and Lindsey went back to her desk.

She sat there motionless for several minutes. When Anne pinched her and said "Asleep on the job, Bob?" she turned bright eyes on her roommate. "I'll meet you in the room," Anne said. "How come all the pensiveness?"

"Worn out getting a nut into 533," Roberta said quietly. "Anne, if someone said to you 'an old coat,' what'd you think she meant?"

"Meant? Why, an old coat, of course."

"Or an old coat? You know, a—a coat of—well, of no importance."

"C'rect."

Roberta insisted "Which?"

"If it were mine, both. What do you think an honest nurse in training has—ermine?"

Roberta said nervously "No"; and then, "I guess I'm going to make a fool out of myself, Anne. Less you know about it the better. I'll come down to the room in a few minutes—just as soon as the night girls come on."

"Love," said Anne, "not only ruins the digestion but unsettles the mind."

Lindsey made sure that no one was near her desk before she lifted the receiver from the telephone. "Lou," she asked the girl at the switchboard, "there's a fur company called Blairsden's. Get them for me, like a good kid." She waited, heard the ringing at the other end—whir-whir-whir-r-r-r. No answer. "Please get Gramercy 21080. And don't say anything."

Lou's giggle, and—"Say, Lindsey, don't you think we know who you meet every morning?"

Mr. Stevens, Roberta was told, wasn't in the office. This was an afternoon paper, and who ever heard of an afternoon printing at this hour? But wouldn't he, the night wire man, do just as well? Twenty-six, unmarried but willing, happy disposition, and three shots under the belt and a little left in the bottle. "It's about a story," Roberta blurted. That, she heard in a less drawling voice, was different. She wanted to give it to Stevens? Would the story keep until morning? Did anybody else know about it? And who was she, anyhow? And —— "Hold the line. . . . That's the number of the place where he lives, and if you can't get him there, ring us back."

When at last she heard Dick's "Hello" she was very nervous.

"I'm still on duty," she said. "Listen, Dick. . . . No, don't be foolish now. . . . No, it isn't foolish, but listen. . . . Her name is Harrison, but he calls her Joyce, and —— What?"

"Who is Harrison, and why should anyone call her Joyce?"

Carefully, slowly, curbing her impatience and excitement, she explained clearly.

"Her name may not be either," Stevens suggested. "But there might be some class to them. That'd make a story, but not a very hot one." Unless the people were prominent, he said, no paper cared about a nut story. "Keep away from him if he's got the killing bug. And ——"

"I'm not afraid of him." Nor was she "Suppose Mr. Harrison came here to sell her the coat ——"

"But why there?"

"He said someone—her husband—was to see it and decide ——"

"Did he decide?"

(Continued on Page 103)

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(Continued from Page 101)

"She said that Harrison was her husband! I've told you that already. Suppose he isn't?"

Stevens said "Bad mans!"

"No, Dick! Suppose Harrison really comes from Blairsden's"

"That's admitted by his wife, isn't it?"

"But if she isn't his wife?"

"She probably is . If you're putting any faith in his story —— Gosh, I knew a nut once who —— Her story was straight enough, wasn't it? She described his exact symptoms. She engaged the room ahead of time. He acted just as she said he would"

"But if he weren't her husband, and weren't crazy, how would he act then? And she told us 'An old coat,' but the lining hasn't a wrinkle in it, or even a dark place under the arms."

"He may have taken out the semicircular hickeys—shields."

With each objection she became more positive.

"Dick, if the coat is really sable, it's worth a lot of money. I'll bet she never comes back." Vehemently—"It wasn't old! I'm not even sure it was an imitation."

She waited so long after that for Dick to answer that she was afraid they had been disconnected. But at last she heard: "She said that, did she? You're absolutely sure about that?" Very sure. "Le's see now, if I've got it right. Blairsden's. Man's name's Harrison. Woman's name's Joyce. How d'you spell that? I, like in Italy? . . . Oh! Right. . . . What's she look like? Tall? Blond? Pale, huh? Did you see what she had under the fur coat? Beige? What's beige? Oh! . . . Right! How long's she been gone? Just left?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Try to filter an ocean through a cigarette pape'. . . . Bob, can you go into Harrison's room? Ask him if he knows where the woman lives. I'm going to find out if Harrison's married. Great Register'll tell that and his address. I —— It may be pretty hot, Bob, and it may be all wet."

"I - "

"You call me back."

As she hung up the receiver the night head nurse came down the corridor. Doctor Stone was with her; they laughed as they approached the desk.

"We're going down to see how Man-Forgets-His-Wife is getting on," the interne said. "Come along, Lindsey, and see the fun."

Harrison—533—strained his head the possible half inch upward when his door was opened. "Oh, won't you understand ——" he said at once. He sighed as he saw Stone's mouth twitch, and then closed his eyes.

Lindsey, watching both patient and interne, was suddenly, completely, convinced. The expression of futility on Harrison's face was, to her, more vivid than any words might have been.

She said softly, "I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Harrison, but we neglected to get your address." Without opening his eyes, he gave it to her. "And the telephone number, in case we need your wife."

The eyes opened wide, as Doctor Stone said savagely—believing that the question would start the man to raving, "That is all done at the office, Lindsey. Why ——"

"You can get her at the Claremore," Harrison said desperately. "She—she was there ——"

What Lindsey was thinking she said automatically aloud: "But she may not be there now."

Doctor Stone said, "I must ask you not to trouble the patient, Miss Lindsey."

Meekly—"I'm sorry, doctor." To the other nurse: "I'm going off now." She had, she added, an engagement. "Downtown. Going to step out a little." As she said this, she looked squarely into the restrained man's eyes. They became blissfully blank, as if new hope coursed through him.

In the corridor, the interne said, "You certainly tame 'em. He's ready to eat out of your hand already. Now, about Friday, we'll ——"

"I'm in a dreadful hurry, doctor." And she left him.

V

IN THE drug-store booth on the corner Lindsey was told "Line's still busy." She had hurried from her room, where she had changed her uniform for a dress and coat. Lou, at the switchboard, had called "Heavy date, babe?" and she had nodded.

Over the telephone, on the wall, was the picture of a taxicab; under the promise of service a number. Lindsey called it.

She fingered the coins in the pocket of her old coat as she rode downtown. All of them except ten cents went to the driver. "I'm a fool," she thought, as she faced the hotel—"a terrible fool." It wasn't, after all, any of her business. But it was Dick's business.

As she went up the inner stairs leading to the Claremore's lobby women in splendid wraps loitered past her. "If someone says 'This is not the servants' entrance' I'll crawl under the carpets," the nurse muttered. "How'd I get the nerve to come in here?" Lights, perfume, laughter, and, subtly, the odor of food. She did not feel hungry, but, rather, a curious sort of starvation, caused not merely because of having missed supper. She believed that in some way she had become smaller, drabber, almost menial; but when she went to the hotel desk her head was high.

"Mrs. Joyce?" she asked clearly. She waited.

"Mrs. Joyce has just left. Sorry."

Roberta said "Oh." But before the clerk turned away she added, "Do you know where she has gone?"

A wait again—"She left no forwarding address."

The nurse's face flushed hotly. "I—thank you"; she turned rapidly—"Dick'" she said gladly, seeing him behind her.

"Um—my line busy? Checkin' all th' hotels." To the clerk: "Got a woman named Joyce here?"

"Mrs. Joyce has left us."

Dick instantly led her directly across the lobby and into an office.

"Not on any business," he said to the girl. "Want to see the manager." He held out a pocketbook with his press card. "Tell him we could use the Claremore's name in this story." As the girl opened an inner door and disappeared, Stevens said, "That fetches them. But what he'll want is that we don't use the name. You see, it'll be a 'prominent downtown hotel' or 'a hotel in the forties.' . . . Here we go."

All that the reporter asked now was, "We want to find out about a woman named Joyce. Where did she go? There isn't any forwarding address."

"What has she done?"

"Plenty."

"I'll see what I can find." The hotel official left without questioning Stevens further.

"He doesn't even want to use the phone," Dick said softly. "Don't have to worry about the hotel giving out anything of what we pick up. I guess we've got the story sewed up—maybe. You never know. It isn't a front-page yarn, but it's exclusive, and it's got a couple of nice angles. 'Hundred Thousand Theft Foiled by Pretty Nurse.' . . . You'll make a corking photograph in your uniform, Bob. . . . No, darned if I let 'em take one. . . . Keep your name out if I can. . . . Here he comes back."

"Mrs. Joyce left no forwarding address, but we took her trunk and bags to the Grand Central," the official said.

"Porter check the trunks?"

"She told him she would attend to it at the station."

Dick said "Let's go!"

She kept up with him as best she could down the long hotel corridor and then through some sort of underground passage; the smell and noise of the station greeted her. Dick's excited eyes went to the signs over each gateway to the trains, and he ran for one which would depart in minutes.

Press card out, he questioned the gateman. No woman in a fur coat. No woman, so far as he could remember, in any shade of brown. Several of them, he thought, after consideration, but none of them tall—or not very tall. Or ——

"Only one way to do it," Dick said grimly. "We start with the train leaving first and work our way through them all. But before we do that, we get us a little help, Bob." He ran to a man in uniform, talked swiftly a moment, and then returned with him. "I'm dumb as the devil," Stevens said. "If Joyce's on any kind of a local, we're done. We're going to only try the through trains. Pinch me when—if you see her, Bob."

Cars and cars and cars; off one train just as the platforms were being dropped into position. Suitcases still in the aisles. Hats in paper bags; immaculate pillows; men and women pretending to read. . . .

Roberta's fingers clutched at Dick's arm. "Right," he said. The special officer nodded.

The reporter stopped self-effacingly before Mrs. Joyce. "I—I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm from the Claremore, and you've overpaid your bill, Mrs. Joyce. We knew you were registered from upstate and took the liberty to find you on one of the trains you might take."

She thanked him graciously.

"Might I see your bill, if you have it handy? The Claremore likes to rectify mistakes before our guests leave. . . . Thank you." She took it from her bag and gave it to Stevens. "Four days—eight dollars. . . . I'll change the bill, and here is the money. So much better than attempting to mail a check. . . . Will you be with us soon again, Mrs. Joyce?"

It would be some time, she was afraid, before she was back in New York. "But I was very satisfied with the Claremore."

Dick said quietly, "And how about your husband at St. William's?"

Roberta gasped as the woman said, as controlled and as calm as Stevens, "That only concerns me. I am going to bring down our family physician, and probably stay at the hospital. Do you think I care to have a tragedy such as mine made public—or even discuss it?" She knew, she said, that hotels investigated, or attempted to understand, the business of their clients; it seemed to her, in this case, unwarranted.

"I believe that you have gone almost too far."

The train started to move forward gently; Stevens wondered if the woman had not been talking against time. He had two things in his mind to ask: "Do you live upstate and your husband in New York?" and "Which is your name—Joyce or Harrison?"

But the officer spoke first: "May I see your ticket, please?"

No pause at all in her reply. "I'm leaving so hurriedly and, frankly, in such a state of mind that I've not bought it yet. One can do it on the train?"

The officer said slowly to Stevens, "Not enough for a pinch."

The train was gathering speed; Mrs. Joyce had settled back more comfortably in the seat. Before Roberta could say her first excited word, Dick stated quietly, "Not yet. But the ticket's in her bag, officer. I saw it when she took out the hotel bill—absolutely sure."

Mrs. Joyce dropped the bag on the seat beside her as if it were of no consequence at all. "I don't see why I should tell you," she said—Stevens thought that she hesitated between "tell" and "explain"—"but what you saw was undoubtedly several green checks folded up. I seldom carry a check book."

"Let's see them."

Mrs. Joyce appealed to the officer: "There is no reason why I should not show whatever I have in my bag. But has this man any right to examine either the bag or me?" The other passengers, she added, were becoming very curious. "I'm upset

(Continued on Page 106

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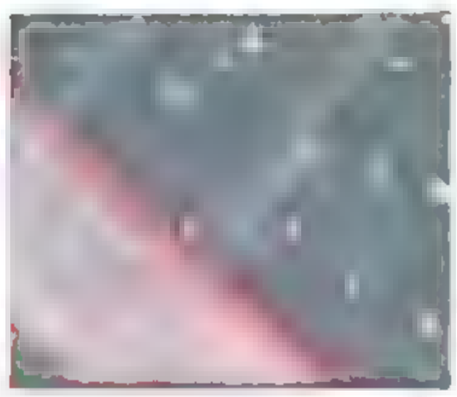

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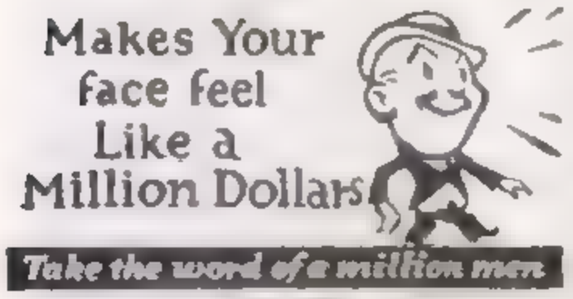

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enough without being stared at for hours. None of you have been very kind."

"No—no. He ain't got any right." And then, when Roberta felt defeat very close, the officer added solemnly: "But it'd clear up everything if you just show 'em to me, lady."

While the woman slowly drew the folded green paper from her bag, Roberta sensed that she was thinking swiftly, keenly. "I didn't care to show it before," Mrs. Joyce said. "My husband had planned a business trip north and I was to go with him. . . . You see, the ticket is really for Toronto. It seemed a little difficult to explain. Mr. Joyce has not been well for some time and I wanted to go with him. . . . I saw no reason for not using the ticket for as far as I was going -home. And— "

The train had swept out of darkness to the street level and swiftly above it. Stevens guessed that they were not far from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. "I thought," he said evenly, "that your husband's name was Harrison."

Again no space of silence. "Mr. Joyce felt that an unmarried man—a man not supposed to be married—was better equipped to sell to women ——" Her voice rose: "I have been very patient, but I think this has gone quite far enough."

While reporter and officer looked at each other, Roberta said in a small voice, "If it is an old coat, we all ought to apologize . . . Ask her to show you the coat, Dick."

"Old!" sharply.

"You said it was an old coat at the hospital. 'Just an old coat.'"

Mrs. Joyce laughed as the train began to slacken its pace.

"Perhaps I did," she said. "Naturally, I meant 'What's a coat in a time like this?' I've really hated the coat since Arthur has tried to sell it; for I know what he does after —— How would you"—directly to the nurse—"like to have someone you loved threaten your life?"

"Old," Dick said quickly. "And from Blairsden's—an imitation."

"I hardly said that. Blairsden's do not—— "

"I heard her," Roberta whispered.

For the first time Mrs. Joyce lashed out: "You lie! Am I to be plagued any longer?"

The officer, a hand to his craggy chin, shook his head. "No, ma'am. I don't see how I blame you for gettin' mad." He was watching her narrowly now, with an elephantine intelligence. "I certainly wouldn't ask you to show us any coat. Not me. And we'll just be leavin' you here. . . . And, lady, because you seem so glad we're goin', I guess I'll take a chance an' tell you to come with us."

Neither Roberta nor Stevens had caught the flash of satisfaction; they saw, now, only an expression of tired, unhappy doubt. "Don't you understand that I'm going home to bring my doctor for ——"

"A telegram'll do that, ma'am. This business is too fancy for me. We'll let the captain decide it. And there's another train north at eleven if everything's O.K."

"I'll see that you are—

"Now," the officer said grimly, "I'm satisfied, lady. When people are goin' to break me an' get my job, it's time to pick them up. You got to get off with us."

Roberta was unprepared for the swift hatred which wiped everything else from the woman's face. "You snooping little busybody!" she snapped. "You miserable ——"

"Thanks, lady," the officer said, grinning. "Now I'd bet money I'm right."

■

LINDSEY went soberly up the stairs to St. William's. It was almost midnight; the rain had definitely changed to snow, and in the little walk from the Subway her shoulders and hat were powdered with flakes.

"Don't come in, Dick," she said. "I should have been back before ten. I'll get mine now. I should have asked for a late permission, but there wasn't time."

"I'll explain to the matron, or whatever you call her, that I needed you to help me with the story while I was writing it. I guess she knows by now what you were up to. . . . Gosh, I didn't think they'd let me write it! I may even get a by-line for the story—my name on it. And you ——"

"You," the nurse said practically, "go on home. I'll be darned if I lie about it. I'm a poor liar anyhow. . . . That woman was quick with words, wasn't she?"

"She'd had plenty of experience. I'll bet when they get through investigating her she'll have a record as long as Broadway. . . . Let me tell the matron ——"

"I'll see you in the morning. If we hadn't stopped and had dinner, I'd have been back in time. . . . And for goodness' sake be here early Friday night, Dick, or my pet interne'll bother the life out of me. . . . And good night, Dick." It had been, she added softly, good fun; she had been rather sorry for Mrs. Joyce until the woman became—well, horridly natural at the police station. She said again, "Good night, dear. No, I haven't changed my mind." She swept the meager coat around her. "Rags is royal raiment, honey," she laughed. "Good night."

Someone in the lower hall called "Hey, Hawkshaw!" but she ran swiftly upstairs to her room. A light burned in it.

"We have," Anne said, sitting up in bed and dropping a book to the floor, "the only and original news source. If you and your boy friend use the name of the hospital in the paper, you're done, kid. St. William's doesn't like that sort of publicity. Operations on bank presidents are one thing and skin games are another."

Lindsey threw her hat on the bed and pulled off her coat. "How am I ever going on duty in the morning? I'm dead. You ought to be ashamed to lie in bed reading while I'm out catching crooks and making the world safe for fur coats."

"I," said Anne virtuously, "do not go running around nights with lady criminals. . . . Here, pint, the office sent this up to you"—tossing her an envelope—"and the least you can do is go fifty-fifty."

Roberta was ready for bed; she seemed very small as she sat on the edge of it and opened the letter. As she read her cheeks brightened.

"Anne," earnestly, "you're going to say, some day, 'I knew her when.'"

Nothing, so far as her roommate could see, had been inclosed in the letter. "Virtue, my child," said Anne jocularly, "is more than ten-dollar bills. You can frame the letter. They tell me Harrison was so tickled when they let him go that he tried to kiss Stone, but that's only rumor. Anyhow, didn't you give papa a nice story for his paper? What'd you expect—ermine, leopard or sable?"

Roberta slid into bed. "I didn't expect anything. But I'm to go down to Blairsden's—me!—and see what I'd like to have." In a hushed voice she repeated "Me."

It wasn't, Anne said, any more than Blairsden's should do.

As Lindsey reached up and turned out the light, she thought "I'm dead!" Sleep, she believed, was utterly impossible. One after another, people and things whirled before her. . . . When she had the new coat, she decided, Dick would have to walk her across the Claremore lobby just for the fun of it. Dick ——

The snow was falling steadily; it not only dimmed the last sounds in the city but seemed to have washed the air fragrant. Where it melted on the eaves it dripped to the pavement below—drip, drip, drip.

A moment later she was asleep.

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COMMERCE BUILDING

Continued from Page 11

postwar suffering at first hand. Sentimentality would have swayed a weaker character. But Hoover, the trained business observer, knew European capacity for recovery. This is why he stood fast and firm for payment. His judgment is now amply vindicated in a revived, stabilized and prosperous France; in a Britain turning the economic corner; in a new Italy, occupying an expanding place in the sun; and in a reënforced Belgium, purged of war rack and reasserting herself as a factor in the whole European economy.

In the course of the next twelve months there will develop the inevitable showdown on reparations. This is Europe's mutton. It is part of a plan, however, to link the settlement of German indemnity with a readjustment of the interallied debts to our distinct disadvantage. We shall need a strong will, combined with the knowledge that is Hoover's, to keep us out of a fresh entanglement inimical to the interests of the great mass of American people.

Take, too, his attitude in the matter of foreign controls of essential commodities, in which British rubber restriction was the outstanding example. Hoover saw them as a new and growing hazard to international commerce and relations, as a threat to the sane and orderly political progress of the world, and more important than all this, as a gouge at the pocketbook of the American producer and consumer. With amazing foresight—"to foresee is to rule," said Pascal—he anticipated the evil results of this system, especially with rubber, as you will presently see. He not only helped to make the United States more self-sufficient in rubber but was probably the indirect means of bringing about abrogation of the act which fostered restriction.

What concerns us mainly, however, is the foreign service of the Department of Commerce that Hoover built up, and the dividends it has paid. To understand the dollars-and-cents evolution that has been wrought, we must go back and see just what conditions were before the Great War.

We have always appreciated the romance of foreign trade because it conjured up pictures of camel caravans silhouetted against the sky—native carriers traversing the jungle spaces, ships and wharves redolent of spices of the storied East. What we failed to consider was the spade work involved. Nor did we fully realize the part that exports played in the larger structure of business. One reason was that we were more or less self-sufficient. We were precisely in the position that Europe finds herself today, because we were a debtor country with no appreciable export surplus. In 1913 Europe exported 62.75 per cent of all the commodities in world trade, while our exports were only 12.90 per cent of the total.

Exporting Only Velvet

We were amateurs in the foreign selling game and had no definite trade-promotion program. Our branch factories abroad were confined to those of a comparatively few great concerns and they were largely in Europe. The American exporter depended upon foreign agents, principally German and British, who naturally boosted the goods of their own nationals ahead of ours.

Before the war our over-sea selling was confined to two groups of commodities. One consisted of self-selling staples, such as wheat, cotton and copper. The other included highly specialized patent contrivances, such as sewing machines, typewriters and cash registers. We were long on oratory about foreign trade and short on results. As I have already indicated, exports were made up of occasional surplus stocks and were looked upon as just so much money found.

It is no deprecation of his predecessors to say that it was not until Hoover assumed the post of Secretary of Commerce that the revolution began. Former secretaries were confronted with practically no pressing world economic problems. During the war we stood practically alone at the international trade counter. Business dropped into our laps. Exports suddenly developed into live and vital things.

It was important for us to hold them, because we had expanded production to meet war emergency. They were essential therefore to the stability of our whole productive machine.

All the while conditions were shaping for an intensive competition. The postwar collapse was just ending, frozen credits were thawing out and Europe had begun to gird herself for the stupendous task of recovery. Our new-won trade was sorely menaced.

The perilous business hour needed a leader peculiarly qualified to cope with the situation. He was found in Hoover.

For the Independent Merchant

Let the figures tell the story. In 1927 our exports aggregated $4,865,000,000, or 15.59 per cent of the total. Europe's exports were $14,913,000,000, or 47.80 per cent of the entire world trade. These statistics show that we advanced from 12.90 per cent of the total in 1913 to 15.59 in 1927, whereas Europe declined from 62.75 per cent in 1913 to 47.80 in 1927.

We now market 90 per cent of all the automobiles of the world and practically an equal quota in motion-picture films. They are only two of many items in which we lead. Formerly we sent shoes to countries that went barefoot and summer underwear to frigid regions. Thanks to the penetration of our ambassadors of trade, we fit the commodity to the market. Over 62 per cent of our export shipments are manufactured goods, against half that proportion a year ago.

A more detailed examination of our export increases is illuminating. For political reasons, to say nothing of the practical value, it is important that we have the closest possible commercial intercourse with Latin America. Until the Hoover trade-getting machine got under way we did not receive our share of this business. Britain, Germany and France outsold us.

As a result of the new drive south of the Mexican border, we are supreme throughout Latin America. In 1913 we had a bare 50 per cent of Mexico's business. Now we supply 70.5 per cent of our neighboring republic's needs. From 14.7 per cent, which represented our portion of Argentina's buying in 1913, we have risen to 25.5 per cent. In Brazil the increase for the same period has been from 15.7 per cent to 29.3 per cent; in Chile from 16.7 per cent to 32.7 per cent; in Peru from 28.8 per cent to 40.2 per cent; Cuba from 53 to 62 per cent. Putting it in another way, when Hoover became Secretary of Commerce in 1921 our total exports to South America were $273,000,000. Last year they registered $438,000,000.

Similar gains have been won on other continents. Our trade in Australia shows an increase from 14 to 24.6 per cent; Italy from 14.4 to 21.7 per cent; Japan from 16.8 to 28.6 per cent.

One feature of this survey is worth pointing out. It is the gradual growth of finished articles in the export volume. From an average of about 30.7 per cent during 1910 to 1914, they advanced to 41.6 per cent in 1927.

This shows that our manufacturers are gradually coming to the fore as contributing factors to export. This is particularly true of the small producer. Before the war three-quarters of our total fabricated exports were the product of fifteen big companies. Today, thanks to Hoover's patient educational campaigns and long-view planning, the greater part of our manufactured products sold abroad is made up of the output of smaller concerns.

These results indicate that the Hoover organization succeeded in breaking down the fear inhibition of the small manufacturer. Formerly he hesitated to venture out on the big sea of world trade. Now he is an established factor. Big business is not the whole works.

It is a tribute to the interest that Hoover has always taken in the small producer that the last report he sponsored—he edited it on the day he left the commerce job—was dedicated to the independent merchant. His point of view is summed up in a single paragraph, which reads:

"The recent tendency toward mergers of manufacturing concerns and the growth in chain-store movement has led some observers to predict the eventual elimination of the small manufacturer and merchant. The Department of Commerce holds no such belief. The superior initiative of the individual will always go far toward equaling the more complicated organization of large-scale operations. In fact, that initiative is the most important factor in maintaining American business."

This organized encouragement of the little-production fellow has also helped to eliminate seasonal losses. I can illustrate the two cases.

The manufacturer of a certain patented sporting article found that he could supply his entire American demand with only a seven months' output, which meant an idle factory for five months. Through the Department of Commerce he found out that seasons were reversed south of the equator, where he has now built up a trade which keeps his plant going the year round.

Paint is more or less a seasonal commodity, because there is not much external refurbishing of houses in winter. Again the domain south of the line is saving the day. The department found out, for example, that in Santiago, Chile, is a law which makes the painting of every house mandatory before the great national festival. This and similar opportunities elsewhere have been capitalized for the small paint maker.

All this means—and I have merely touched the high spots—that we have countered intensive competition with more carefully developed sales campaigns and an intelligent educational effort on the part of the manufacturer and producer. Export has become the work of experts backed up by accurate government trade intelligence. The average American merchant has no experience with such intricate problems as foreign-market conditions, routes, packing, commercial laws, tariffs and banking practices. The fact-finding service of the Department of Commerce has supplied this information through its sixty offices abroad.

A Reorganized Trade Army

The department surveys countries, ascertains their possibilities, locates specific prospects; in fact, does everything except actually sell the goods. This is because the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which was one of Hoover's first agencies in the new conquest of world trade, keeps its fingers on the pulse of economic events. It put commerce into the Department of Commerce!

Although it is impossible to outline here the specific organization of the department that Hoover erected, there must be a word about one feature which reflects his organizing genius. It was the establishment of the so-called commodity divisions, which run the whole range of production, from foodstuffs and agricultural implements to shoes, textiles and lumber. They resulted from his grasp of the need of specialization. Prior to his time the organization was regional, specializing in countries rather than commodities.

The next step was to place in charge of these divisions men who had not only had factory experience in the particular industry involved but also broad experience in the sale of the particular commodities in foreign markets. At the same time there were formed a group of divisions known as the technical divisions, concentrating on the technical and economic sides of foreign trade, such as commercial intelligence, commercial laws, finance and investment, foreign tariffs, statistical research, United States foreign-trade statistics, and transportation.

Standardized for Efficiency

The commodity divisions maintain an intimate contact with home production. In consequence they have been able to rescue many industries, notably agricultural, from serious loss in times of overproduction or unemployment. When the California rice growers had 4,000,000 bags of paddy rice piled up they were in despair because there was no market at home and no information available about sale possibilities abroad. The department found an opening for their product in Japan. When the Pacific Coast raisin growers were at their wits' end because of a huge crop that seemed impossible of absorption, Hoover's men located an outlet in the Orient, then a virgin field, and in Canada. The same procedure was followed with the Kentucky tobacco growers, who developed a new consumption area in Italy. The commercial attaché at Rome showed the way.

These activities reveal the significant connection between the Department of Commerce and agriculture. I am not overstating the case when I say that before Hoover became Secretary of Commerce the business aspect of agriculture, which has more direct kinship with our prosperity than any other single factor, had never, to use one of Hoover's expressions, "been properly integrated into the general commercial picture." He proved during his seven years of service in Washington that the farm is the essential component of our larger scheme of economy, and that any program of foreign trade must include the interests of the agriculturist. Largely because of his dramatization of this idea, nearly two-thirds of our exports are in agricultural and manufactured products.

Blazing the way for the American exporter was only part of the departmental job. Hoover applied his genius for simplification to further the over-sea capitalization of our mass production. He realized that the multiplicity of types and grades of commodities that we export in large volume was not only a handicap to production but to distribution as well.

He therefore inaugurated a program of simplification and standardization which has not only saved American production an average of $300,000,000 a year but has facilitated exports. As a result of this policy, the varieties of cotton duck have been reduced from 460 to 294; sizes of bed blankets from 78 to 12; hollow building tile from 36 to 19; forge tools from 665 to 351; paving bricks from 66 to 5; common bricks from 44 to 1; milk bottles from 49 to 4; steel barrels and drums from 66 to 24, and range boilers from 130 to 13.

With one more innovation I can show how Hoover reënforced the expanding export program. He converted what was hitherto regarded as waste into salable articles for over-sea consumption and opened up new markets. Lumber is a case in point.

Until the reorganization of the Department of Commerce a considerable quantity of lumber, consisting of knots, warped boards and odd lengths, went into the dump pile to be burned. The Hoover idea is to extract the maximum out of every

(Continued on Page 112)

Its Sparkling Beauty

The Sport Sedan

Is An Inspiration . . . .

THE rakish and sparkling beauty of Dodge Brothers New Senior Six is an inspiration —and an innovation as well! ¶ Study its refreshing originality of design and coloring. Its big, luxurious interiors. Its wide, richly upholstered seats, exquisite appointments, and complete quality equipment. ¶ Take the New Senior wheel and experience the car's swift response and impressive reserves of quiet power. Note also its exceptional riding ease and marked simplicity of control. ¶ For these striking features simply express, in terms of performance and beauty, the precision and dependability that are preeminently characteristic of all Dodge Brothers products.

Available in six distinguished body types

The Sport Sedan, $1795—The Sport Coupe with Rumble Seat, $1795—The Landau Sedan, $1845. These prices include six wire wheels and six tires . . . . The Victoria Brougham, $1575—The Sedan, $1675—The Coupe with Rumble Seat, $1675. All prices f. o. b. Detroit—front and rear bumpers included.

Dodge Brothers
New Senior Six

You'll Like

a different shaving cream for tender skins . . dull blades

THE moment INGRAM'S lather touches your face . . . you feel a *cool*, soothing comfort that's different.

FREE!
7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others. Use coupon below.

A lather so different . . . that even a tender skin or a dull blade does not spoil your shave.

After the shave you need no lotion. INGRAM'S . . . pioneer cool shaving cream . . . soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you can't see but *do* feel. It leaves your skin whole and wholesome for the next shave. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try INGRAM'S.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use INGRAM'S every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let INGRAM'S prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1350-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free *Cool* Shaves.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 109)

commodity. He therefore started an investigation for the reclamation of this waste.

It was discovered that knots, for example, could be ground into wood flour and used for insulation. The odd lengths go to the West Indies and are used in cheap houses on the various plantations. This is one reason why our total exports of lumber for 1927 reached 2,700,000,000 board feet, or 7.2 per cent of our total production. In 1919 only 4.3 per cent of our lumber was exported.

To simplification of products and waste elimination is joined swift capitalization of the shining hour. With Hoover, to think is to act. In consequence we have made our foreign competitors sit up at the way we have gone to it, so to speak.

The new drive for air business is a concrete illustration. Hardly had the acclaim over Lindbergh's good-will trip to Latin America subsided before the Department of Commerce had inaugurated a service which dealt with aeronautics. Special air-trade commissioners were sent to Panama, Guatemala, Argentina and elsewhere to follow up the tumult and the shouting. When Guatemala placed her first order for aeroplanes it went to an American firm.

Hoover was not satisfied with the mounting roll of exports alone. Being a thorough person, he realized that it was important to correlate them with the larger business and financial structure. He did this in his usual effective fashion, recording one of his little-known performances.

Prior to the World War our exports, such as they were, meant just so many figures to the average person. The chief purpose of our foreign trade apparently was to provide oratorical material to inflict on long-suffering listeners. Speakers wrapped the flag about them and "pointed with pride" or "viewed with alarm" each of the scattered episodes in our oversea effort. "Do we not enjoy," maintained the patrioteer, "the most favorable trade balance of any commercial nation?" Then he would plunge into a eulogy of the "favorable" item. The term "balance of trade" was part of the oratorical fireworks—a phrase that few understood.

What little solid thinking was done on exports was confined to the handful of shrewd export managers of a dozen or more large corporations and to a scattering of cloistered professors, poring over dusty statistical records and mellowed volumes of economic theories. Live, alert and practical mastery of the subject was conspicuously lacking, even after we became part and parcel of the world-trade fabric, thanks to the war opportunity.

Intangible Foreign Trade

Then came to the helm of the nation's commercial organization the quiet keen engineer. Immediately the generalities of the after-dinner orators gave way to the calm precision of the expert practical investigator. Now there have been investigators before—thousands of them. The point is that their toilings had mainly been confined to the four walls of our colleges or to the profit of the few large corporations that could afford to hire them.

In 1921, Hoover, as leader of the nation's business, became the preëminently qualified expert on foreign trade. He proceeded to ask the after-dinner orators a few personal questions.

"Just what do you mean by favorable balance?" he demanded. "Isn't there something more to our economic relationships with the rest of the world than the interchange of merchandise?" he queried. "Are not those relationships expressed in thousands of transactions which leave no records in our customhouses?" he inquired. "What about expenditures of our tourists abroad which must be liquidated in some other way than simply transporting gold or currency? What about the bills we owe to foreign shipping companies, insurance corporations and scores of others which sell services instead of merchandise? Does anybody know precisely what these amount to? If not, how have we ever been able to arrive at any intelligent conception of what our foreign business really means?"

These questions run the whole range of so-called invisible exports, which constitute one-half of our dealings with the rest of the world. They include such items as loans, tourist expenditures, remittances by immigrants and repayment of interest and capital by foreigners. A knowledge of them enables us as a nation to comprehend our real position with respect to many complex and often obscure factors that make up our international transactions and must be considered in formulating our business and national policies.

Setting a Standard

There had been sound speculation about invisible exports, but principally among professors and statistical sharks. The results of their probing seldom reached the average business man, who was vitally affected. Hoover immediately sensed the necessity of attacking this vast and formidable problem, not in the interest of a few meticulously minded theorists but with the broad purpose of definitely identifying it with our international economic relationships for the benefit of the entire commercial community and the people as a whole.

The ramifications of the task were almost beyond belief and the labor immense. It involved collaboration with shippers, bankers, manufacturers, tourist agencies and countless other business units dealing with various phases of the problem. But it has proved to be worth while. The values achieved have gradually dawned upon the country as the results of the investigation, carried on under Hoover's close personal supervision and guidance, became known. These results have been embodied for the past five years in the annual bulletin entitled the Balance of International Payments of the United States.

This report, which appears each spring on the transactions of the previous year, is eagerly awaited and exploited here and abroad. It is accepted everywhere as the standard of its kind and has become the model in half a dozen foreign countries. The document has not only benefited the American banker and business man generally but has improved international thinking and understanding of the problems involved.

Among other things, it played an important part in the negotiations for the settlement of the international war debts to us. The precise tabulation of the invisible items of our oversea transactions completely deflated numerous exaggerated conceptions on the part of the debtor nations as to their resources and the status of their obligations.

No matter where you turn in appraisal of the Hoover trade-promotion scheme, you find evidences of attention to every essential factor. Adequate transport under the American flag is obviously essential to expeditious movement of our merchandise. For years our cargoes traveled in foreign holds. Once we attained a merchant marine as a result of the war effort, it was frustrated by the usual by-products of government ownership.

It is to Hoover's credit that he has consistently sponsored a privately owned and operated merchant service. This is because he is the uncompromising foe of government in business. He led the agitation which brought about the passage of the White-Jones bill which now gives the American private shipowner the opportunity to borrow money for construction from the Government on satisfactory terms.

But this is only part of the Hoover contribution to our shipping. Unlike many others, he did not foolishly assume that because we had ships the rest was easy. What shipping experts called the other end must be considered. The other end comprises the docks, warehouses and ship-supply facilities at the ports of unloading. In this respect

we were lamentably lacking. It created the spectacle of fine American ships all dressed up with nowhere to go.

Business concerns were in the same predicament. A Philadelphia coal firm, for example, wanted to start a business in Rio de Janeiro, but found that it could not get wharfage because the British controlled it, just as they owned most of the ship chandlery establishments there and in many other important ports.

Under Hoover's stimulation the Department of Commerce set to work to give American shipping an even break. It has helped in the purchase or lease of docks in Latin America, Africa and Europe. It has also inspired the establishment of ship-supply houses in various harbors.

No phase of transport in this relation to foreign trade is more vital than the joining up of our inland waterways with the great arteries of world commerce. Here Hoover again recorded a constructive service. He saw these waterways in world terms. He beheld the 12,000 miles of connected inland waters reaching from the Gulf to the northern frontiers and from the Lakes to the Atlantic as a necessary link in the chain of international water highways. There was definite logic behind this vision. As he has so well said, we can build railways as we may, but man demands an outlet to the sea by direct ships for the one big reason that it is cheaper.

Hoover also saw that the necessarily large advance in railroad rates as the result of higher wages and increased cost of material since the war set "a row of tollgates around the Middle West."

It is not as if all parts of the country, as well as all parts of the world, had been placed under a similar tax. Ocean rates have returned to a prewar basis. The people of seaboard countries do not pay the additional levy to and from the market, and have therefore a greatly increased competitive advantage over the dwellers in the interior. These factors, together with the completion of the Panama Canal, the full effect of which was not evident until after the war, all combined to distort the economic setting of our whole Middle West. Let Hoover himself state the consequence:

"Midwest agriculture and Midwest industry have thus been placed in a new relationship to different parts of our country and to the world markets as a whole. If we would restore the former relationships, we must find fundamentally cheaper transportation for our grain and bulk commodities which we export and the raw materials which we import, in the Midwest."

From Midwest to the Sea

"The problem of economic shifts can possibly be made clear by example. A great part of the agriculture which competes with our farmers lies in Argentina, Australia, Eastern Europe and India. Those agricultural areas are all nearer to the seaboard and their ocean rates to the common markets remain the same as prewar, while our rail rates to seaboard on wheat, for instance, have increased from 8 to 18 cents per bushel. Therefore foreign farmers reach European markets at a less cost in proportion to prewar than can our Midwest American farmer. In actual figures, the competing farmers from the Argentine, for instance, have felt an increase in rates of only two cents a bushel."

Because of these conditions which so intimately affect the well-being of our agriculture, Hoover has advocated two projects of far-reaching value and significance. One is the deepening of the 9000 miles of the Mississippi and its tributaries to minimum depths of six to nine feet so as to permit modern barge service, thus creating a unified Mississippi system. The other is the construction of the St. Lawrence shipway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. This would make seaports of all our lake harbors and give the Middle West farmer and manufacturer a cheap and direct outlet to the sea and thence to the markets of the world.

Most men would have been content with the creation of the definite export policy that I have tried to interpret. A nation, however, cannot sell without buying. Hoover saw that in addition to an export policy we must also have an import policy. Although two-thirds of our imports, notably rubber, coffee and silk, come in free of duty, he realized that they must reach the consumer with the least possible delay and at the lowest possible price.

The import job bristled with almost as many difficulties as the export task. Mainly for political reasons, it was a delicate issue, subject to much adroit side-stepping. Hoover encouraged a sane and businesslike consideration of the whole import question and laid down fundamentals which gave us the first real import policy we have ever had.

At this point you may well ask, Why is an import policy necessary? The average man is apt to rush to the conclusion that no science or skill is involved in the purchase end. He argues that we need certain foreign-grown products for our sustenance and production. Therefore it is the easiest possible matter to go into the market and buy them.

The Raw Deal in Raw Materials

Such is not the case. When Hoover became Secretary of Commerce eight essential commodities, indispensable to the pursuit of American life and business, were under governmentally controlled combinations or under some form of more or less drastic restriction which fixed price and distribution. These commodities were coffee, camphor, long-staple cotton, nitrates, iodine, potash, mercury and sisal. During the next year rubber was added to the list.

Our imports of these materials amount to more than $1,000,000,000 a year. There are other virtual monopolies, embracing sixty commodities vital to our industries, susceptible of foreign restriction and price manipulation, which roll up another billion.

Hoover appreciated the danger that lay in these foreign monopolies. He summed up the menace in his usual illuminating fashion:

"The bad features of monopolistic controls of essential materials are countless. They jeopardize friendly international relations, since they contain the seeds of animosity and recrimination. There is the danger, too, that governments will become involved to a large extent in trading operations, and a whole train of ills ordinarily follows from such a course. It is obvious that these restrictions cannot always be restrained. They are likely to get out of hand with evil intrusions of speculation and price juggling. They constitute an artificial device which, in its influence on the producers themselves, has the effect of penalizing outstanding ability and coddling the less efficient.

"On the American users of these materials the effect is equally harmful. They are exposed to great uncertainties. They are subject to all the dangers inherent in possible shifts of policy abroad, and their business investment and commercial security are constantly menaced."

With characteristic energy and strategy, Hoover attacked the stronghold of commodity control. Nowhere were we getting a rawer deal than in raw rubber. It touched the American people in a big way. We are a nation on tires and consume 70 per cent of the total output of crude. Our annual bill for imported rubber reaches the half-billion mark.

Fully to understand what constituted one of Hoover's conspicuous achievements, which likewise impressed his Americanism, it is important to know what rubber control was. I say "was" because on October thirty-first it passes into the realm of the things that were.

The British in the Middle East are the biggest rubber growers. Three years of excessive crops, combined with large stocks

(Continued on Page 117)

6 MINUTES a day for teeth...

is that too much when health and beauty are at stake?

CONSIDER the time the average woman devotes to her hair, her complexion, her nails. Of what use will it have been if health begins to fade, and with it the bloom and freshness of youth?

Against these hours, balance the six minutes a day that you should devote to mouth hygiene! Think what these few minutes may mean, not only in preserving the charm of your smile, but in guarding you from the dangers that often follow tooth decay and gum irritation.

And mouth hygiene itself is so simple if you will consider the following fundamental principle. Apart from mere cleanliness, the reason you should use the proper dentifrice when you brush your teeth and gums is that the acids produced by food fermentation cause decay and must be neutralized. These acids form particularly in pits on your teeth and in the crevices at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. No tooth-brush can reach into all these places. So your dentifrice must bring protection.

Squibb's Dental Cream will give you this. It is made with more than 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. When you use it, particles of this Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the tiny crevices at The Danger Line and there neutralize the dangerous acids.

Of course, Squibb's Dental Cream cleans and polishes the teeth beautifully. It contains no grit or abrasives. It keeps the gums healthy. That's one reason it is so wonderfully soothing after a day of excessive smoking. It sweetens the breath and refreshes the mouth.

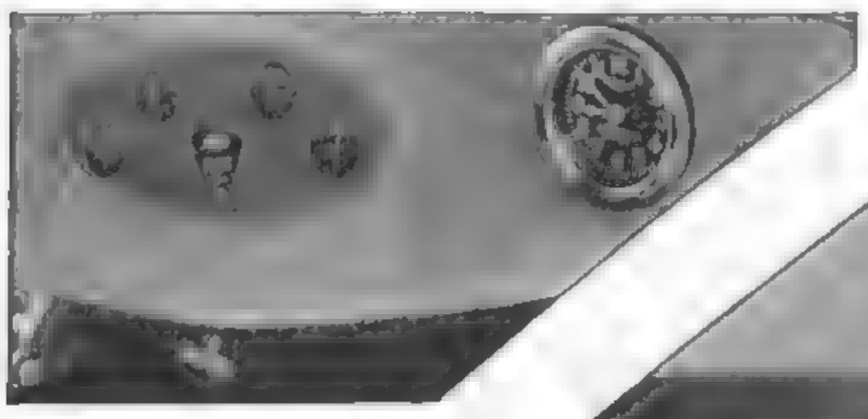
Consult your dentist regularly. Give six minutes a day to the use of Squibb's Dental Cream. You will be doing all you can to guard from tooth decay and gum irritations. 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation by virtue of its twofold action. Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. And its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from fermenting foods. At druggists, 25c and 50c a bottle. The Standard of Quality

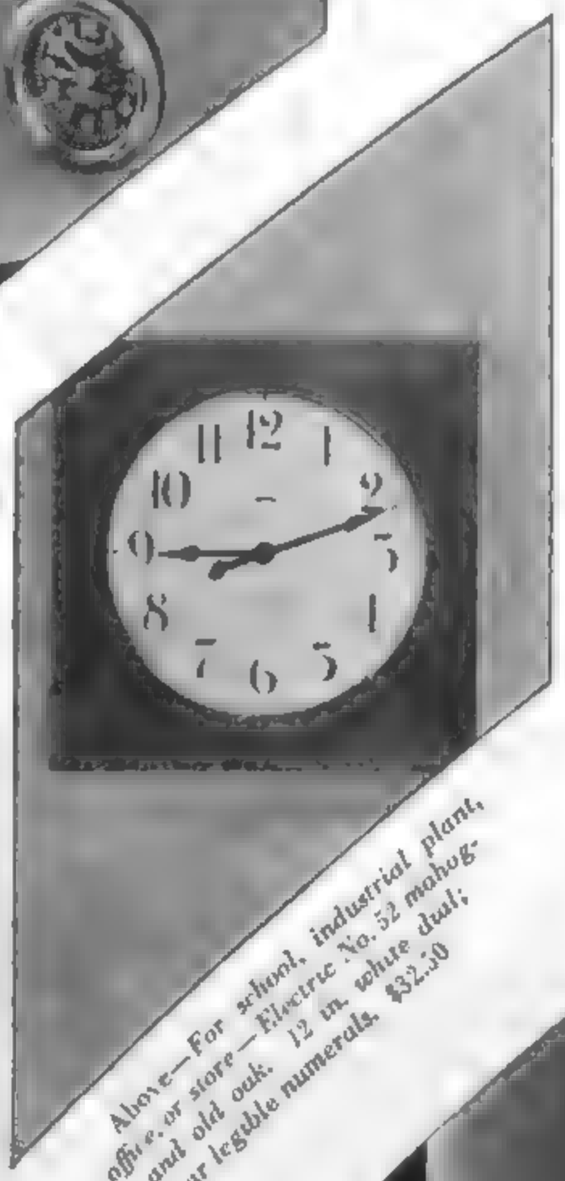
Copyright 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

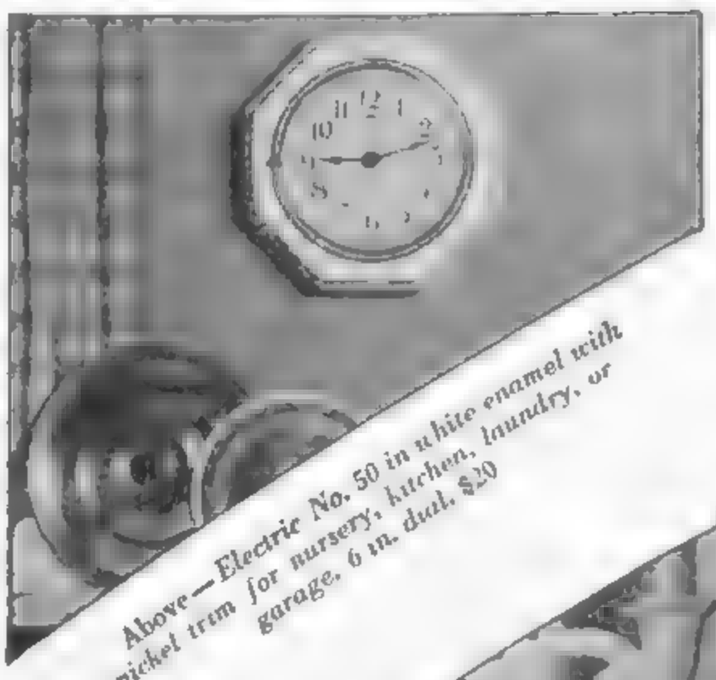
The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker



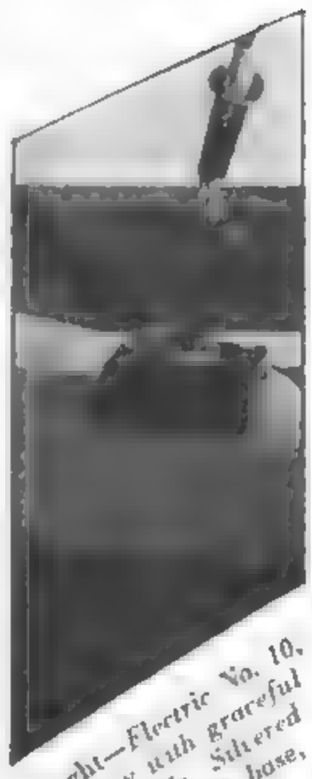
Above—ELECTRIC AUTO CLOCK—Operates from automobile battery. At auto accessory dealers or jewelers, $20.



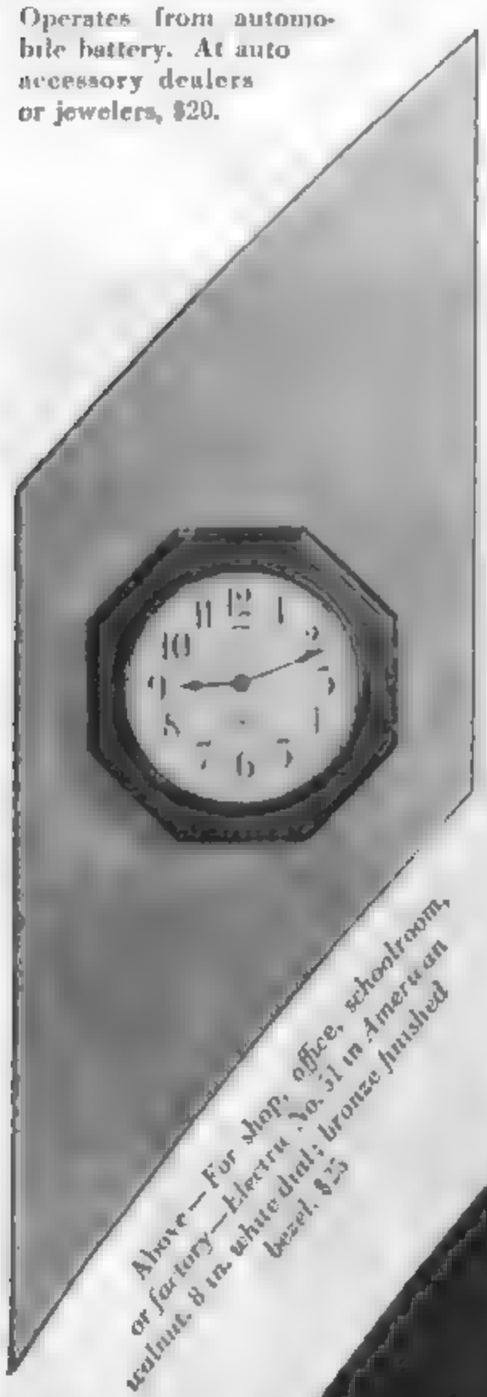
Above—For school, industrial plant, office, or store—Electric No. 52 mahogany and old oak. 12 in. white dial; clear legible numerals. $32.50



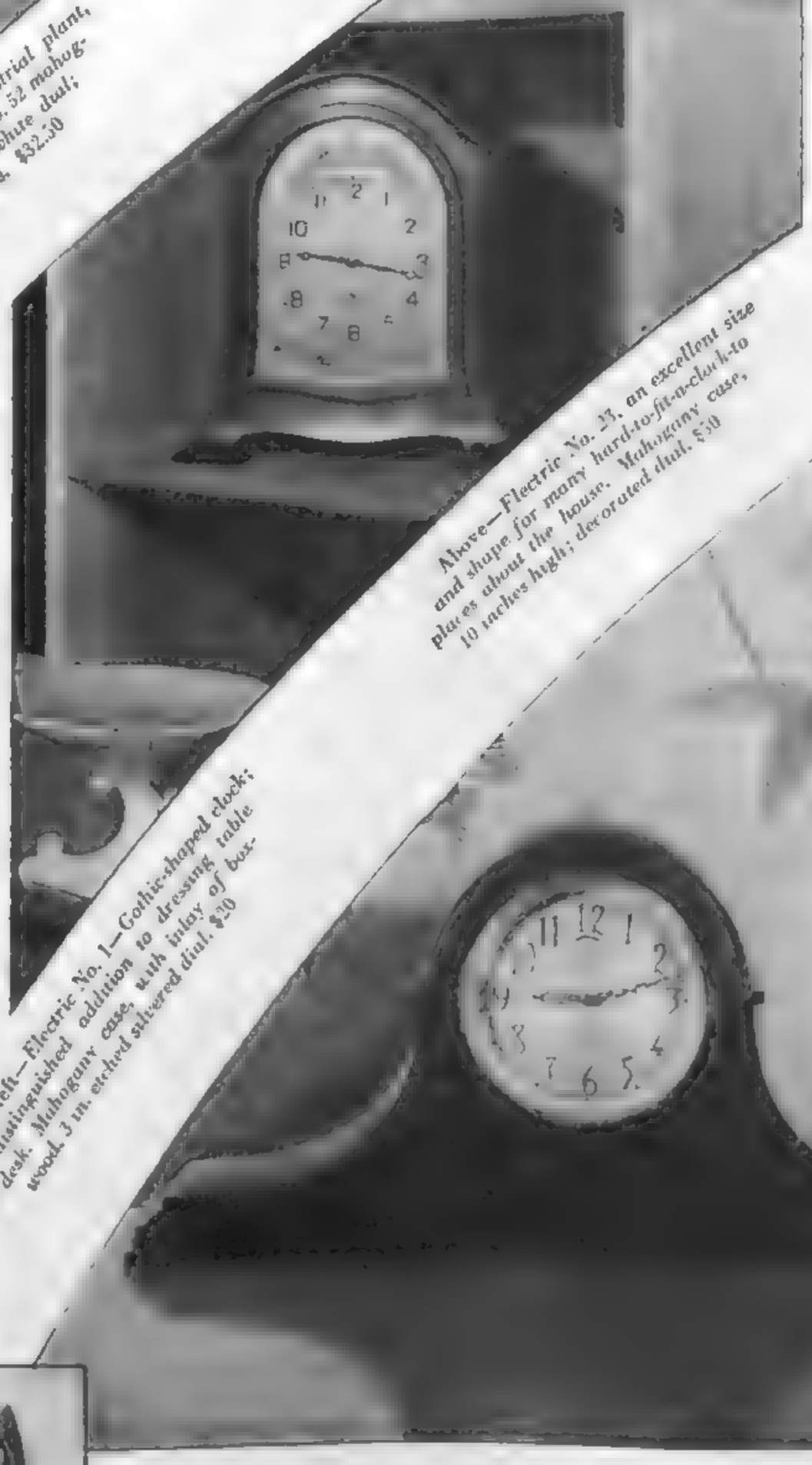
Above—Electric No. 50 in white enamel with nickel trim for nursery, kitchen, laundry, or garage. 6 in. dial. $20



At right—Electric No. 10, mahogany with graceful applied panels. Silvered dial, and carved base, 20½ inches. $25

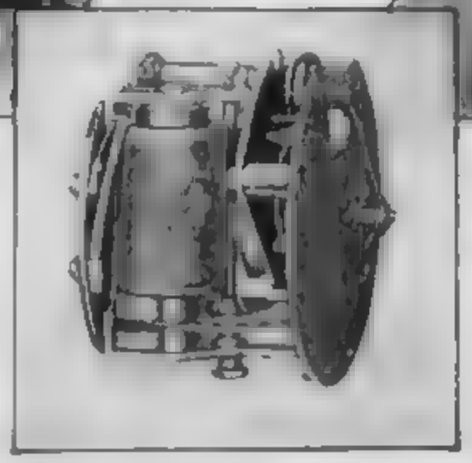


Above—For shop, office, schoolroom, or factory—Electric No. 31 in American walnut. 8 in. white dial; bronze finished bezel. $25



Above—Electric No. 23, an excellent size and shape for many hard-to-fit-a-clock-to places about the house. Mahogany case, 10 inches high; decorated dial. $30

At left—Electric No. 1—Gothic-shaped clock; a distinguished addition to dressing table or desk. Mahogany case, with inlay of box-wood. 3 in. etched silvered dial. $20



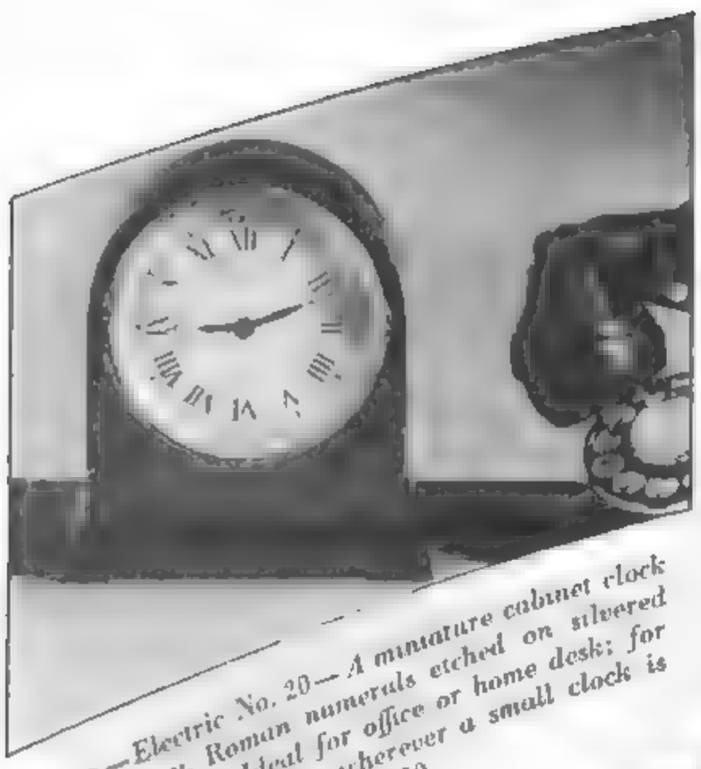
At right—*The motor, shown here ⅔ actual size, is the result of 10 years of testing and research in the General Electric Laboratories. This motor is the important self-controlling feature which holds the mainspring of Seth Thomas Electric Clocks always at the proper tension.*

Above—*Electric No. 21. A graceful clock that looks well on the library table, highboy, hall table, or bookcase, as well as on the mantel shelf. Mahogany case and 5 in. silvered dial with raised bronze numerals. $35. The cord on Seth Thomas Electric Clocks is 7½ feet long, making it possible to place the clock almost anywhere in the room.*

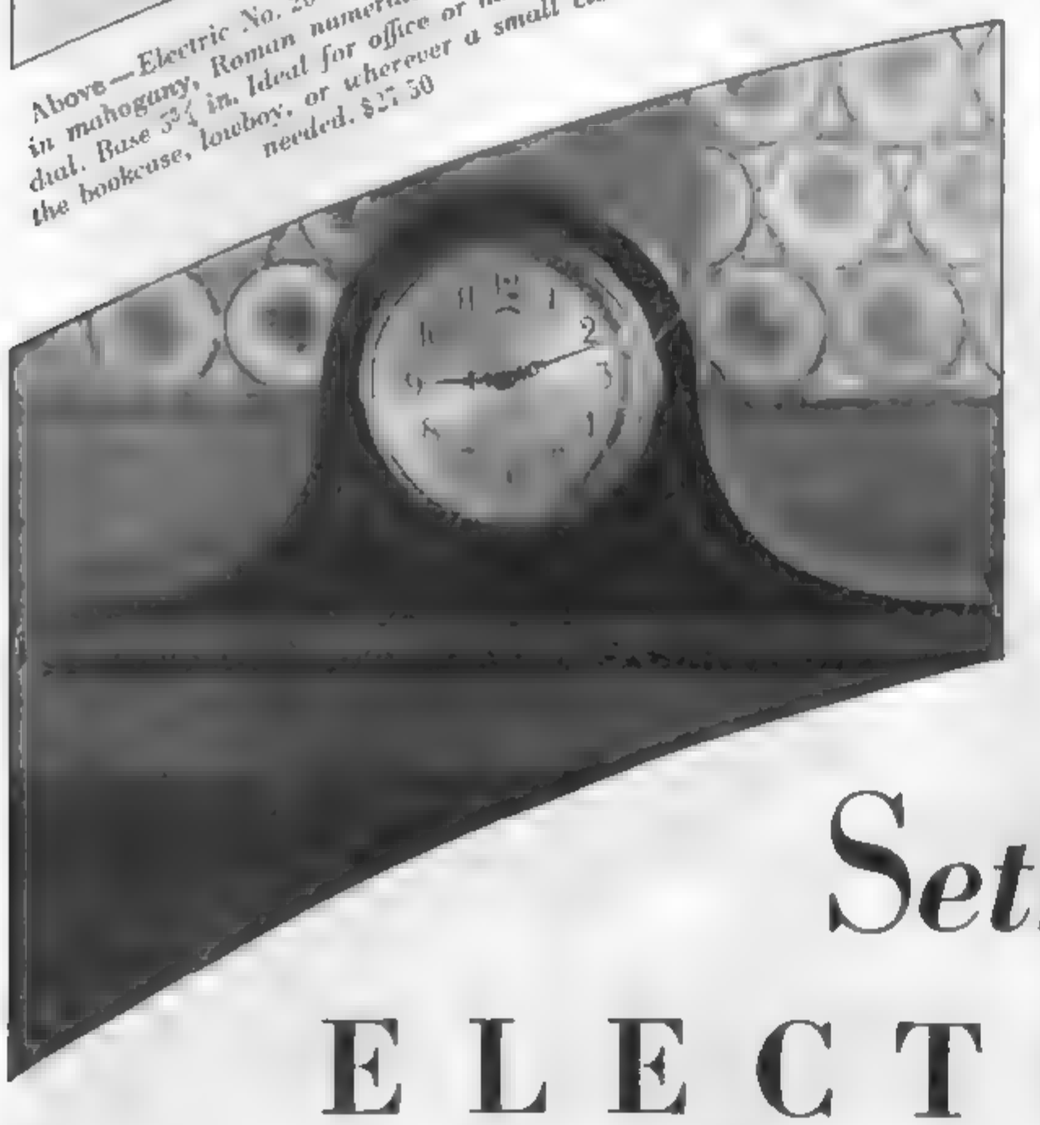
(All Seth Thomas Clocks are priced slightly higher in the Far West and Canada)

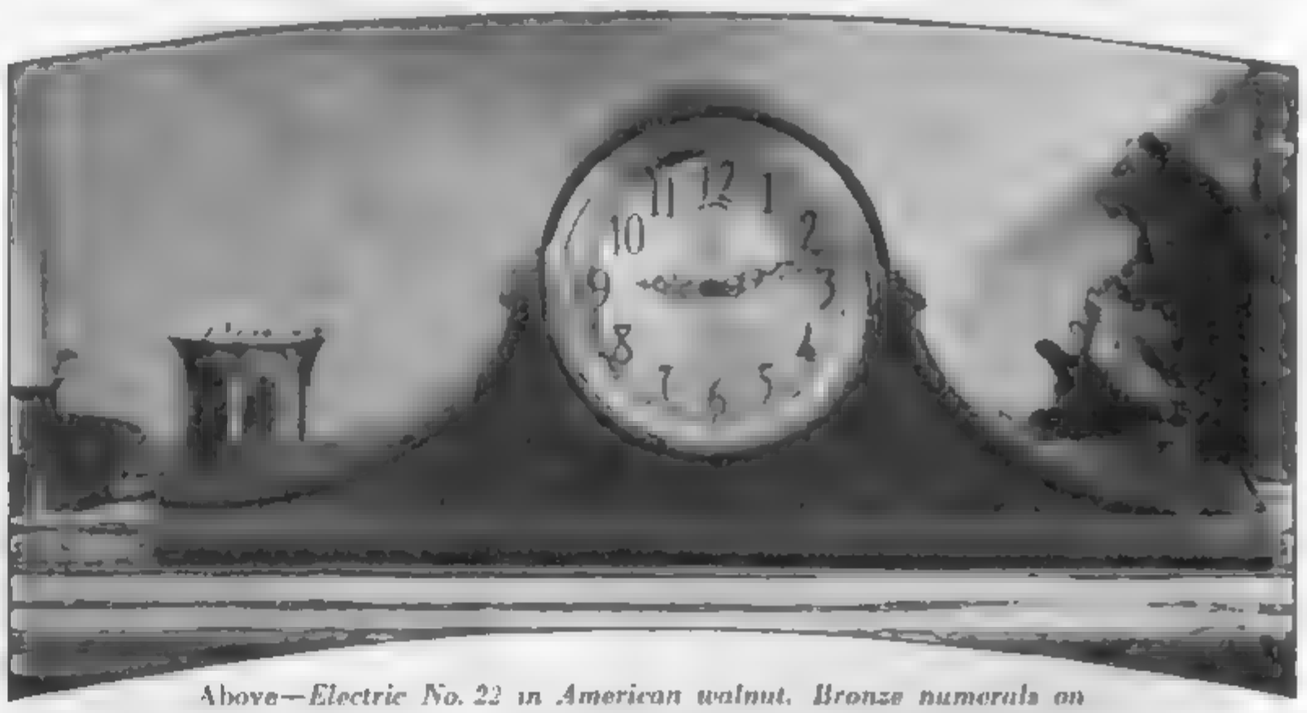
TRUE TIME FOR A LIFETIME

without ever winding your clock



Above—Electric No. 20—A miniature cabinet clock in mahogany, Roman numerals etched on silvered dial. Base 5¼ in. Ideal for office or home desk; for the bookcase, lowboy, or wherever a small clock is needed. $27.50





Above—Electric No. 22 in American walnut. Bronze numerals on 5 in. silvered dial. For library, dining room, or hall. $37.50

Seth Thomas ELECTRIC CLOCKS

offer supreme accuracy that everyone can afford

THIS PERFECT TIME-PIECE: *never needs winding—runs for a lifetime... fits into any A. C. light socket—requires no contacts or batteries... is moderately priced—running cost 2¢ a week.*

For an electrical age—an electric clock!

One more of those daily chores banished forever! Here is a clock that you plug in at your light socket, then forget—all your life—to wind. Electricity runs it, silently, untiringly, and with supreme accuracy!

Ten years of research by the marvelous General Electric Laboratories went into the making and perfecting of the new Seth Thomas Electric Clock.

Master Clock Makers

And back of that ten years of patient scientific work lies the famous Seth Thomas tradition. Since 1813, honest craftsmanship, skill of design, have made Seth Thomas clocks the standard for great businesses, schools, and homes.

Now—for this wonderful new age of electrical marvels—a Seth Thomas clock harnessed to infinite power!

Amazingly Low Cost

Even a short while ago, money could not buy accurate electrical time.

Now a Seth Thomas Electric Clock costs only a trifle more than hand-wound clocks of similar style and design.

And the current cost of operation is less than 2¢ a week.

Stop in at any of the better jewelry stores—or at the jewelry sections of the finest department stores—and ask to see the new Seth Thomas Electric Clock. Many electric light companies are also showing them. You'll find you can easily afford to modernize time in both your office and your home.

How the Seth Thomas Electric Clock maintains its lifetime accuracy

In the new Seth Thomas Electric Clock, hand-winding is eliminated... it requires no contacts or batteries... but runs directly on power from the ordinary A. C. house power. In the event of any interruption in current, *the stored energy in the spring will drive the clock for six hours.*

The clock mechanism is driven by a standard, positive General Electric motor unit. Automatically, this holds the mainspring always at the proper tension... never too tightly wound, nor too nearly run down, to maintain its accuracy.

And this accuracy is further safeguarded by a marine, or lever, movement... which means that the Seth Thomas Electric Clock will give perfect results in any position... just like a watch! Write for illustrated booklet. Seth Thomas Clock Company, 19 West 44th St., New York City.

MAKES WRITING A PLEASURE

After all, you need not be in the North Woods to appreciate a pen that is ready and eager to work. Perhaps the greatest test comes in the day's work, when there are enough exasperations, without a contrary, unwilling pen. A good pen, like a charming woman, should be a source of inspiration. And if yours is not—we are speaking of the pen now—you just haven't turned out to be a good picker. Because you could as easily have bought a Carter Pen (an easy-writing pen with a flexible nib, a smooth osmiridium point, and a clip which grips, yet releases on slight pressure). Here is a suggestion—step into the store and see how good a Carter Pen can be. You won't have to buy it, but you probably will. Made in beautiful blue or green unbreakable Coralite. $7.00 and $5.00 pens are unconditionally guaranteed. If not carried by your dealer, please write us.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Boston :: New York :: Montreal :: Chicago

YOU KNOW THE INK

SELECT THE RIGHT INK

1—For permanent writings and all business purposes, use blue-black—Carter's Ryto or Fountain Pen Ink.

2—For general use when permanency is not involved, use blue—Carter's Blu-Rex, writes blue, stays blue.

THE CARTER PEN

(Continued from Page 113)

in London, forced the price down to fourteen cents a pound in 1921, or below the cost of production. Following failure of an effort to bring about voluntary restriction of output the so-called Stevenson scheme was put into effect. It restricted exports and made the movement of the most elastic of all commodities highly inelastic. The object was to stabilize the price at thirty-six cents a pound, which would not only give a satisfactory profit to the grower but stimulate the investment of new capital in additional acreage.

The Stevenson Act went into effect November 21, 1922. The British saw in it the salvation of a dominant imperial asset, but they took no heed of the consequences of government tinkering with the law of demand and supply, with the inevitable price distortion. Hoover, from his desk on the seventh floor of the Commerce Building in Washington, anticipated the dislocation that eventually developed.

The moment the cables flashed the news of the Stevenson scheme he set to work to combat it. His engineering precision once more came to the fore. If you know Hoover, you know that he believes in detailed information. His invariable query when a proposition presents itself is "What are the facts?" He has always maintained that once you know the facts, decision emerges automatically.

A True Prophet

He called his raw-material experts together and said, "We must find out what it costs to produce a pound of rubber and in what non-British territory it can be grown." He outlined a series of rubber surveys in South and Central America, the Philippines and the Middle East. At his instigation, Congress authorized an appropriation for the work.

As a result of these surveys, the United States, before many years pass, will grow an appreciable quantity of the crude rubber it uses. The producing areas now under development are in Liberia, Brazil and the Philippines. Their exploitation is largely due to the mass of information made available by the Department of Commerce investigation. The manufacture of rubber from the guayule shrub, once believed to be indigenous only to Mexico, is being expanded, because it is now cultivated in half a dozen of our own states.

At this point it is well to keep in mind that the commerce surveys were made within a year after the Stevenson Act became effective and before the great rubber crisis broke. When rubber bedlam did let loose they were more than justified, because they became the backbone of the offensive for our new commodity emancipation. They fortified Congress when the time came to strike.

The uncanniness of the Hoover foresight about rubber asserted itself again early in 1924, when a delegation of prominent British rubber growers visited the United States to discuss the Stevenson Act with our manufacturers. They were received by the Secretary of Commerce, who said to them:

"Your Stevenson Act is uneconomic and therefore unsound and will put the price of rubber up to a dollar a pound."

"Nonsense!" was the reply of the head of the delegation. "Such a price is impossible."

But the impossible happened. Many readers recall the runaway rubber market late in 1925 and 1926, when the price soared to $1.21 a pound. It plunged the rubber world into confusion, penalized the American manufacturer and laid the train for the inevitable collapse which is on now. Everything that Hoover forecast came to pass

It was during the period of price inflation that Hoover, with all the vigor at his command, exposed the pernicious results of restriction and started the campaign for some degree of independence of the control that wrought such havoc.

Just about that time I went to England to investigate the situation. Hoover was exceedingly unpopular in public and private over there. He was regarded as the arch-enemy of John Bull's business structure. As a matter of fact, he was merely voicing a legitimate American protest against a system that was economically fallacious and working injury to every phase of the great industry.

Hoover did more than carry on verbal war. He inspired the movement for the salvaging of disused tires and other discarded rubber products. Scrap emerged as an important factor in the trade.

Business Stability

What came to be known as the Hoover rubber-conservation program has had significant results. In 1921 we consumed only 41,351 tons of reclaimed rubber, representing 24.4 per cent of the entire amount employed. Last year we used 180,000 tons of the reclaimed article, or 48 per cent of the total. Obviously, reclaimed rubber is not so good as the original thing, but it is highly useful for toughening the manufactured product. It has proved its worth in dollars and cents.

Rubber restriction wrote its own doom, as events show. Early last spring the British Government decided on abrogation of the Stevenson Act, to be effective on October thirty-first of this year. On the day I write this paragraph the best quality of spot crude sold in London at 19.5 cents a pound, or exactly 16.5 cents under the price at which it was stabilized. Thus control has worked both ways to make mischief. The present slump, like the skyrocket market of 1925 and 1926, amply vindicated the Hoover judgment that control is the enemy of legitimate business and has no place in the industrial system.

Nearly every foreign control of an essential commodity has felt the force of some kind of Hoover-directed attack. In the case of coffee he encouraged development of new areas to minimize our dependence upon the valorized Brazilian crop. With potash he threatened prosecution of the Franco-German trust under the Sherman Law, and the result is a satisfactory fertilizer price for our farmers. When France, with a proposed drastic quota system, sought to drive out our films last May, the American commercial attaché in Paris sat in on the Hays-Herriot conferences and helped to bring about an adjustment that keeps our pictures on the French screen.

Earlier in this article I said that Hoover was the organizer of our prosperity. There is no better capstone, perhaps, for this record of his achievement as trade promoter than to present his definition of the forces that make for our national material integrity. Here it is:

"The moral and intellectual progress of the nation is not the offspring of poverty and low living standards which are the incentive to crime. The opportunity for education and the growth of understanding are productions of economic progress, not of economic degeneration. Any improvement in well-being, whether through individual effort or through general action, enlarges the opportunity for leadership. It is not a stimulant to idle and luxurious living.

"We often express the accomplishment of these things in terms of 'prosperity.' A much better expression is 'business stability.' It is not through inflation or speculation that we make progress, for they are bound to be followed by ultimate depression and unemployment. It is upon a stable economic fabric, upon a solid foundation of orderly commercial and industrial sobriety, carefully planned and wrought with forethought for the future, rather than upon any hectic irregularity or momentary booms and slumps, that we develop the substantial values of competition and progress. Thus we do not only maintain employment and security for our workers in industry but, through the increase of their buying power, we sustain and increase the demands for the products of our farms."

To this business stability Hoover has made conspicuous contribution. It emphasizes his supreme qualification for that greatest of all businesses—the business of government.

HE THINKS HE'S WONDERFUL

(Continued from Page 7)

The sidewalk was warm to their bare feet. It was only midnight, but the square was deserted save for their whitish figures, inconspicuous against the starry darkness. They snorted with glee at their daring. Once a shadow, with loud human shoes, crossed the street far ahead, but the sound served only to increase their own unsubstantiality. Slipping quickly through the clearings made by gas lamps among the trees, they rounded the block, hurrying as they neared the Gorman house as though they had been really lost in a midsummer night's dream.

Up in Joe's room, they lay awake in the darkness.

"I talked too much," Basil thought. "I probably sounded pretty bossy and maybe I made him sort of mad. But probably when we walked around the block he forgot everything I said."

Alas, Joe had forgotten nothing—except the advice by which Basil had intended him to profit.

"I never saw anybody as stuck up," he said to himself wrathfully. "He thinks he's wonderful. He thinks he's so darn popular with girls."

III

AN ELEMENT of vast importance had made its appearance with the summer; suddenly the great thing in Basil's crowd was to own an automobile. Fun no longer seemed available save at great distances, at suburban lakes or remote country clubs. Walking downtown ceased to be a legitimate pastime. On the contrary, a single block from one youth's house to another's must be navigated in a car. Dependent groups formed around owners and they began to wield what was, to Basil at least, a disconcerting power.

On the morning of a big dance at the lake he called up Riply Buckner.

"Hey, Rip, how you going out to Connie's tonight?"

"With Elwood Leaming."

"Has he got a lot of room?"

Riply seemed somewhat embarrassed. "Why, I don't think he has. You see, he's taking Margaret Torrance and I'm taking Imogene Bissel."

"Oh!"

Basil frowned. He should have arranged all this a week ago. After a moment he called up Joe Gorman.

"Going to the Davies' tonight, Joe?"

"Why, yes."

"Have you got room in your car—I mean, could I go with you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

There was a perceptible lack of warmth in his voice.

"Sure you got plenty of room?"

"Sure. We'll call for you quarter to eight."

Basil began preparations at five. For the second time in his life he shaved, completing the operation by cutting a short straight line under his nose. It bled profusely, but on the advice of Hilda, the maid, he finally stanched the flow with little pieces of tissue paper. Quite a number of pieces were necessary; so, in order to facilitate breathing, he trimmed it down with a scissors, and with this somewhat awkward mustache of paper and gore clinging to his upper lip, wandered impatiently around the house.

At six he began working on it again, soaking off the tissue paper and dabbing at the persistently freshening crimson line. It dried at length, but when he rashly hailed his mother it opened once more and the tissue paper was called back into play.

At quarter to eight, dressed in white flannels, he drew one last bar of powder across the blemish, dusted it carefully with his handkerchief and hurried out to the car. Joe was driving and in front with him were Lewis Crum and Hubert Blair. Basil got in the big rear seat alone and they drove without stopping out of the city onto the Black Bear Road, keeping their backs to him and talking in low voices together. He was shocked, and for a moment he considered getting out of the car, but this would imply that he was hurt. His spirit, and with it his face, hardened a little and he sat without speaking or being spoken to for the rest of the ride.

After half an hour the Davies' house, a luxurious rambling bungalow occupying a small peninsula in the lake, floated into sight. Lanterns outlined its shape and wavered in gleaming lines on the gold-and-rose-colored water, and as they came near, the low notes of bass horns and drums were blown toward them from the lawn.

Basil looked about for Imogene. There was a crowd around her seeking dances, but she saw Basil and his heart bounded at her quick intimate smile.

"You can have the fourth, Basil, and the eleventh and the second extra. . . . How did you hurt your lip?"

"Cut it shaving," he said hurriedly. "How about supper?"

"Well, I have to have supper with Riply because he brought me."

"No, you don't," Basil assured her.

"Yes, she does," insisted Riply, standing close at hand. "Why don't you get your own girl for supper?"

After the third dance was over, Basil led Imogene down to the end of the pier, where they found seats in a motorboat.

"Now what?" she said.

He did not know. If he had really cared for her he would have known. When her hand rested on his knee for a moment he did not notice it. Instead, he talked. He told her how he had pitched on the second baseball team at school and had once beaten the first in a five-inning game. He told her that the thing was that some boys were popular with boys and some boys were popular with girls—he, for instance, was popular with girls. In short, he unloaded himself.

At length, feeling that he had perhaps dwelt disproportionately on himself, he told her suddenly that she was his favorite girl.

Imogene sat there, sighing a little in the moonlight. In another boat, lost in the darkness beyond the pier, sat a party of four, and Joe Gorman was singing:

"My little lovin' honey man,
He sure has won my heart and hand."

"I thought you might want to know," said Basil. "I thought maybe you thought I liked somebody else. The game didn't get around to me the other night."

"What?" said Imogene vaguely. She had forgotten the other night, all nights except this, and she was thinking of the magic in Joe Gorman's voice. She had the next dance with him and he had promised to teach her the words of a new song. Basil was sort of peculiar, telling her all this stuff. Of course he was good-looking and attractive and all that, but—she wanted the dance to be over. She wasn't having any fun.

The music began inside—Everybody's Doing It, played with many little nervous jerks on the violins.

"He's a Great Boss!"

© 1928 M. L. I. Co.

"He's been planning for you and the children as well as for me. He wants you to be protected in case anything happens to me. He's a great boss!"

WHEN you hear a man refer to his employer as "the boss," or "the chief," study the expression of the speaker's face. If the corners of his mouth turn up a bit and a happier expression comes into his eyes, you may be sure that his boss is kind and considerate.

In some businesses it is the boss's privilege and personal pleasure to know by sight, and usually by name or nickname, everyone who works for him. And some of the great bosses in America, although they do not have the satisfaction of personal acquaintance, have earned the trust and affection of thousands of workers who have never seen them.

Perhaps there are still some employers who study ways and means to squeeze pay-rolls to the limit and who consider individuals on the pay-rolls merely as money-making units. But they will be replaced, sooner or later, by bosses who have a better understanding of changing industrial conditions today.

Men cannot work collectively without leadership. They expect it and want it, but it must be intelligent and, above all—fair. Then follows a mutual interest in the job to be done. When you hear a man in the ranks say "*We* sold more goods last month than in any previous one," he counts himself not as an individual but part of *his* organization.

Wise leaders, realizing that men cannot do their best if they are worried about family affairs, are glad to plan with them for the comfort and safety of their homes.

Cooperation of leaders and workers stretches the buying power of their joint dollars. In many cases it enables employees of an organization to get life insurance protection at much less than it would cost to buy the same protection individually. Employees who have learned that the boss, buying for their entire group, can get better rates are glad to let him do their buying. He saves them time, worry and money.

In this way, hundreds of thousands of families have already secured protection against possible financial disaster—at low cost. There will be more next year and more the year after.

The efforts of employers to provide protection for the families of their employees are bringing a new spirit of good will into industrial relations.

Ten thousand employers of labor in the United States and Canada have set up programs whereby their employees may secure insurance under most favorable terms. The necessity of medical examination is eliminated; family history becomes immaterial; so also the occupation of the individual; and cost to employees in each group is equalized.

Not only that, but when these Group Insurance programs are set up, employees are able to get their insurance at prices much below those available to individuals in the open market.

Employers and employees interested in Group protection plans are invited to send for free information on Group contracts to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. 108-E, Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

"Oh, listen!" she cried, sitting up and snapping her fingers. "Do you know how to rag?"

"Listen, Imogene"—he half realized that something had slipped away—"let's sit out this dance—you can say you forgot."

She rose quickly. "Oh, no, I can't!"

Unwillingly Basil followed her inside. It had not gone well—he had talked too much again. He waited moodily for the eleventh dance so that he could behave differently. He believed now that he was in love with Imogene. His self-deception created a tightness in his throat, a counterfeit of longing and desire.

Before the eleventh dance he was aware that some party was being organized from which he was purposely excluded. There were whisperings and arguings among some of the boys, and unnatural silences when he came near. He heard Joe Gorman say to Riply Buckner, "We'll just be gone three days. If Gladys can't go, why don't you ask Connie? The chaperons'll—" he changed his sentence as he saw Basil—"and we'll all go to Smith's for ice-cream soda."

Later, Basil took Riply Buckner aside but failed to elicit any information; he had not forgotten Basil's attempt to rob him of Imogene tonight.

"It wasn't about anything," he insisted. "We're going to Smith's, honest. . . . How did you cut your lip?"

"Cut it shaving."

His dance with Imogene came finally, but she was even vaguer than before, exchanging mysterious communications with various girls as they moved around the room, locked in the convulsive grip of the grizzly bear. He led her out to the boat again, but it was occupied, and they walked up and down the pier while he tried to talk to her and she hummed a song:

"*My little lovin', honey man* ——"

"Imogene, listen. What I wanted to ask you when we were on the boat before was about the night we played truth. Did you really mean what you said?"

"Oh, what do you want to talk about that silly game for?"

It had reached her ears, not once but several times, that Basil thought he was wonderful—news that was flying about with even more volatility than had the rumor of his graces two weeks before. Imogene liked to agree with everyone, and she had agreed with several impassioned boys tonight that Basil was terrible. It was difficult not to dislike him for her own disloyalty. But Basil thought that only ill luck ended the intermission before he could accomplish his purpose; but what it was he wanted he had never known.

Finally Margaret Torrance, because he had neglected her, told him the truth.

"Are you going on the touring party up to the St. Croix River?" she asked, knowing he was not.

"What party?"

"Joe Gorman got it up. I'm going with Elwood Leaming."

"No, I'm not going," he said gruffly. "I couldn't go."

"Oh!"

"I don't like Joe Gorman."

"I guess he doesn't like you either, Basil."

"Why? What did he say?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But what? Tell me what he said."

After a minute she told him, as if reluctantly: "Well, he and Hubert Blair said you thought you were wonderful." Her heart misgave her, but she remembered he had asked her for only one dance. "Joe said you told him that all the girls thought you were wonderful."

"I never said anything like that," said Basil indignantly. "Never!"

He understood—Joe Gorman had done it all, taken advantage of Basil's talking too much—an affliction which his real friends had always allowed for—in order to ruin him. The world seemed suddenly compact of villainy. He decided to go home.

In the coat room he was accosted by Bill Kampf: "Hello, Basil, how did you hurt your lip?"

"Cut it shaving."

"Say, are you going to this party they're getting up next week?"

"No."

"Well, look, I've got a cousin from Chicago coming to stay with us and mother said I could have a boy out for the week-end. My cousin's name is Minnie Bibble."

"Minnie Bibble?" repeated Basil, vaguely revolted.

"I thought maybe you were going to that party, too, but Riply Buckner said to ask you and I thought ——"

"I've got to stay home," said Basil quickly.

"Oh, come on, Basil," he pursued. "It's only for three days, and she's a nice girl. You'd like her."

"I don't know," Basil considered. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bill. I've got to get the street car home. I'll come out for the week-end if you'll take me over to Wildwood now in your car."

"Sure I will."

Basil walked out on the veranda and approached Connie Davies.

"Good-by," he said. Try as he might, his voice was stiff and proud. "I had an awfully good time."

"I'm sorry you're leaving so early, Basil." And she said to herself: "He's too stuck up to have a good time. He thinks he's wonderful."

(Continued on Page 121)

An Old Water-Power Mill in the Ozarks

Take your hat, for instance. If it doesn't fit perfectly, no harm is done to your health.
And collars. As long as they look well, and most collars do, you feel well.
Coats, too, for that matter. All that really counts is the cut and the cloth.
Trousers—the same. A quarter of an inch too long or too short doesn't ruin their appearance or affect your health.

IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY

YOUR feet! They are the very foundation of your body. You stand on them. You walk on them. They carry your entire weight. When they are tired, you are tired. As much as any part of your body, your feet affect your health.

If you doubt it, ask any doctor. He will tell you that incorrectly supported feet often cause nervous natures. He will tell you, "It is the only part of your body that must be fitted perfectly."

Read the story of Footsavers and what their "Saving V" means to your health and comfort

THE secret of making *perfect-fitting* shoes lies in designing "lasts" identical with normal feet. Naturally, if the "last" isn't shaped exactly like the foot, the shoe can't fit. Therein lies the first difference in Footsavers.

THIS IS A SHOE "LAST"

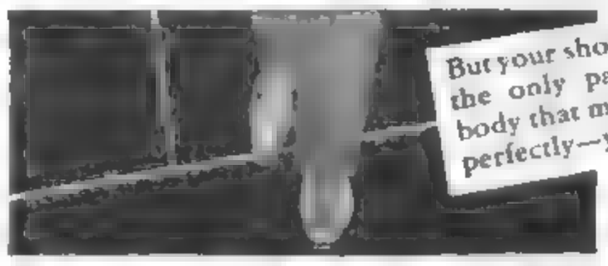
Before one pair of Footsavers was made, thousands of feet were studied. Then—we began the creation of Footsaver lasts. Where feet curve, Footsaver lasts curve; where feet are hollow, Footsaver lasts are hollow. No wonder Footsavers fit—*perfectly*.

HEELS

RIGHT AND WRONG

Look at the heel of your own *foot*. Is it square? No—it is curved. And notice how it curves, first in, then out, then in.

Now you see why an L-shaped heel cannot possibly fit your foot as it should. But look at the Footsaver heel. It has the same triple curve as your foot. It's second nature for a Footsaver heel to fit—and what's more, to fit *perfectly*.



THE RIGHT IDEA IN ARCHES

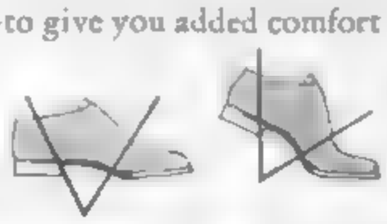
As you walk, where do you place your weight? The healthy footprint shows—heel first, then outer edge of foot, then ball. *The instep makes no print at all.* Correct shoes, then, must let the outer side of the arch down—must hold the inner side up

Notice the left-and-rightness to the Footsaver last above. It isn't flat across the bottom. It's down on the outside—up under your arch on the inside. That's why Footsavers fit your arch with such friendly comfort.

HOW GOES YOUR LITTLE ARCH?

You didn't know there was one? There is. It crosses the front part of your foot—just behind the ball. You can feel it with your hand.

Nature supported it, while we were barefoot boys, with soft earth. Footsavers support and exercise it with layers of soft, flexible leather—arched scientifically to fit this little hollow of your foot—to give you added comfort and health.



INTRODUCING "THE SAVING V"

Between heel and toes curves the long, supporting arch of your foot. What have we built into Footsaver Shoes that fits, supports and exercises it as ordinary shoes cannot do?

"The Saving V." You can't see it—but you'll quickly feel its comfort. The first thing you'll say is, "My, what a difference. I didn't know shoes could feel like this. Why, they actually lift my feet."

What is "The Saving V"? A scientifically-built arch that absorbs the shock of every step. Throw your weight on it. Quickly it gives—yet still supports. Now step up. Up comes the arch with your foot—supporting, lifting; it makes you feel that you're walking on air.

FOR STYLE NO LESS THAN HEALTH

You've never walked on shoes like these—and you won't, until you walk *in* Footsavers. For Footsavers *are* different. But that doesn't mean they are "old men's" or "doctor's" shoes.

You've never seen smarter, better-looking footwear. You've never seen shoes styled in better taste, nor in finer leather. A modern shoe with modern, correct ideas of fit. A shoe that will add to your well-dressed appearance—that will conserve your health and preserve your feet. Yet priced most reasonably from $12 to $14 the pair.

Where to buy Footsavers and how to see the new smart styles

Of course you want to know more about Footsavers. Our booklet, "The Saving V," shows the newest and smartest Footsaver styles—also name of Footsaver dealer in your city. Mail the coupon for your copy *now* while you're thinking about it.

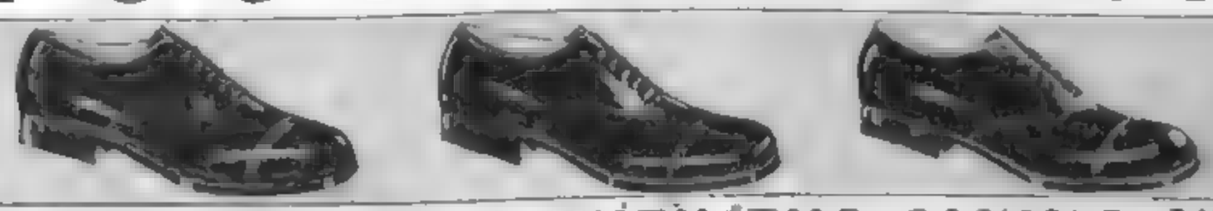
FOOTSAVERS ARE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BOSTONIANS—SHOES FOR MEN

Whitman, Massachusetts

Makers of Men's Quality Shoes for over 50 Years

Women's Footsavers are manufactured by Julian & Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

FOOT-SAVERS



THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

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COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

Send me your interesting booklet S-5, "The Saving V," which tells more about Footsavers and where to see them in my city.

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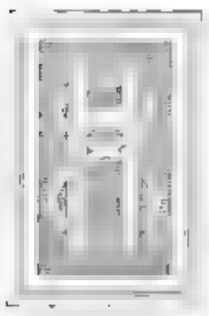
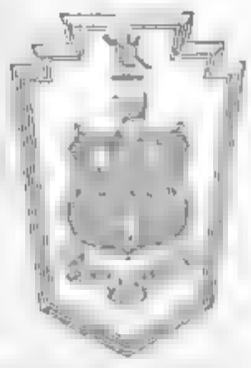
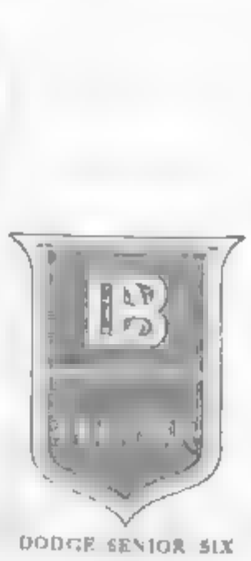


Because it's Human to Forget

These Fine Cars are Equipped with AUTOMATIC *Motor Protection*



PIERCE-ARROW



DODGE SENIOR SIX

CHRYSLER 75 AND 80

THESE motor car manufacturers know from long years of study and observation that cold is the greatest menace to motor life and efficiency.

Tests have proved that motor life could be greatly lengthened—and repair bills reduced to a minimum if motors could operate the year 'round in warm temperatures

Since that is impossible, manufacturers have turned to the one proved method of keeping a motor at the right temperature—despite cold.

They have adopted *automatic motor protection*—*automatic* because they know the great human fault—*forgetfulness.* They know that cold is too serious a menace to take chances with—and to guess about.

Adoption by these leading manufacturers of this dependable, positive, automatic method of guarding the motor with scientific accuracy, is the highest recommendation we can offer you. Their choice is reason enough why you, too, must choose automatic motor protection if you want to avoid the damage of cold.

But why automatic?

Why not leave this vital operation to the discretion of the driver? Because the motor car manufacturer knows that the driver forgets. He knows that the national repair bills of millions could be cut in two if drivers didn't forget. Today, when he improves, he makes it *impossible* to forget.

See that the shutter you buy works automatically

These cars *need automatic motor protection*—or they wouldn't have it. Your car needs the same kind of protection. Unless the shutter on your car works automatically, you cannot ensure protection against cold at all times. Thus, when you go to buy a radiator shutter this year, be sure it is *automatic.* These great makers tell you that.

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

Science has placed the blame for 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear on cold—greatest destroyer of motor life and efficiency. At 60° Fahrenheit your motor is underheated. That's when cold strikes the first blow

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided*

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Your radiator is a heat waster. It was put there for that purpose. If efficient, it throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit, there is no heat to spare—yet heat waste continues through the radiator. That's why motor temperature must be controlled at the radiator—where heat waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically,* allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears because there is no need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable saving of gasoline—your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility

Winterfront is easily installed

Your automobile or accessory dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced, it will pay for itself many times over—and will give you years of service Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute There is only *one automatic* radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Motor Protection Must Be Automatic

LINCOLN

Illustrating the Pierce-Arrow equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

CADILLAC

LA SALLE

PINES WINTERFRONT— *It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 118)

From the veranda he could hear Imogene's laughter down at the end of the pier. Silently he went down the steps and along the walk to meet Bill Kampf, giving strollers a wide berth as if he felt that the sight of him would diminish their pleasure. It had been an awful night.

Ten minutes later Bill dropped him beside the waiting trolley. A few last picnickers sauntered aboard and the car went bobbing and clanging through the night toward St. Paul.

Presently two young girls sitting opposite to Basil began looking over at him and nudging each other, but he took no notice—he was thinking how sorry they would all be, Imogene and Margaret, Joe and Hubert and Riply.

"Look at him now!" they would say to themselves sorrowfully. "President of the United States at twenty-five! Oh, if we only hadn't been so bad to him that night!"

He thought he was wonderful!

IV

ERMINIE GILBERTE LABOUISSE BIBBLE was in exile. Her parents had brought her from New Orleans to Southampton in May, hoping that the active outdoor life proper to a girl of fifteen would take her thoughts from love. But North or South, a storm of arrows flew about her. She was engaged before the first of June.

Let it not be gathered from the foregoing that the somewhat hard outlines of her at twenty had already begun to appear. She was of a radiant freshness; her head had reminded otherwise not illiterate young men of damp blue violets, pierced with blue windows that looked into a bright soul, with today's new roses showing through.

She was in exile. She was going to Glacier National Park to forget. It was written that in passage she would come to Basil as a sort of initiation, turning his eyes out from himself and giving him a first dazzling glimpse into the world of love.

She saw him first as a quiet handsome boy with an air of consideration in his face, which was the mark of his recent discovery that others had wills as strong as his, and more power. It appeared to Minnie as a charming sadness. At dinner he was polite to Mrs. Kampf in a courteous Southern way that he had from his father, and listened to Mr. Bibble's discussion of the word "Creole" with such evident interest and appreciation that Mr. Bibble thought "Now here's a young boy with something to him."

After dinner, Minnie, Basil and Bill rode into Black Bear village to the movies, and the slow diffusion of Minnie's charm and personality, that presently became the charm and personality of the affair itself, so that all Minnie's affairs for many years had a family likeness, began. She looked at Basil, a childish open look; then she raised her eyebrows a little, opening her eyes wider as if she had some sort of comic misgivings, and smiled.

For all the candor of this smile, its effect, because of the special contours of Minnie's face and quite independent of her mood, was of sparkling invitation. Whenever it appeared Basil seemed to be suddenly inflated and borne upward, a little farther each time, only to be set down when the smile had reached a point where it must become a grin, and chose instead to melt away. It was like a drug. In a little while he wanted nothing except to watch it with a vast buoyant delight. Then he wanted to see how close he could get to it.

There is a certain stage of an affair between young people when the presence of a third party is a stimulant. Before the second day had well begun, before Minnie and Basil had progressed beyond the point of great gross compliments about each other's surpassing beauty and charm, both of them had begun to think about the time when they could get rid of their host, Bill Kampf. Their imaginations were in play in those few hours of waiting.

In the late afternoon, when the first cool of the evening had come down and they were fresh and thin-feeling from swimming, they sat in a cushioned swing, piled high with pillows and shaded by the thick veranda vines; Basil put his arm around her and leaned toward her cheek and Minnie managed it that he touched her fresh lips instead. He had always learned things quickly.

They sat there for an hour, while Bill's frantic voice reached them, now from the pier, now from the hall above, now from the pagoda at the end of the garden, and three saddled horses chafed their bits in the stable and all around them the bees worked faithfully among the flowers. Then Minnie reached up to reality and they allowed themselves to be found—"Why, we were looking for you too"—and Basil, by simply waving his arms and wishing, floated miraculously upstairs to brush his hair for dinner.

"She certainly is a wonderful girl. Oh, gosh, she certainly is a wonderful girl!"

He mustn't lose his head. At dinner and afterward he listened with unwavering deferential attention while Mr. Bibble talked of the boll weevil for an hour.

"But I'm boring you. You children want to go off by yourselves."

"Not at all, Mr. Bibble. I was very interested – honestly."

"Well, you all go on and amuse yourselves. I didn't realize it was getting on. Nowadays it's so seldom you meet a young man with good manners and good common sense in his head that an old man like me is likely to go on forever."

Bill walked down with them to the end of the pier. "Hope we'll have good sailing tomorrow," he said. "Say, I've got to go over to the village and get somebody for my crew. Do you want to come along?"

"I reckon I'll sit here for a while and then go to bed," said Minnie.

"All right. Do you want to come, Basil?"

"Why—why, sure, if you want me, Bill."

"You'll have to sit on a sail I'm taking over to be mended."

"I don't want to crowd you."

"You won't crowd me. I'll go get the car."

When he had gone they looked at each other in despair. But he did not come back for an hour—something happened about the sail or the car that took a long time. There was only the threat, making everything more poignant and breathless, that any minute he would be coming.

By and by they got into the motorboat and sat close together murmuring: "This fall ——" "When you come to New Orleans ——" "When I go to Yale year after next ——" "When I come North to school ——" "When I get back from Glacier Park ——" "Kiss me once more." . . . "You're terrible. Do you know you're terrible? . . You're absolutely terrible ——"

The water lapped against the posts; sometimes the boat bumped gently on the pier and Basil undid one rope and pushed, so that they swung off and away from the pier and became a little island in the night. . . .

Next morning, while he packed his bag, she opened the door of his room and stood beside him. Her face shone with excitement; her dress was starched and white.

"Basil, listen! I had to tell you: Father was talking after breakfast and he told Uncle George that he'd never met such a nice, quiet, level-headed boy as you, and Bill's got to tutor this month, so father asked Uncle George if he thought your family would let you go to Glacier Park with us for two weeks so I'd have some company." They took hands and danced excitedly around the room. "Don't say anything about it, because I reckon he'll have to write your mother and everything. Basil, isn't it wonderful?"

So when Basil left at eleven, there was no misery in their parting. Mr. Bibble, going into the village for a paper, was going to ride with him to his train, and till the car moved away their eyes shone and there was a secret in their waving hands.

Basil sank back in the seat, replete with happiness. He relaxed—to have made a success of the visit was so nice. He loved her—he loved even her father sitting beside him, her father who was privileged to be so close to her, to partake at will of her freshness, to fuddle himself at that smile.

Mr. Bibble lit a cigar. "Nice weather," he said. "Nice climate up to the end of October."

"Wonderful," agreed Basil. "I miss October now that I go East to school."

"Getting ready for college?"

"Yes, sir; getting ready for Yale." A new pleasurable thought occurred to him. He hesitated, but he knew that Mr. Bibble, who liked him, would share his joy. "I took my preliminaries this spring and I just heard from them—I passed six out of seven."

"Good for you!"

Again Basil hesitated, then he continued: "I got A in ancient history and B in English history and English A. And I got C in algebra A and Latin A and B. I failed French A."

"Good!" said Mr. Bibble.

"I should have passed them all," went on Basil, "but I didn't study hard at first. I was the youngest boy in my class and I had a sort of swelled head about it."

It was well that Mr. Bibble should know he was taking no dullard to Glacier National Park. Mr. Bibble took a long puff of his cigar.

On second thought, Basil decided that his last remark didn't have the right ring and he amended it a little.

"It wasn't exactly a swelled head, but I never had to study very much, because in English I'd usually read most of the books before, and in history I'd read a lot too." He broke off and tried again: "I mean, when you say swelled head you think of a boy just going around with his head swelled, sort of, saying 'Oh, look how much I know!' Well, I wasn't like that. I mean, I didn't think I knew everything, but I was sort of ——"

As he searched for the elusive word, Mr. Bibble said, "H'm!" and pointed with his cigar at a spot in the lake.

"There's a boat," he said.

"Yes," agreed Basil. "I don't know much about sailing. I never cared for it. Of course I've been out a lot, just tending boards and all that, but most of the time you have to sit with nothing to do. I like football."

"H'm!" said Mr. Bibble. "When I was your age I was out in the Gulf in a catboat every day."

"I guess it's fun if you like it," conceded Basil.

"Happiest days of my life."

The station was in sight. It occurred to Basil that he should make one final friendly gesture.

"Your daughter certainly is an attractive girl, Mr. Bibble," he said. "I usually get along with girls all right, but I don't usually like them very much. But I think your daughter is the most attractive girl I ever met." Then, as the car stopped, a faint misgiving overtook him and he was impelled to add with a disparaging little laugh, "Good-by. I hope I didn't talk too much."

"Not at all," said Mr. Bibble. "Good luck to you. Goo'-by."

A few minutes later, when Basil's train had pulled out, Mr. Bibble stood at the news stand buying a paper and already drying his forehead against the hot July day.

"Yes, sir! That was a lesson not to do anything in a hurry," he was saying to himself vehemently. "Imagine listening to that fresh kid gabbling about himself all through Glacier Park! Thank the good Lord for that little ride!"

On his arrival home, Basil literally sat down and waited. Under no pretext would he leave the house save for short trips to the drug store for refreshments, whence he returned on a full run. The sound of the telephone or the doorbell galvanized him into the rigidity of the electric chair.

That afternoon he composed a poem, which he mailed to Minnie:

Of all the fair flowers of Paris,
Of all the red roses of Rome,
Of all the deep tears of Vienna
The sadness wherever you roam,
I think of that night by the lakeside,
The beam of the moon and stars,
And the smell of a wonderous perfume,
The tune of the Spanish guitars.

But Monday passed and most of Tuesday and no word came. Then, late in the afternoon of the second day, as he moved vaguely from room to room looking out of different windows into a barren lifeless street, Minnie called him on the phone.

"Yes?" His heart was beating wildly.

"Basil, we're going this afternoon."

"Going!" he repeated blankly.

"Oh, Basil, I'm so sorry. Father changed his mind about taking anybody West with us."

"Oh!"

"I'm so sorry, Basil."

"I probably couldn't have gone."

There was a moment's silence. Feeling her presence over the wire, he could scarcely breathe, much less speak.

"Basil, can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"We may come back this way. Anyhow, remember we're going to meet this winter in New York."

"Yes," he said, and he added suddenly: "Perhaps we won't ever meet again."

"Of course we will. They're calling me, Basil. I've got to go. Good-by."

He sat down beside the telephone, wild with grief; the maid found him half an hour later bowed over the kitchen table. He knew what had happened as well as if she had told him. He had made the same old error, undone the behavior of three days in half an hour. It would have been no consolation if he had known that it was just as well. Somewhere on the trip he would have let go and things might have been worse—though perhaps not so sad. His only thought now was that she was gone.

He lay on his bed, baffled, mistaken, miserable—and undefeated. He was so strong Time after time, the same vitality that had led his spirit to a scourging made him able to shake off the blood like water and not forget, but carry his wounds with him to new disasters and new atonements—and toward his unknown destiny.

Two days later his mother told him that on condition of his keeping the batteries on charge and washing it once a week, his grandfather had consented to let him use the electric three evenings a week and whenever it was idle in the afternoon. Two hours later he was out in it, gliding along Crest Avenue at the maximum speed permitted by the gears and trying to sit leaned back a little, as if it were a Blatz Wildcat. Suddenly Imogene Bissel waved at him from in front of her house and he came to an uncertain stop.

"You've got a car!"

"It's grandfather's," he said modestly. "I thought you were up on that party at the St. Croix."

She shook her head. "Mother wouldn't let me go—only a few girls went. There was some big accident over in Minneapolis and mother won't even let me ride in a car unless there's someone over eighteen driving."

"Listen, Imogene, do you suppose your mother meant electrics?"

"Why, I never thought—I don't know. I could go and see."

"Tell your mother it won't go over twelve miles an hour," he called after her.

A minute later she ran joyfully down the walk. "I can go, Basil," she cried. "Mother never heard of any wrecks in an electric. What'll we do?"

"Anything," he said in a reckless voice. "I didn't mean that about this bus making only twelve miles an hour—it'll make fifteen. Listen, let's go down to Smith's and have a claret lemonade."

"Why, Basil Lee!"

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BARBER, BARBER, SHAVE A PIG

(Continued from Page 9

playin' too—for a cow farmer." Matt's tone consigned all bovine fanciers to a place too low for contempt.

"I sold a thirty-thousand-dollar string of racing stock with less excitement," grumbled Emma Ann. "I hope this Honorable Percy has an Adam's apple and a piccolo voice. . . . That was a good hen turkey, Hattie—you needn't sit on those feathers - I know 'em! She'd have raised a couple of broods this summer. A rooster is good enough for any calf buyer ever I entertained on this ranch."

"Huh!" grunted Matt. "G'on in there and take a look. Fixed up like a weddin', candles and everything. Wants me to put on a monkey coat and wait table!"

"A nice mess you'd make of servin' anything but bran mash! You'd better move that freezer out of the sun."

By the back stairs, Emma Ann gained her own room—a cool, pleasantly austere masculine sort of place, where the bed was merely a bed and uncluttered with little trick bonbon pillows, and an alarm clock, a bottle of liniment and a detective-story magazine lay in honest simplicity on the table.

The green boxes were piled on a chair. Emma Ann lifted a corner of a lid. Midnight-blue chiffon, sequined and theatric!

"No back in it, I'll bet!"

Plenty of hot water was what her old bones needed after trailing a couple of thousand miles behind Art, trying to size up her stock so she could drive an intelligent bargain. Probably the Honorable Lancelot would come ready to skin her because she was a woman. A woman had two jobs to put a thing over—she had to do a thing as well as a man could and then she had to convince a masculine world that she knew how good she was. Soaking in her old-fashioned six-foot tub, Emma Ann felt a little weary of the fight. Nobody appreciated her unless it was her son-in-law, and Jack was powerless to help her through this honorable business. When Dorothy Ann set her head she was as stubborn as old Trumpeter I himself. And Dorothy Ann had already announced in a firm voice that dinner would be served at night for the Honorable Rothmere Wickersham and that her mother would appear in a dinner dress, with appropriate jewels and accessories!

"I've heard enough of these vaudeville jokes about Midwestern bucolics eating peas off their knives. You're an outstanding business woman in this state and you need to consider your responsibilities, mother. There are too many British yet who believe that Thackeray told the truth. I don't suppose you could be persuaded to get a marcel?" Thus Dorothy Ann, *ad nauseam*.

Luncheon was a sketchy meal, partaken of in flight, as it were—Emma Ann, sandwich in hand, in flight and Dorothy Ann in relentless pursuit.

"What on earth's the matter with my good black satin dress? It cost enough, creation knows!"

"Mother—that old prayer-meeting looking thing? With sleeves in it stuffy old lace-trimmed sleeves?"

"Any female with three healthy vaccination marks and a few royal-purple barbed-wire autographs needs sleeves!"

"Stand easily, mother, and don't lift your chest. It isn't smart to be military."

"It ain't a bit of use, Dot, the darn thing is too tight. Let me try the black one. There's something to that besides a martingale and a browband. No lady weighing over a hundred and eighty ought to appear in open-bridle effects. I don't mind bein' stylish, but these confections look like they got short-handed and drafted a few bathing-suit carpenters to pinch-hit for 'em."

"Don't be silly. They're all lovely. I'll do your hands after a while." Dorothy Ann sighed.

Emma Spears patted the head of her daughter. "I know exactly how you feel, Dot. I tried to make a harness trotter out of an old flat-footed mare named Rhody once. Don't despair—I'll do my best."

The arrival of the Honorable Rothmere Wickersham rather failed of drama. Indeed, it almost failed of notice. Emma Ann, trying to gouge the buttons of her patent-leather afternoon shoes into aloof buttonholes, happened to glance out the window, and there beheld a long, dusty, not at all elegant touring car parked alongside the tank house. It bore an Ontario license. And down in the lot, Art was leading three inconspicuous gentlemen about.

Emma Ann snicked a button from its thread so that it hit the ceiling with a clink.

"My good gosh, they're here!" She kicked the slippers across the room. "Let me out there quick before Art gums up everything."

She slid into an old brown galatea dress, jerked the felt hat over her head and clattered downstairs.

There was nothing impressive about the Honorable Rothmere. Until he introduced himself, Emma Ann suspected that the honorable had sent a drover to bring his stuff back for him.

He was small and tired and faded, his yellow-gray mustache dangled, he had a sunburned neck and his voice was low and had a Yankee whine. Also his clothes were ordinary. He might have been any stock buyer out of Omaha or Indianapolis for all the distinction he wore.

But he knew Angus cattle. And he did not flinch or flicker an eyelid when Emma Ann quoted prices. He knew what he wanted and it was apparent that he expected to pay for it—but what he wanted, she discerned promptly, was her best Trumpeter stuff. And before she had talked to him five minutes she found herself feeling sorry for him and relenting about selling it to him. He was such a pitiful sort of a little runt. Maybe he had boys at home who disapproved of the way his pants were pressed!

"You don't have to make up your mind right away," she assured him. "Come in and cool off. I'll have Matt fix up something to drink. If I was picking a calf for you, I'd pick that Minotaur; but if the Trumpeter strain is what you want, I might weaken and let you have a yearling. I'd be selling myself short of show stock and I'd be doing something I've sworn never to do, but I might take the chance. Fetch your friends up to the house and get rested before dinner."

But the honorable demurred nervously. Indeed, the word "dinner" seemed almost to plunge him into panic.

"Sorry can't stay," he mumbled. "Got to get back to town—what you call it? - Axion?—town we came through. Got to get back there tonight. Got an engagement."

His friends, Messrs. Carver and Hamilton, also, it appeared, had engagements. They were bluntly inarticulate, given to dubident monosyllables on any other subject than cattle. They knew cattle.

"If it was me now"—Mr. Carver was red-faced and an absorbed chewer—"I'd give you a check for that Minotaur critter right now. But of course that Trumpeter stuff is the championship strain."

"Well, that's what Wick wants—the best there is!" argued Mr. Hamilton, who was gaunt and acid. "We got that Minotaur strain in the province—the Perkins boys have got it."

"Out of Trulove crossed with that polled stuff from York State," scorned Emma Ann. "Not that it ain't a good cross—they got a ribbon or two on it already. But you know what my breed will do in the ring; I've got the cups to show for it. And if you're staying in this county tonight, it's foolishness going back to Axion. Gertie Kuntz does the best she can, but with no help much and a worthless husband, she's terribly handicapped. Her beds are hard and she never could make coffee. It'll be a pleasure to have you stay with us—my daughter's been sort of counting on it—if you can put up with our grub."

The honorable chewed his mustache frantically. He was scared and breathy; his eyes darted about like frightened chipmunks seeking a hiding place.

"I'll give you twenty-seven hundred for that yearling," he said.

Emma Ann pulled her old hat down. "Can't be done. I sold a half brother of that calf yesterday for forty-seven hundred-odd. This one's worth thirty-eight to me. You can have the Minotaur for nineteen hundred."

"Give her a check, Wick, and take it," advised Mr. Carver, expectorating elaborately. "That fellow will be waiting for us. We told him we'd be back at five."

"My daughter," cut in Emma Ann, "is expecting you to dinner. We've got a big house with nobody in it but a couple of women and we'd make you mighty comfortable."

"Sure of that, madam, sure of that. Can't stay, however—very sorry—very sorry—r-r-rumph! I'll decide which one of those calves I want and come back in the morning. You—er—have shipping facilities, I presume?"

"We ship stock every day in the week and we've never lost a head yet. . . . You're sure you can't stay to dinner? My daughter will be terribly disappointed." Emma Ann's voice held a shade of panic. This lordship was a total loss as far as she was concerned, but somehow she had to keep him round or Dot would never forgive her.

She considered reducing the price of the Trumpeter yearling, but abandoned the idea promptly. This honorable insect knew cattle and if he wanted the Trumpeter calf the price wouldn't stop him. And she couldn't see herself getting a social wedge in by proving that she was a dumb-bell in business.

She hung behind with Art while the honorable and his friends were inspecting her string of heifers.

"How," she inquired in a husky whisper, "am I going to halter up this assortment of cat meat for that dinner Dot has got all rehearsed in the house? They're set on going back to eat with Gert Kuntz."

"Want me to let the air out of a coupla their tires?" Art asked helpfully.

"That wouldn't work. You'd get yourself a nice hot job pumping them up again, and then they'd beat it. I've always heard that the nobility was made up mostly of culls and off-colors, but you know how Dot is. A coroneted brow makes up for an awful lot of dumbness and considerable looks with her. I'll bet he eats with his knife and says yes ma'am to the help! Edge him off that Violet calf. I wouldn't sell her to him if it was a case of life and death!"

Art maneuvered the delegation to the weather side of the Violet calf and signed to a meek-eyed hired man to herd her out of the danger zone. Then he returned to Emma Ann.

"I can tell you why they want to get back to town. It ain't Gert's cooking. It's Milo."

"Milo Kuntz? What's he done?"

"He's runnin' a game up over the kitchen. This bunch et lunch with Gert, and Milo tipped 'em off that he had a couple of oil men in the house."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody told me. I know Milo. He ain't going to let three foreigners with a fine car get away. If you're figurin' on developin' this society gag, what you oughta buy is a roulette wheel or hire a good faro hand."

"Shut up!" warned Emma Ann. "I'm thinking!"

She continued to think abstractedly while the three Canadians studied her string of

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yearling females. She was still absent-mindedly regarding the horizon when the honorable, after three rasping beginnings, informed her that he would return the next day to arrange for the shipment of a young male and maybe a heifer or two.

"Oh—uh-huh—all right! See you later, honorable," was her only comment.

The car with the Ontario license rolled off in a fog of dust. Mrs. Emma Ann Spears looked after it idly, then turned toward her domicile. She did not lift her eyes to the window in the wing. She knew what was there—Dorothy Ann, observing with consternation the departure of the prize. Dorothy Ann, with her soft white throat and the curls on her temple—she had been such a pretty baby! And there was the table set with the Chinese linen cloth and all the silver polished, a turkey hen simmering in gravy lusciously, the ice cream ready under the wet tow sack. Poor little Dot! Emma Ann sighed.

"Don't never have any children, Art," she said suddenly. "They cramp you terribly."

"Huh?" was Art's amazed exclamation.

"I said get out of my way! I've got a job of work to do. You get the big car out and get off them cow-yard shoes and get ready to drive me to town."

"Sure," Art agreed amiably. "What you going to do—investigate that bunch?"

"Educate 'em!" snapped the relict of Daniel Spears. "Learn 'em manners! A good hen turkey! And two gallons of solid cream! Not mentioning two hundred dollars' worth of ladies' ready-to-wear!"

It was five o'clock when Art shut the door of the old car in front of Milo Kuntz's hotel, after seeing Mrs. Spears disappear therein. Five o'clock of a warm, dusty Indiana summer afternoon. Not a soul was abroad in the slumberous street of the village. Propped against the open door of his shoe shop, Homer Toeppe drowsed among his awls and leather. Miss Callie Winner peeped from behind the limp curtains that separated her millinery display from her domestic arrangements.

Art found a comfortable rocker on the Kuntz porch and, reclined on the curve of his spine, dozed comfortably. Emma Ann had fiercely forbidden him from following her.

"This is my business. If it works you'll know it; if it don't nobody'll ever know it!"

Five-thirty passed. The clock on the front of the little bank chimed a quarter to six. Gert Kuntz began frying things. The hot smoky smell drifted forward, as if to reduce as promptly as possible such appetites as the guests brought with them to the doorstep. Art heard her shrieking something up the back stairs. Yelling at Milo probably to come down and chop the ice or go for another bottle of milk. Six o'clock came. Art felt dull pains gnawing at his interior. All the black mob would be shouldering into the barnyard now, pulling at the hayracks, crowding one another. Rubbing his flat stomach, Art wondered if Gert's eggs were as tough as the drovers insisted. Even an egg like a blow-out patch would be better than a cavity so hollow a bean would echo in it. And he dared not move. Emma Ann had given her orders, and even if she stayed upstairs all night, there he must sit.

But she did not stay up there all night. There came a clump and a shambling shuffle on Gert's bare steps and Emma Ann moved triumphantly into view, followed by the unhappy figure of the honorable.

The honorable was meek. He was more than meek—he was pitiable. His eyes had a haunted look. His hands fluttered nervously in and out of his pockets. He gnawed his mustache. Emma Ann did not look at him. She tramped down, ignoring Art, and flung open the rear door of the car.

"Get in, honorable," she directed with the authority of a field marshal. "This here is a little town, but we'll do the best we can. Drive to Heinie Kreinus', Art."

"What's he done—tore his clothes?"

"He ain't done anything—and he wants a dress suit. And when it gets so I've got to explain every move I make to a cow hand and a chauffeur —— Watch out what you're doing! You want to kill Myrt Slocum's kid?"

"Heinie Kreinus ain't got no dress suits."

"How do you know he ain't?"

"Even if he had one, it wouldn't fit him."

"I said drive there—and shut up! If he ain't got a dress suit, who would have one?"

"Bernie Gilmer might. He plays in a jazz band. I know he's got one. I've seen it on him at dances—unless he rents it. He's skinny too—like him."

"Where's he live?"

"You said drive to Heinie Kreinus'—this is it."

"Well, you can see he's closed up, can't you? Where does this Gilmer fellow live?"

"He's old Abel's son. I guess they still live down by the foundry if it ain't fell in on 'em."

"Drive there then." Emma turned about, smiled over her shoulder. "Don't worry, honorable. We'll fix you up if possible."

That her advice was more or less wasted was evident by the haggard expression on the Honorable Wickersham's rabbit countenance. He had the look of a man going to a sickening doom with horrible alacrity. He looked, too, like a man who had brought that doom upon himself. There was a lack in him, a sad distrust of himself, a coloring of disgust. Emma Ann pursued her dual rôle of captor and comforter blithely. She pointed out the foremost points of interest in Axion, including the new dog drinking fountain and the spot where Clyde Whittle stood when he shot his brother-in-law, until the car slid into the dusty little street behind the foundry where old Abel Gilmer raised cabbages and stored his purchases of old iron and worn-out flivvers.

"Want me to go in?" Art inquired.

"You stay here," Emma Ann directed. Her tone implied: "And don't let him get away."

She emerged presently from the Gilmer residence laden with two newspaper-wrapped bundles and carrying a pair of pointed patent-leather pumps.

"I had to buy 'em mighty near," she grumbled. "I doubt if you can wear these shoes, honorable, but it don't matter. Dot'll have to put up with some things that ain't orthodox. My feet are swelled up till I know I ain't going to crowd 'em into any little patent-leather slippers, either."

Art sighed heavily. Maybe some day, when it rained and a valuable calf got sick, his lady employer would tell him what all this was about!

Dorothy Ann was lighting the candles on the dinner table when Emma Ann sailed into the room—"sailed" is the proper word. No seven-master with full pennants ever came down the wind with more *élan* than Emma Ann displayed sweeping into her dining room. She had on the midnight blue with no back in it. Her feet were thrust into small silver pumps, giddily high as to heels. Her hair was pinned close to her head in a voguish style, and long crystal earrings lay against the hard-oak tan of her neck.

"Mother, you look gorgeous!" sighed Dorothy Ann.

Matt, arrayed in a monkey coat and white tie, who was doing things awkwardly at the sideboard, grunted.

"I feel like a fool," Emma Ann argued. "You break out some of that port down cellar, Matt. I know there's two bottles hid in that old washing machine, because I looked to see. The honorable's used to wine, probably. Anyway, I guess he needs it."

She had dropped a shameful burden in the shadow outside the dining-room door. Now, while Dorothy Ann was in the kitchen giving Hattie instructions for the ninetieth time, Emma Ann retrieved her cache and planted it under the table near her chair—a shabby, scuffed-out old pair of bedroom slippers.

"Anyway, I'll eat in comfort," she thought, "if I got to sit in torment afterward."

There was a strange shuffling sound on the stairs and a sad vision hove into view. Emma Ann swallowed hurriedly, drew a deep breath, got control of herself. This was the honorable. She thanked her stars that Art was not present. She directed a murderous look toward the corner from which came Matt's strangled snort of glee.

The honorable was robed in Bernie Gilmer's dinner clothes—robed as a clothes-horse is robed, as a scarecrow is appareled. The trousers fitted him slackly, the seat coming down too far in spite of his apparent attempts to moor the belt high under his arms. And the coat, as though to atone for such remissness was fashionably tight under the arms and in the waist, so that the honorable's bunchy rotundity stretched it to the rending point. Emma Ann sprang to the light switch.

"Candles are romantic, don't you think?" she said cheerfully. "We like to dine by candlelight. . . . Oh, yes—this is my daughter, Dorothy Ann—the Honorable Rothmere Wickersham of Canada!" She motioned Matt to pull out her chair, gave him a hissed warning and a look of menace, kicked off the silver slippers and stepped cheerfully into the disgraceful old bedroom slippers. The feast was on.

Very early in the morning, Art was dosing Wilding Bell's Clematis with saltpeter and a worm remedy when Emma Ann hobbled into the cow house, dressed in her old khaki breeches and the disreputable shirt. She sighed as she sank down on a feed box and thrust her feet out in front of her.

"Those society shoes like to have ruined me," she stated. "I've got welts on top of my feet that would make you shed tears. I don't know what shape the honorable is in. I won't have the courage to look him in the eye when he comes out—him tottering round in Bernie Gilmer's dancing shoes all evening!"

"Maybe he won't come," hazarded Art, shoving Wilding Bell's Clematis over against a joist and dragging her mouth open.

"Yeah, he will. He'll come. And he'll buy that Minotaur calf, because he knows I don't want to sell my Trumpeter stuff."

"You seem to be certain about what he'll do," mused Art.

"I am certain—certain about what he'll do. What I'm uncertain about is this!" Emma Ann dragged from her breeches pocket a thick soft wad of greenbacks wrapped round with a rubber band. "I don't know what to do with it."

"Where'd you get it?"

"If you had any cleverness whatsoever, Art Hammer, you wouldn't need to ask so many fool questions. I got it off the honorable."

"He pay you for the calf?"

"He did not. He paid me for the delusion he had that he could play poker."

"My good gosh! So that's what you went down to Gert Kuntz's for?"

"I went to get that Honorable Bacillus, and I got him. I got him by proving to him that the daughter of a good Mississippi gambler can guess right more times out of ten than any cow raiser that ever hoorayed for King George. I had to win his money first—then I played a hand to decide whether he'd rent a dress suit and come to Dot's dinner—and I won. But now I don't want his money. And I don't know what to do with it or how to give it back to him."

"If I was you"—Art freed the Clematis calf and helped her into the yard with a well-placed foot—"I wouldn't worry about giving it back to him. I'd give some of it, anyway, to Gert Kuntz."

Emma Ann turned pale under her tan. "My lands, that's so! If Gert ever gets to blabbing around they'll put me out of the church! And if she gets a hold on me she'll blackmail me till the last day I live. But I guess there's no way out. Don't never have any children, Art. They get you into one jam after another. I feel sort of bad about the honorable. He ain't such a bad little cuss. And he certainly was game and sporty about that dinner. If you could have seen him sitting there—in Bernie Gilmer's awful pants—I'd like to make it up to him somehow."

"Whyn't you sell him the Trumpeter calf cheap?"

Emma Ann gave her cow hand a weary look. "How long have you worked for me? Twenty years? And you ain't got your heart in your work any more than to suggest cutting prices on ring stuff? I guess there's no use trying to make a cow man out of you!"

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THE WOLVES OF CHAOS

Continued from Page 35

out of touch with real civilization. I feel pretty green in this dear Paris. I am waiting for Melchior. I heard he was here."

"Melchior? Why, he sailed for the States last Saturday."

"Why, the concierge there —— Well, my luck."

"Come up to my room and have a peg," offered Sturm.

Which was his mistake and Cutty's hope.

"Well, I don't mind—that is, if you have nothing else on hand."

"Just making for bed. Either I go to bed early, or I stay out all night."

"What are you on now?" asked Cutty on the way up.

"Not a thing in this world. I resigned from the service two years ago. I always wanted to play in Paris." Sturm smiled.

"Well, I'm on the loose too. Russia knocked all the adventure out of me. I am going home to do what I've always wanted to do—write."

"I wish I had the gift," said Sturm with a laugh as the lift stopped. "This way, old man."

Cutty followed him down the corridor and into the room. Sturm produced whisky, siphon and glasses.

"Haven't any ice," he apologized.

While he began mixing the drink—mild for Cutty and mild for himself—his visitor swept the room with a glance. The man lived here—that was evident.

"And to stumble on to you like this!" cried Sturm.

"The world's pretty small," Cutty acknowledged, reaching for his glass.

"Old days!" cried Sturm, raising his.

"Old days!" Cutty responded.

But neither Sturm nor Cutty drank that peg. A hand fell upon the door. Sturm excused himself as he walked to the door and opened it. In the hallway stood three policemen, two of them with their hands upon their pistol holsters.

"Which of you gentlemen is Monsieur Sturm?"

XXVIII

THE five principals in this odd scene remained immobile for a few seconds. Then the astonishment went out of Sturm's face, leaving a dry smile on his lips. So! The old eagle had swooped down upon the hawk. It would be futile to ask how the eagle had discovered the hawk so quickly. He had been right. In that hour he had seen Cutty upon the street, cracks had appeared in the ice. He did not require explanations; everything was explained by the presence of Clay and the police. Clay was here because of that child. To ask how Clay had made his discoveries would be a waste of time. He had met that young bungler Richardson and together they had managed to splice the two threads. Of course. Richardson was no fool; there were fast streaks in him at times. He had known about Zinovieff, the murder and the abduction, and someone in New York had dropped an indiscreet word relative to the possible activities of one Sturm.

"I am Sturm," he said evenly.

"Ah!" said the spokesman for the trio. And who are you, monsieur?"—to Cutty.

"My name is Clay," vouchsafed Cutty. He set down his glass and got up. "I am acquainted with Monsieur Sturm. What is the trouble?"

"I regret to say," the policeman answered, "that the *Préfet* himself wishes to see Monsieur Sturm at once."

"And his reasons?" asked Sturm.

"His reasons I do not know, monsieur. All I know is that I am charged with the duty of bringing you to the *Préfet* himself immediately."

"But what the devil!" Sturm pulled out his watch. The *Préfet* was not usually at the *Préfecture* at this hour, but these were real policemen. Sturm's practiced eye informed him that these uniforms were not out of any costumer's shop. He knew, too, that Zinovieff had not betrayed him; the price would have been too high. "My passport will be wanted?"

"That, of course, monsieur," said the policeman. "If monsieur will kindly make haste ——"

Sturm promptly got his passport and sundry documents bearing upon his conduct during the war, and pushed them into a side pocket of his dinner coat.

"Some fool mistake," he said to Cutty. "Will you do me the favor of going over with me?"

"To be sure I will!"—readily.

"Know the *Préfet?*"

"The régime has changed since I was in Paris."

"Messieurs will speak in French," interrupted the policeman.

"I am asking my friend to accompany me," Sturm explained. "Let us be going, then."

Sturm did not drink his whisky as most men, confronted by such an ordeal, would have done. Cutty gave him a credit mark. He feared Sturm, but he would always admire the man's coolness and courage, and he was very sorry that the man had turned to the left. But Sturm had been known as a man without heart; an investigating machine of the highest order, but never instructed by pity or conscience.

"I say, have you got your passport with you, Clay?"

"A temporary official, which died at the frontier. I haven't had time to go to the embassy for a regular."

Sturm laughed. "Then perhaps you'd better not go with me."

"French, messieurs—speak French," the policeman again interrupted.

"Clay, I've been living at this hotel for three months. What the devil can they want of me?"

"Oh, if there is any real trouble, a word to the embassy will carry you through."

Sturm made a sign to the policeman that he was ready, so the five of them departed for the *Préfecture de Police;* and at 10:30 Sturm and Cutty were conducted to the private office of the most powerful individual in Paris in times of peace—the *Préfet;* who can arrest at any time anyone he pleases, and the civilian must bear with it, and in case there is a mistake the abused civilian carries away with him a few polite but empty apologies.

"Monsieur Sturm?"

"It is I, *Monsieur le Préfet.* What is the trouble?" asked Sturm pleasantly.

"Your passport, monsieur," said the *Préfet.*

It was delivered promptly, and as promptly examined.

"Your government speaks highly of you," the *Préfet* observed presently. "Who is the gentleman with you?"

"My name is Clay, monsieur. I have accompanied Monsieur Sturm only to identify him."

"Monsieur," began the *Préfet,* "a serious thing has happened. A man by your name, who answers to your description, is being held in Berlin at our orders, through the courtesy of the Berlin police."

"And his passport?"

"Will come to Paris with the suspect."

"I have a thousand proofs that I have not been farther than Fontainebleau in four months," replied Sturm. He was amused, but he gave no sign of it. "I myself should like to see this man. Of what is he accused?"

"Of smuggling dangerous narcotics into France."

Sturm became grave. A subtle warning that his business was known, even though it could not be laid at his door.

"I shall be at your service, monsieur, whenever you have need of me. I am very curious to see this man"—whom Sturm knew had no existence.

"Alas, Monsieur Sturm, I regret that I cannot release you at once."

To search his room. "Monsieur," spoke Sturm quickly, "we both know the law well enough. I am accused of nothing. I am an American citizen and you cannot detain me because someone is masquerading under my name."

"I am pleased to hear, monsieur, that you understand the law," retorted the *Préfet.*

Sturm saw that he had blundered, but he knew not in what direction. "I shall appeal to my embassy. This is rather high-handed."

"Certainly you may write to the American Embassy."

Instantly Sturm knew that such a letter would never reach its destination. A well-tied knot, he was forced to admit.

"I should prefer to telephone."

"I regret, monsieur, that just now it is impossible. A moment. You spoke of knowing the law. This evening you had dinner at Marguery's. You know how to dine. Sole, a saddle of hare, a pint of Corton Charlemagne and some strawberries. You left the restaurant in a taxi and proceeded to the Rue St. Honoré. There you entered an apartment—yours."

Sturm's astonishment was no greater than Cutty's. Cutty had left the *Préfet* at noon and already the police had discovered in these few hours what Richardson had been weeks trying to discover. He had planned very well, but he would not have proceeded an inch but for the intervention of Garnier.

"You have admitted, monsieur," went on the *Préfet,* "that you are familiar with the law. In Paris the law requires a registration for each domicile. You have broken that law. In conjunction with the information from Berlin, I do not consider that I am using a high hand in detaining you for a few hours. Oh, yes; you are registered at the apartment, but as Monsieur Wentworth. You can explain this?"

"Habit, monsieur—habit. Monsieur Clay here will readily understand that in our business we often find it necessary to have two domiciles. Besides, in Paris the procedure is not unusual."

Cutty admired the readiness of this reply.

"Yes, yes; but the second home is generally registered by the lady." The *Préfet* smiled. "But a man who uses two names is always subject to the suspicion of the police. Besides, you are no longer in the secret service of your country."

Sturm saw that he was done. Confound that woman! He had done his best to get her out of Paris. Well, let them stew in their own juice. He would return to America. For this farce was directed toward that end.

"Monsieur," he said to the *Préfet,* "the crime I have committed is not serious. Permit me to offer a suggestion. I will remain here for the night. You will search my hotel room and my apartment. I demand that. Then on the morrow I will pack, go to Havre and sail on the Paris Saturday night."

"You ask me to have your rooms searched, Monsieur Sturm?"

"Because I want you to know that I am guilty of the folly of breaking a trivial police law and nothing else."

Cutty applauded inwardly. A fine brain turned to the left. Sturm saw now that even his tenuous associations might, in the end, prove exceedingly dangerous, and that New York would be an excellent place of residence when the explosion came.

"Very well," said the *Préfet.* "If I find that you have resided continuously in Paris for four months ——"

"There is only the French *visé* on my passport, as you will observe."

The *Préfet* studied the passport again. "You are right. If we find nothing that is of an incriminating nature in your effects, you shall sail on the Paris Saturday night."

"Sorry we did not have time for that drink, Clay," remarked Sturm, smiling.

Cutty returned the smile. Poor Dick had lost a very valuable prospect, it would seem.

In the middle of the Alexander Bridge, Cutty paused to clean his pipe; then he charged it and applied a match. He needed tobacco—solace. He leaned against the parapet and looked down upon the Seine, lanced and speckled with quivering lights. With a chuckle he recalled his Monte Cristo.

"One!" he said aloud

Another man might have offered Sturm a fortune for the whereabouts of the little grand duke. Not he! A hundred thousand would not have unlocked Sturm's lips, and Cutty knew it. A rogue, but a deep and clever one. The police would find nothing in his rooms. There was another point visible. Sturm never would have come about so quickly had he not realized that his confederates had got out of hand and would no longer heed his advice. His readiness to return to America was abundant proof. Cutty did not believe that the law would ever put its hand on Sturm's shoulder to stay there. He doubted that Sturm, even if he were given the opportunity, would telephone a warning to Zinovieff. If he had that notion, it would be dashed in the morning. From now on till he got aboard the Paris, his companions would be plain-clothes men, courteous but firm. The first break in the run of bad luck. The head had been neatly lopped off, and the Karlovna could not now leave Paris with the boy.

But Cutty had forgotten his mythology. Hydra had nine heads, and for every one lopped off, two grew in its place, unless cauterized. Perhaps Karlovna and company would not think clearly, but none the less they still had the ability to strike swiftly and terribly.

"By George!" Cutty exclaimed aloud.

Why not have a little celebration? Those poor girls hadn't been out of the apartment since their arrival. He would scout out a limousine and tote them up to Montmartre to see the lights. It did not matter that the hour was late. So he hailed a taxi, drove across the Place de la Concorde and entered the Hotel de Crillon. Here he ordered the car. At half after eleven he entered the apartment in the Rue de Valois.

They had evidently been worrying about him, as the expression of relief upon their faces attested.

"Well?" inquired Garnier.

"Our friend Sturm sails for New York Saturday," Cutty announced.

"Sturm?" cried Richardson. "You've got Sturm?"

"What I wanted, Dick, was to get him out of Paris—three thousand miles out. Garnier's influence with the *Préfet* made it possible. Don't look so downcast. Neither of us could have got anything on Sturm in a hundred years. He knows both sides too well—the law and the outlaw. He is a dangerous and polished rogue, and I hope never to run into him on equal terms. You've been hunting for his apartment for weeks. The police found it inside of seven hours. It was the double residence that gave the *Préfet* his hold. There are lots of laws on the books seldom enforced, but always they can be enforced."

"Did he ——" Kitty could not finish the sentence.

"No, Kitty. That's the irony of it. He dared not. Sturm really had no concern for that side of it. He knew of, and countenanced, murder and abduction, but for him to confess it would have made him accessory to the fact. Well, he is off the board. Now we can get somewhere."

"Found his apartment inside of seven hours!" repeated Richardson discouragedly.

"Because, in some way, Sturm got a line on you. Having seen you once, he would always know you. But the *Préfet's* men had a simple task after Sturm left the Grand Hotel today. Not seeing you anywhere, he marched boldly to his apartment

Continued on Page 132

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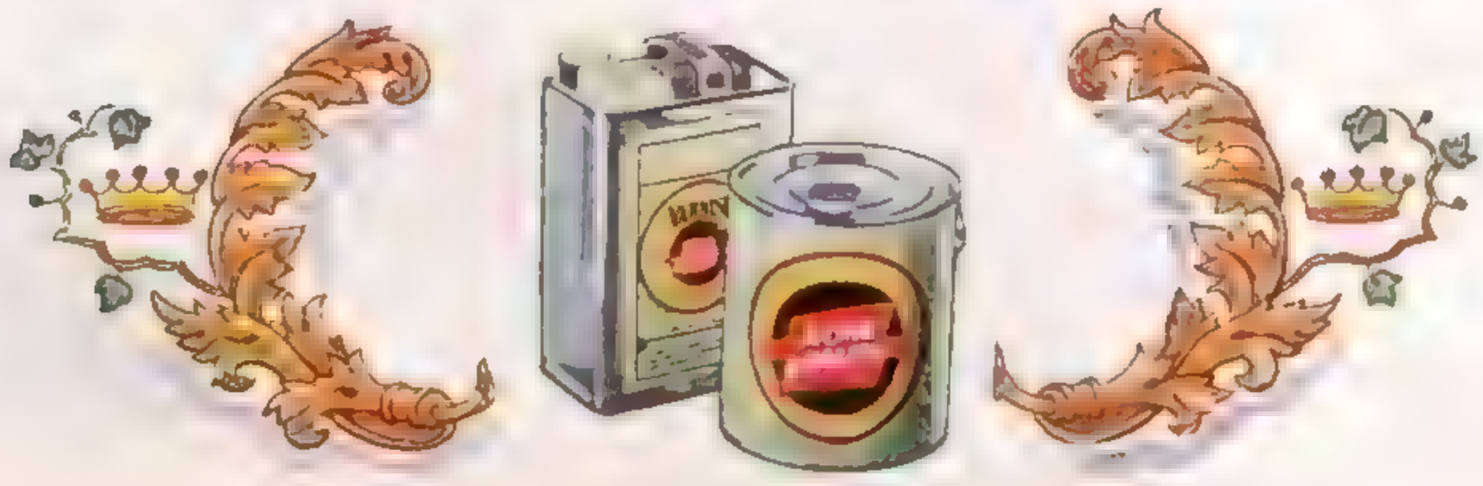

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and into the trap. Well, no more of this. I have a limousine downstairs and we are all going for a ride."

"And you can drop me on the way," said Garnier. "Madame will be sitting up for me."

In the confusion of getting wraps, Cutty for a moment found himself alone with Olga. She knew that she would have to act quickly.

"Cutty, Kitty and your friend Richardson are falling in love. She is not aware of it yet, but he wears his heart plainly on his sleeve."

It was a blow between the eyes. The room seemed suddenly to fill with darkness. A spark in Cutty's numbed brain warned him that he must not let Olga see. "Hurry, hurry," whispered this spark.

"Kitty and Dick, eh?" Sounds which seemed to come from afar.

His torture was no greater than that of the woman beside him. She could not see the hurt in his eyes, but it was evident in his voice. She had done it—thrust a poniard into his heart as well as into her own. She had hurt him—hurt him dreadfully. Oh, the beast that she was! She would have died for him gladly; yet she could hurt him like this! If Kitty had loved him her silence would have been eternal. But Kitty was only a beautiful mother; she might never be anything else. She might even marry Cutty, and yet be never else than a mother. Love, shelter and protection; what could Kitty give in return for that?

"Kitty and Dick! Well, now, what could be better than that? I hadn't noticed."

But this he saw in a vision: Conover, the whirlwind, sweeping Molly off her feet. Dick, the whirlwind, sweeping Kitty off her feet. The circle. What was wrong with Patrick Henry Clay that he couldn't sweep a woman off her feet? Not the squire of dames, but the childless father. A laugh came into his throat, but he choked it back because it wasn't the right kind. Kitty and Dick! Well, Dick was a man, and he was young and handsome too—the kind of man Kitty would understand all her days. After all, Kitty had never seen in her old Cutty anything more than an extra father. But, oh, God, how it hurt! Kitty and Dick. . . . The new life Garnier had put into him seemed to drift away, leaving him more than ever with the sense of age.

"They will make a fine pair," he said. "I know of no finer young man than Dick."

Had they been alone, Olga would have gone to her knees and begged forgiveness for the lie. But it was a lie irrevocable. He would believe that the retraction was the lie. No, the damage was done; the poison must have its way with him. She had lied once before—for her life. But that did not seem so vile, so despicable, as this lie—for her love. And if he ever found out that it was a lie he would despise her. And she, to instill into his thoughts this poison—she who owed him her life and liberty and the only happiness she had ever known! Beast!

"Come to my door with me," said Garnier later, as the car stopped in front of his house.

So Cutty got out and accompanied him to the steps.

"My old," said Garnier, lowly, "we French had a philosopher. He said that unless a man and a woman rushed burning like planets to each other, it were far better that a man should marry the woman who loves him than to marry the woman he loves. *Ã démain!*" The doctor rushed into the house, slamming the door behind him—at which Cutty stared stupidly. What the devil did the old boy mean by that? What had those sharp eyes of his seen? And where was the woman who loved Patrick Henry Clay? To be alone somewhere at this minute—all alone—to get a grip on his senses, all in turmoil!

"What are you mooning about?" cried Richardson from the car. What were ten thousand Sturms on a night like this—when his shoulder touched Kitty's two or three times the minute?

Cutty returned to his drop seat and instructed the chauffeur to drive up Montmartre easily, so that the ladies would miss none of the sights.

But neither Cutty nor Olga nor Kitty nor Richardson saw the lights of Montmartre that night. Olga, viewing Cutty's broad shoulders—weren't they bent a little? —in front of her, wanted, with poignant longing, to put out her hand and touch him. She, who would have died for him! She could not see any lights, only the dim misty aisles of the Russian forests, her hand in his —— Richardson knew that he was in some kind of heaven, and that was sufficient this night for him. Kitty never felt his shoulder when it touched hers. The rows of lighted windows, up here, up there—she saw her boy behind each one.

XXIX

FROM now on they would have to sit down, as it were—Cutty and his companions racked by suspense, waiting for the telephone to ring, the doorbell to jingle, their nerves tightening one by one till the whole nervous system would be ready to snap. Kitty even begrudged the *Sûreté* men the time they took for meals and sleep. There was no doubt that eventually the men from the *Sûreté* would succeed. And when they did—what then? Cutty could not plan anything till he knew the lay of the land. Luck didn't come by invitation; it dropped in casually or not at all. And without luck ——

It was decided, wisely, that Kitty and Olga should drive about town and the Bois from two till five in the afternoon, with a trusted and capable chauffeur to guide and protect them. That they needed protection outside the apartment was debatable. And within the apartment there was Kuroki, fully informed of what was going on. Kuroki would do his marketing early in the morning before Cutty departed. Near the Bœuf à la Mode stood the ever-ready taxi, three men from the *Sûreté* standing watch in four-hour shifts. No one could enter or leave the street door without being observed, day or night. It was not possible for the Karlovna or any of her confederates to get into or out of this circle.

But chance, as luck, cannot be reckoned on.

The third morning after Sturm's exit Cutty and Richardson walked down toward the Place du Palais Royal. Neither of them paid any attention to the *Sûreté* cabby, near the restaurant, who seemed to be asleep in his seat.

Cutty—ashamed to lower himself to such an extent—had watched Richardson, and there was no doubt in his mind that Olga was right. The boy was in love with Kitty; it was as wide as a barn door and as deep as a well. As for Kitty—that was another matter. She was kind, but Cutty could see that it was native kindness, that she accepted Dick because he was the friend of the family. Her boy—there was no room for anything else in her. But after the boy was hers again? Dick was young and handsome, his courage known; he might have been the very devil with the women had he been inclined that way. But Kitty did not love him—not yet.

"Dick, have you ever been in love?" asked Cutty, hoping the boy would lie to him.

"Why—puppy stuff. I've forgotten her name." Richardson cursed the heat which suddenly mounted to his cheeks, knowing that it would show color.

"I mean the big thing."

"Have you?"

When the spear comes toward you it's a different matter. "I'm an old crab of a bachelor; let's leave me out of it."

"Well, some woman was a darn fool." Richardson walked on till he had counted three lamp-posts. "Why do you ask me that—the big thing?"

"Curiosity."

"That all?"

"And being a certain young lady's guardian, you might say."

Richardson halted. "Cutty, there's no fooling you. It's Kitty. I couldn't help it. Knocked me all in a heap. But to her I'm somebody who comes into the apartment and goes out again."

"What do you mean by that?" Cutty's blood glowed.

"That boy fills her completely."

"You haven't spoken?"

"Lord, no! And probably I never shall. But just the same, I'm done for. And I haven't a chance in the world."

Cutty was inclined to laugh sardonically. Hadn't Conover, in the beginning, uttered the same words, after he had been introduced to Molly? Not a chance in the world. It was a good sign. It spoke of little or no conceit and placed the goddess on a high pedestal. Later, the conceit would grow somewhat and the pedestal would shrink to half. So the boy loved Kitty? He would be honest and loyal. He threw his arm across Richardson's shoulder.

"Don't worry. Wait till she's got the boy in her arms. She isn't a normal woman just now. She doesn't go into the Bois for pleasure, but to watch the children. Every minute her eyes are hunting."

"I understand that"—moodily. "But my income ——"

"Before Kitty married her grand duke she was very poor, Dick."

"Do you believe I've got a chance?"

Conover's very words again. Cutty sighed. "Let's hold the affair in abeyance till we've cornered the Karlovna."

"If you were her father ——"

"I'd say, 'Bless you, my children!'"—with gentle raillery. Well, wasn't he fatherly? "I thought it might be Olga."

"I'm afraid of her."

"What?"

"Well, she makes me think of icebergs. You can't get near her."

Cutty laughed genuinely. Icebergs and Olga, when he knew that she was fire and whirlwinds! But he was disappointed in one respect: Kitty and Olga did not seem as close as they should be. Well, well; women, even the best of them, couldn't handle friendship the way men did. The aloofness might be imaginary on his part; perhaps he expected too much. Three weeks ago they had been total strangers. On both sides there were solid excuses, particularly on Kitty's side. Sheer grit. Not another woman in ten thousand would have been on her feet this day. Poor kid!

"If it weren't for her money," he heard Dick say.

"She is dividing the income with Olga. So Kitty has only half again as much as you have."

"Well, I don't know ——"

"Dick, love makes doubting Thomases of us all. You are going to the hotel?"

"To finish up my report on Sturm and the fake oranges. Funny, how you switched on the police end. Everything is possible now."

"Alone, I could not have done anything. Garnier made the *coup* stand up."

"But it was your plan," Richardson insisted loyally. "If ever I get plugged send for Garnier. Have you any plan to act upon when the police find the woman?"

"There's a nut to crack. We've got to get inside that house and then fight our way out. And if you want the truth from an old campaigner, I'd as soon enter a tiger's den. The thought of that side of it makes me tremble. A madwoman. We must get to that boy before she does. And there's Samson. We've got to beat him to it besides. I wonder what Hercules thought of his task before he learned that the gods were backing him up? . . . Dinner at seven."

"From three till five I'll be at the Café de la Paix."

"I'll pick you up there. I'm going to do the Russian tea rooms. For a whale of a man, Samson can hide very well in a small place. He's gone loco, too, Dick."

They separated.

Kitty and Olga had luncheon at 12:30. After that Kitty got out some sewing while

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(Continued from Page 132)

Olga read, the former by the window where she could see into the street and the latter facing the door. Thus they would be occupied till the limousine called for them. Kitty missed a stitch frequently and Olga skipped paragraphs. On the reading table lay Richardson's grim automatic, a sapphire glint rising from the blue metal. A motionless, sinister object, yet destined to lie where it was till it was eventually packed away. There are some things impervious to bullets.

"Why don't you read, Kitty?"

"I can't."

"It would be better than sewing."

"I had rather be busy with my hands. Can you forget yourself in that book?"

"No. And I love books."

"So do I. But if I try to read I see things behind the type. . . . How do you say your name in Russia?"—irrelevantly.

"Olga Mikailovna. My brother was Ivan Mikailovitch. It means daughter of and son of."

"Olga Mikailovna. It sounds like music. You are very beautiful."

"So are you, Kitty. And you are brave too. What a queer thing the mind is! With what you and I have gone through we ought not to have any minds. I washed dishes, clothes, I scrubbed floors, I cooked, I built fires—I was a scullion. Weeks at a time I could not bathe my body or wash my hair. I looked so frowsy that it probably saved me. Have you ever feared men?"

"You mean ——"

"Yes. For five years that fear abided. The night Cutty found me I was homeless. I was, as you know Americans say, at the end of my rope. Look at these finger nails." Olga exhibited her hand for inspection. "It will take months to make them what they were—like yours."

Olga did not mention Richardson when she was alone with Kitty. She was wise enough not to disturb the seed so deftly planted in Kitty's thoughts. It must grow or die, as fate willed. But Cutty puzzled her. Save for that note of pain in his voice the other night, he had given her no sign. Indeed, he appeared to throw Kitty and Richardson together. Yet she knew that the hurt was there, deep and abiding. *Nom du pipe!* If Kitty only loved him! Tears blurred her vision, but they did not drop. She let the book fall to her knees.

Accidentally her gaze, when it became cleared, fell upon the door. The roots of her hair tingled. Between the sill and the door protruded a letter. It had not been there five minutes ago. Instantly she knew that Kitty must not see it. Here was one of the things against which they had been warned explicitly. How to reach the door without attracting Kitty's attention? Olga yawned, rose and stood so that her body was directly between her companion and the door. She walked over and, with her foot upon the letter, tried the knob.

"Locked. It might have been forgotten."

She manipulated the key so that it fell with a tinkle. She stooped, secreted the letter adroitly, rose and returned the key to the lock.

"There ought to be a bolt," she remarked steadily. "The key could be pushed out. The car will be here at two. Will you mind if I lie down for a while?"

"No," said Kitty, frowning. She felt a rising suspicion, but what about she could not say.

Once in her room, Olga saw that the letter was addressed to Mrs. John Hawksley in English. Kitty knew nobody in Paris; at any rate, not sufficiently well to be written to. There was only one thing to do—open the letter and read it. Instinct told Olga what the substance of the letter would be. So, defiantly as well as resolutely, she broke the seal.

If Mrs. Hawksley will enter the brown taxi in front of the bank opposite the Palais Royal before two o'clock, she will be taken to her son, who will be restored to her. If she brings anyone with her, she will never see the child again.

A puerile lure, yet Olga knew that it would catch Kitty by the throat. All the advice, all the warning, would be straws in the wind. Olga's brain whirled for a space. How should she act? There were a dozen directions and all of them might be wrong. There was no way of reaching Cutty or Richardson, and by the time Garnier could arrive the time given would lapse. There was no way of warning the *Sûreté* cabby. A signal from the window could be as easily detected from the bank as from the restaurant. Then it came to her what to do—a brilliant idea. She herself would go! There was not one chance in a thousand that the driver of the brown cab would know the difference—whether the woman was Kitty Hawksley or Olga Hawksley. It would be enough for him that a young woman had answered the summons. And the moment the brown taxi started off, the *Sûreté* man would follow, and by night Cutty would know where Anna Karlovna resided. To pay back Cutty this way for the hurt she had given him. After all, if he loved Kitty —— She laid the letter on her pillow, where they could find it later. Anna Karlovna would recognize her. The police would have to come quickly. If they did not —— She put on her hat and coat, and came out of her room silently. In the dining room she locked that door and thrust the key under the tablecloth. She must work swiftly, even roughly. To Kitty she would be breaking the law of the game. She must be in the hall, the door locked on the outside, before Kitty called to Kuroki, which she would undoubtedly do. She walked into the living room.

"Where are you going?" Kitty demanded, her suspicion returning.

"For a walk."

"But you are not to go out alone. . . . Why did you go to the door and try the knob?"

To Olga, time was vital. She ran to the door, Kitty after her. Twice Olga flung her aside, the second time so violently that Kitty lost her balance and fell.

"Kuroki!" she screamed. "Kuroki!"

Before Kuroki arrived, however, Olga was in the hall, locking the door on the side, blocking pursuit.

"Olga's gone!" gasped Kitty. Why? Where?

Kuroki did not lose his head. He ran to the window, threw it up and waved his handkerchief. But the man from the *Sûreté* did not see it. At that instant he had gone into the restaurant for a pack of cigarettes. Between his leaving the cab and returning to it, perhaps four minutes. Seeing that his signal was not answered, Kuroki rang the concierge's bell violently. Five minutes later the old fellow clumped to the door and demanded to know why he was called from his luncheon. When Kuroki explained in his broken French—which the concierge understood but chose to disregard as long as he dared—the key was found and the door opened. In a flash the Jap was down the stairs and into the street. He was in time to see Olga get into a brown taxi which flew away at top speed. Then Kuroki ran to the *Sûreté* cab as the driver stepped into the street, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette. But he was less nonchalant when he comprehended what the sputtering Jap was endeavoring to say to him. He jumped into his cab and went tearing north. He whirled into the Rue d' Aboukir because the *Préfet* held to the opinion that the little grand duke was still in the vicinity of the Place du Combat.

Whereas the brown cab darted into the Rue des Petits Champs, in the opposite direction. Into the fashionable Rue de la Paix, next, thence into the Boulevard des Italiens, stopping where the Boulevard Montmartre begins. The cabby descended.

"Madame will enter the black limousine."

She obeyed without question, but she was troubled by the fact that nowhere behind was the now familiar taxi of the *Sûreté* man. She had but to step from the taxi into the limousine, which immediately rolled north. By and by the city began to dwindle. Hazards, but this time she was alone.

The chauffeur turned his head. "I must stop, madame, for my ticket. Madame will remain absolutely silent, or she will not see her little son."

"I understand."

"Very good, madame."

Neither the cabby nor the chauffeur suspected that they had the wrong woman. A young and beautiful woman had come in answer to the note; no more was needed. But where was the man from the *Sûreté*? Olga peered behind in vain for the yellow cab. She saw a cherry-colored taxi far back, but she lost that at the barrier. The thought had come to her to cry out at the barrier, but she dared not. These weren't criminals demanding money. It was the blight of vengeance. She knew that they would keep their promises. So she held back the cry, knowing that there was still a possible chance of saving little Ivan Mikailovitch. But without any security at all, without any hope, she must face Anna Karlovna uselessly. The adventure had seemed such a logical, such a sound one; and the *Sûreté* man hadn't seen her.

The car swept beyond the barrier, not any faster than it would have done in the Bois, and into a country all unfamiliar to her. Some less patient driver came up and passed them. A gray taxi followed for quite a way, but eventually that vanished and she gave up hope. For a long time they rode north. They came to a beautiful little town with a moated castle. A sign told her where she was—in Chantilly. Then came a swerve toward the east, then a drop south, from which she drew the inference that they were speeding back to Paris. The sun was dropping.

Occasionally she saw a taxi. One hung on for a long time—a black top with a gray, indeterminate body. But there were other touring cars and limousines; no yellow cab. She became resigned. If Anna Karlovna failed to recognize her ——

As, finally, they approached the barrier through which they must pass to reënter Paris, the car stopped. A strange man entered and sat beside her—a sallow-faced man with hot eyes.

"If you utter a cry or make a gesture ——" he threatened. "You are not Madame Hawksley, but you shall take her place. I don't know who you are, but no matter."

Again the roots of her hair stirred. She recognized this voice. Here was the man who had stolen the Drums of Jeopardy—the man who had killed Ivan. Hypnosis fell upon her. She could think but she could not move. Everything about this affair became dreadfully clear. The abduction of Kitty, to draw Cutty into some terrible trap! Had she shaken hands with him that morning? Dear God, she could not remember! To draw Cutty to his death!

Her body numb, her mind soon fell into the same state. At 6:30—dusk—the car came gently to a halt in an ordinary street before an ordinary brick house. The man beside her touched her arm.

"Alight here," was the order.

"I am Olga Mikailovna," she thought with grim pride. The Spine Breaks But it Does Not Bend, she mutely read from the escutcheon of her forefathers.

A minute later the blank, uninviting door of the brick house closed behind her.

XXX

"THIS way!" It was an order which would brook no hesitance, no questions.

And to emphasize it, Zinovieff gripped her arm savagely. His mood was murderous and had been growing toward explosion for seventy-odd hours. Olga was forced to mount the first flight of stairs at his side, irresistibly propelled. Presently they came to a door, which he unlocked and opened. She was thereupon vigorously thrust into a semidark room. The door slammed and the key grated in the lock. She was alone. She rubbed her bruised arm slowly. The hypnosis was gone. They shouldn't bend her. She stood perfectly

(Continued on Page 136)

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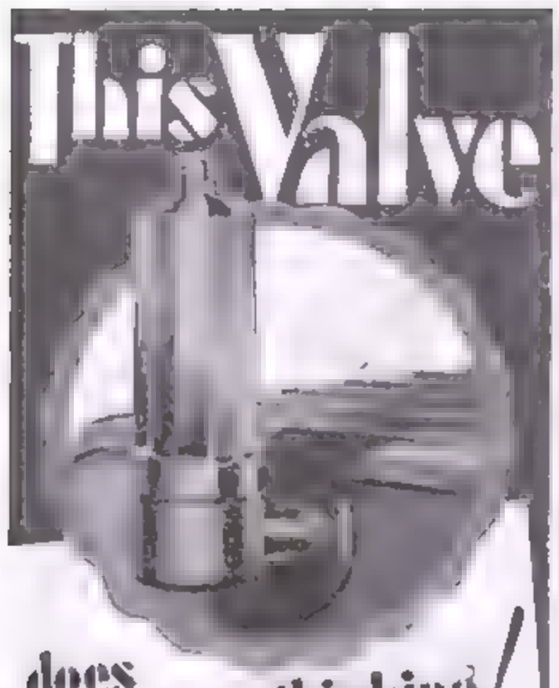

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(Continued from Page 134)

still. Human movements were audible from the floor above. She was back in Paris. But where?

She remembered that in her coat pocket she carried her cigarette case and lighter. The vanity bag had gone out of her existence and she was not quite ready to accept its return. In ordering the coat she had demanded pockets—to keep her hands out of sight and to fill with the immediate necessities, the way a man does. She rummaged a pocket for the lighter. The man had said, "You shall take her place." She had failed. The yellow taxi of the *Sûreté* man had not followed; the man had not seen her; and the mantrap was still open for Cutty. Better she than Kitty, who might not have kept her head. She struck the lighter and a feeble flickering light broke forth. It did not radiate. There must be a gas jet somewhere in the room. After a search she found the jet at the left of the door. Ah, that was better. A strange dark room always drove the imagination crazily about and filled nothing with grotesques.

She turned away from the jet, startled. She had heard a deep sigh or a gasp that had been smothered. Someone beside herself was in the room. She quickly discovered whence this sigh had come. Upon a cot at one side of the window sat a small boy, his legs dangling far above the floor. His hair was the color of raw silk and his eyes were very large.

"Ivan?" Olga whispered, a pain in her heart utterly new to her.

"I am Johnny," he whispered back in English, but not stirring otherwise. He had never seen this beautiful lady before. "My name is Johnny Hawksley. Why do they call me Ivan?"

Olga flew to him on tiptoe, knelt and embraced him, her heartbeats almost stifling her. Against this wild heart the little grand duke snuggled comfortably. He knew right away. This lady was like the one he used to call mamma; there wasn't any perfume; she was just sweet.

"Is there God any more?" he whispered into Olga's neck. "She says no."

"Yes, yes! Oh, God! God is!" Olga understood. First, to take God out of his clean little soul. "Oh, yes, Johnny! Don't you believe what they tell you."

"She won't let me say my prayers out loud. But I say them without making any noise."

Her Ivan's son—beautiful as a little god. Her flesh and blood too! It was now for the first time that she understood Kitty. Poor Kitty! The strength of her—not to have gone mad. Olga covered the boy's face with kisses, pressed and pressed his little body against hers, while his arms around her neck grew tighter and tighter. Nobody had kissed and cuddled him in a long, long time.

"Listen"—still in a whisper. The moment was so heart tearing that it was difficult for Olga to think in English. "I have just come from your true and lovely mother—Kitty."

"Oh, yes. Daddy called her that. Do you know where my daddy is? They said he was never coming back."

The word "daddy" puzzled Olga; then she guessed that it meant father. "No, he is never coming back." Olga began to weep without sound. "Ivan—Johnny, we are both prisoners of dreadful people—bad people."

"The man pinches me."

Fury swept the tears out of Olga's eyes. If only she had had time to snatch that pistol off the reading table. Pinched him!

"But I don't cry," said Johnny.

With the blood of his mother in him? No, he would not cry—man child and lion man. Why, she, Olga, loved Kitty with all her heart! She had not understood till now the sublimeness of the woman of whom she had been jealous. All these weeks only a step from insanity, and mother love had held her from that step. Sewing by the window, stitch by stitch, eating, sleeping, talking. . . . The Spine Breaks But it Does Not Bend. Kitty was the daughter of the Bayards, as she, Olga, was the daughter of the boyars.

"Johnny, your lovely mother is trying to find you."

"Why don't she come?"

"She does not know where you are. But she is coming soon. Now, never believe what this wicked woman tells you. Make believe you do."

"She won't let the man pinch me when she's around."

"One credit mark," thought Olga. "But say nothing to her about your real mamma."

"Then she is my mamma? She told me I didn't have any mother."

"Oh, a dear and lovely mamma, Ivan. And I am your Aunt Olga."

"I like you." He pressed his cool little cheek against hers.

Never before had the young woman known such exquisite pleasure or such thrilling pride. Her own flesh and blood. Till now it had not been an acceptable, tangible fact. A quiet dignified little boy who had not been taught arrogance by servants, who had not been pampered by women, who had not had it dinned into his ears that he was a great lord on earth. So young and yet so steady—he wasn't five, but he spoke virilely, having known only virile men. Ivan Mikailovitch, of the blood of the Russian Cæsars. Olga rocked his body and her own, crooning a Russian cradle song.

"I will defend him, Kitty, to the last drop of blood in my body"—her gaze swinging toward the window. "And if you love Cutty, you shall have him, for all of me," she added.

Olga was not oblivious of the possibilities of the window. It would be simple to bash out a few panes and cry for help. But she recalled the reiterations of Cutty; seriously alarmed, Anna Karlovna might kill the boy. Those small living hands behind her neck had curiously tied every other hand bent upon his rescue.

Upstairs.

"She is not the mother?" cried the Karlovna. "Why did you bring her here?"

"It was necessary," answered Zinovieff, his hands restless. "We must know something of what is going on in the Rue de Valois. There will be some reason for her taking the American's place."

"Ah"—thoughtfully.

"Sturm, the yellow dog, has left us. He was our newspaper. Now we must find out the news ourselves. There is a fortune in cocaine in the cellar. How am I going to dispose of it? All my European capital tied up. In the States, a thousand outlets. But here I know none of the chiefs. I should have to dribble it out. Sturm could have got rid of the whole of it, if you hadn't wanted the emeralds and this man Clay. Didn't Sturm tell you he feared the man?"

The Karlovna shrugged. All this was of no importance to her. In Moscow she had a fortune in jewels.

"One month in this house, then we have to go. Where? Damn you, you have ruined us!"

"You are sure this isn't the mother?"

Zinovieff laughed. "Sure? Did I not see her that night when I shot her husband? I told you there were two women. This is not the mother. I don't know who she is. But she will be just as good a lure as the other. Clay will leave no stone unturned to find her. And he will! . . . Wife! . . . You liar!"

"I have kept my promise to you. I am Madame Zinovieff. And when we once get to Russia ——"

"You will find some way to cut my throat!"—savagely. "You damned cobra! Wait!"

"Take me down to this woman." If she saw violence in his eyes she ignored it. "Where did you put her?"

"In the first room."

"Where the child is? Oh, you fool!"

"What of it, when you write that you have the boy? What difference does it make? It is you that are the fool!"

She struck him across the mouth, and a second later found herself with her back to the wall, his stringy fingers digging in her throat. He held her so for a few seconds, then let her go.

"You will drive me to it some day!" he cried wretchedly.

"You have been without cocaine for two days. Take some," she advised, her voice even and unruffled. But she did not let him see her eyes, ablaze with the fires of hell. She still had need of him. But when that need was no longer apparent —— "Come. Let us see what this strange woman will have to say."

Sullenly, yet trembling with the knowledge of how nearly he had done her to death—sullenly, then—he followed her out of the room and down the flight of stairs. His wife, duly married by the mayor of Clichy. He began to laugh. She was wise enough to ignore the sound even though it infuriated her.

Olga heard the sound of their approach. She released the boy and returned to the middle of the room. The ordeal—to whatever end—was come.

The Karlovna and Zinovieff entered. A minute later the two women looked into each other's eyes. Zinovieff observed that there was a speck of carbon in the gas jet, so he cleared it with the blade of his knife. He turned and saw upon the face of the woman who had recently married him a strange, unearthly light, which reminded him of dawn upon marble, then the full blaze of the morning sun.

Below a door closed, as if the closer had been impatient.

"You!" The word came from the Karlovna's lips in a dry whisper. "You—Olga Mikailovna!"

"Yes, it is I, Anna Karlovna," Olga replied, though her blood was racing.

"Olga Mikailovna—here!"

Anna Karlovna, in ecstasy, wheeled and seized the bewildered Zinovieff—who had tried to strangle her a few minutes ago—and kissed him.

"Oh!" she cried. "So this was the other woman, and you bring her to me?"

All the sullenness and savagery evaporated out of the poor manacled fool she had kissed, and his body began to shake with tremors.

"Do you know who she is?" Zinovieff shook his head helplessly. "She is the sister—Ivan's sister! She is the boy's aunt. And they told me that she died that night. Alive—and here with me!" She faced Olga again.

And Olga knew now that Cutty was correct in his deductions—this was a madwoman who was capable of conceiving any atrocity and, if let be, of executing it. She waited.

"You know me, Olga Mikailovna?"

"Yes. I was always kind to you."

"A coin tossed into the gutter as you passed by. . . . And your father was kind to me, Olga Mikailovna. Do you remember? Here—mine to do with as I please! Aristocrat!"

"Ay, always the aristocrat."

"What shall I do with you?"

"Kill me. I have died many times since that night. To die once more, finally, will be nothing."

"And you do not fear me, Olga Mikailovna?"

"No. I am even sorry for you. If you torture me, if you kill me, it will not recall a single day. I am not my father; I am only his daughter."

"Brood of the damned!"

Anna Karlovna's fingers curled and the little boy on the cot shuddered. Was she going to pinch the beautiful lady who knew his mamma? He slid off the cot and quietly approached Olga, putting his cold little hand in hers confidently.

Tableau, with everything possible in the way of human explosion. Olga, weakened by the touch; Anna Karlovna, infuriated by the sight of it. The boy had never come to her like this. She reached for little Johnny, but Olga twisted him behind her,

(Continued on Page 138)

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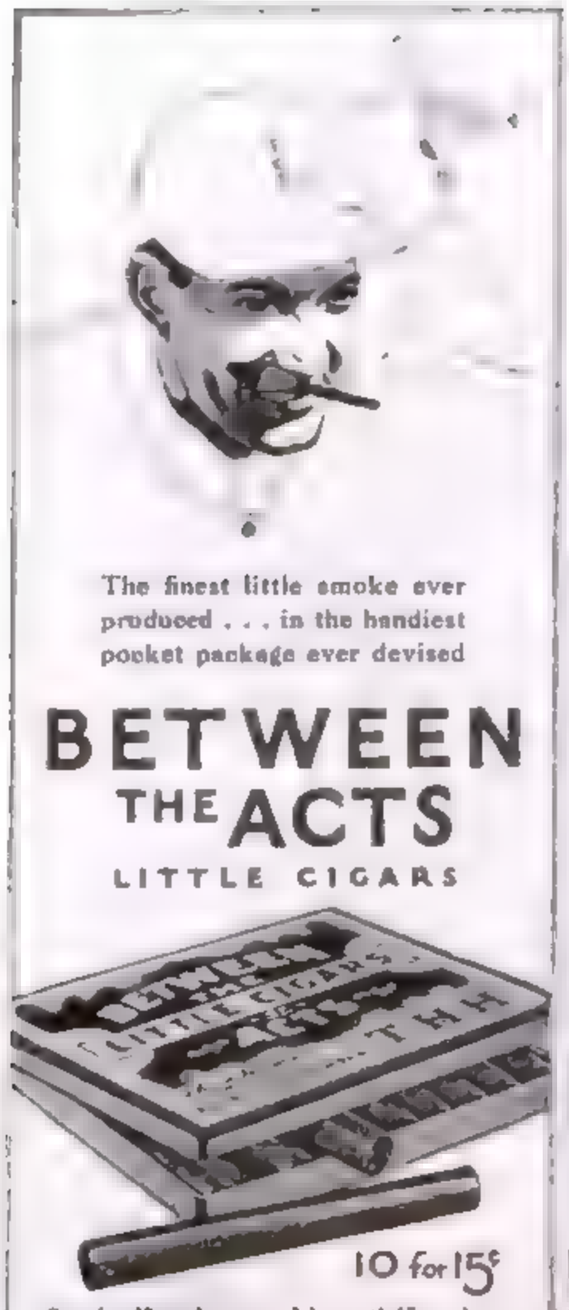

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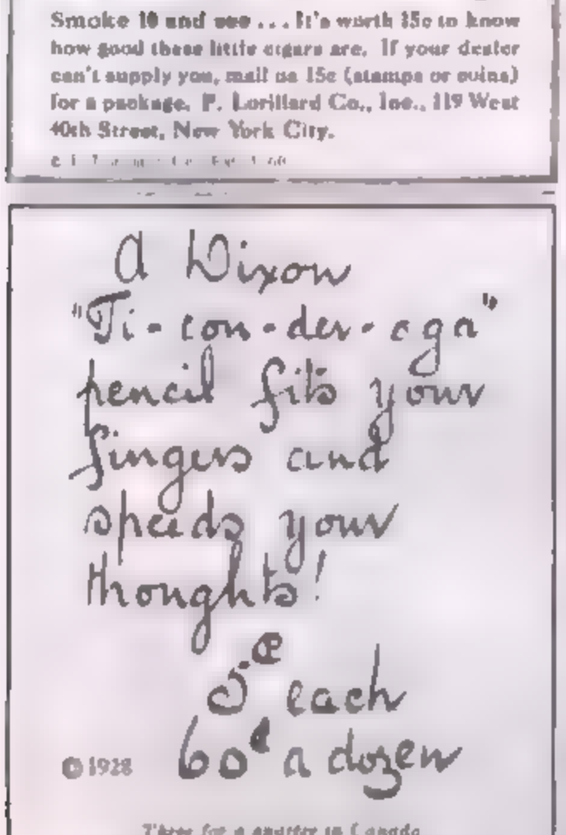

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(Continued from Page 136)

her weakness gone, as savage and primordial as the woman she faced.

"You shall not touch him!"

Anna Karlovna laughed madly. "Zinovieff, take the boy to my room. If I touch her I shall kill her, and I want something better than that."

Zinovieff found himself in some difficulty. Olga, with her free hand, struck him violently on the chest, sending him reeling. He had not recovered his balance before Olga had the boy—now thoroughly frightened—in her arms. She turned and rushed toward the window—to smash a pane and cry for help. She came very near succeeding. But Anna was a shade the quicker. She caught Olga by the arms with a grip which left bruises on Olga's flesh for days, stopped the flight and, with the assistance of Zinovieff, now recovered from the surprising blow and as fully alive as Anna to the danger which challenged them, threw Olga and her precious burden across the cot. They did not stop there. While the man held Olga down, Anna tore a pillowcase into strips and bound Olga's ankles, wrists and mouth.

"Now take the boy to my room," was Anna's rather breathless order. "That was narrow. If she had broken the window in the first place —— What are you waiting for?"

Zinovieff picked up the stunned little boy and carried him from the room. Anna Karlovna stood beside the cot and stared malevolently at Olga.

"Don't be afraid," she purred. "I shall not kill you. There will be a better way, but it has not come to me yet."

The trapped but unconquerable soul in the eyes flashing into hers warned the whilom peasant girl that here was one who feared death as little as she did. She put out the light and stepped into the chill hallway. As she locked the door she heard a burst of surprising sounds from below, where Malakoff the fiddler and Martinoff were on guard. A brattling, trampling noise, a cry or two, which caused her to rush to the stairhead.

Cutty, true to his promise, reached the terrace—the sidewalk—of the Café de la Paix at five o'clock. In his wanderings that day he had discovered nothing beyond the fact that he was really getting nowhere, nor, it would seem, were the police. The quick pulverizing assaults of the old days—for always the aggressor had the odds in his favor—were his no more—not in this game of hide and seek. The safety of the little grand duke had tied everybody's hands. No news from the *Préfecture* signified that the Karlovna woman was snugly hidden in some private house. The suspense might drag on for days.

Among the idlers gathered about the marble-topped tables there was no sign of Dick. So Cutty turned down the Avenue de l'Opéra, toward home. Probably Dick was running down a clew. They were to meet at the café only in case nothing turned up. Dick had fallen on to something. Good boy.

Which turned Cutty's speculations into another channel, intimate and poignant. Dick and Kitty—twenty-eight and thirty-two. Honest Dick; hemmed and hawed a little, then blurted out the truth. What an old fool he was, to believe that middle age could step in between youth—vital, glowing youth—Kitty and Dick.

He paused for a moment before the New York Herald bulletin. The baseball teams were at it again. Some young chap he had never heard of was golf champion. Dempsey still had the belt. Some young French woman was beating at tennis. Youth! There ought, in fairness, to be a line about some old fellows playing croquet or pitching quoits. He continued on down the avenue. Hurt, yes; but somehow it did not hurt as it had nearly thirty years ago, when Conover had carried off Molly. Rainbow ends and mirages—he still couldn't get the hang of that—it echoed and reëchoed to no purpose. A virile handsome man, with the air of a marshal of France in mufti, and many a feminine eye, roving, paused and followed him as his long stride took him on toward the Palais Royal. But if it were not the right feminine eye?

When at last he entered the Rue de Valois and espied the vigilant *Sûreté* man in the driving seat of his taxi, Cutty drew a breath of satisfaction, which was short-lived. The *Sûreté* man sprang from the cab and accosted him.

"Monsieur, we are very sorry."

"About what?" Cutty demanded, a thousand alarms ringing in his head.

"It is, monsieur, that my predecessor went into the restaurant for a pack of cigarettes. He had been on duty for three hours. It took him, in all, less than four minutes. It was during this absence "

But Cutty was already charging along to the apartment. Five minutes!. What could have happened in so small a space of time? He hammered on the apartment door thunderously.

A man's voice bellowed in French, "Who is there?"

"Cutty—K-2!" Garnier; he knew that voice. Garnier? "What has happened?" Cutty cried as the door opened and he plunged into the room.

"Sh!" warned Garnier. "I have given your Kitty a sleeping potion. I had to. Be quiet. Mademoiselle she is gone."

"Olga?"—with sinking heart.

Garnier nodded gravely. "Your Kitty tried to stop her, but she fought off Kitty, got out and locked the doors before Kuroki could get here from the kitchen. Kuroki telephoned for me. The man from the *Sûreté* had just gone into the restaurant for cigarettes. Minutes are dreadful things if they happen to be on the wrong side. I found this note on mademoiselle's pillow."

When Cutty finished reading it he sat down. Olga had taken Kitty's place, believing—brave girl!—that the man from the *Sûreté* would follow; to bring an end to this affair, even at the risk of her life. Olga, who would be recognized by the Karlovna woman instantly! It seemed to Cutty that something inside of him had twisted painfully out of shape and could not be righted. The note slipped from his hand, his eyes closed and his chin sank to his chest.

Garnier put a hand on the bowed shoulders comfortingly. The woman who loved him, and he might never know it. For they were dealing with a woman who was mad.

Cutty lifted his haggard face. "Where is Dick?"

"I do not know," said Garnier.

But Anna Karlovna, two hours later, knew where Richardson was—in the cellar of the brick house in the Rue de Meaux, if not dead, very near death.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Its old-fashioned format resembles a door mat,
A shake-up its make-up could use.
The four tiny pages no syndicate sages,
No rotos or photos allow,
But modestly, meekly, on Friday noon, weekly,
The old-home-town sheet makes its bow.

It shrieks not the courses of risqué divorces
Nor martyrs the doers of crimes.
But, leisurely mellow, is far from the yellow
And pandering prints of our times.
Ye ed smokes his pipe and he sets his own type and,
Indifferent to power and pelf,
With ink pots he messes and runs his own presses,
A Pooh Bah complete in himself.

The sheet's no crusader, reformer or raider;
No lances at dragons it pokes.
Ye ed, self-respecting, finds joy in reflecting
The lives of plain, neighborly folks.
I'm fed up on scandals, adventures of vandals,
On love nests and dove nests, et cet.
A wreath ever vernal bequeath I this journal
Fraternal - the Home Town Gazette!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

The Stamp Collector's Doom

"DO YOU remember, daddy,
The watch fires and the camps
When through the land stalked Battle's horrid specters,
And the Confederates issued
Provisional postage stamps
Which now are so sought after by collectors?"

"Aye, I remember, laddie,
The days of sixty-one,
The perforated green Jeff Davis issue,
And the dread days of darkness
Before the war was done,
When stamps were made from paper bags and tissue."

"Ah, you were happy, daddy,
In golden days gone by,
Ere life turned hard, ere men grew asaricious.
Then for a hundred dollars
Or so, a man could buy
The priceless penny issues of Mauritius!"

"Nay, you are luckier, laddie!
Fortune has used you well;
You saw a better war than ever I did -
Never a cabinet tottered,
Never exchange rates fell,
But a new postal issue was decided!"

Such is the conversation
That's bandied to and fro
Within the walls of that insane asylum
Where surely, soon or later,
All stamp collectors go,
For there their maddened kinsfolk domicile 'em.

—*Morris Bishop.*

A Colorful Catastrophe

DOWN in a meadow where streams converge
[Azure and purple and green and gray!]
And artist colonies meet and merge;
[Cobalt, vermilion and rose doré!]
Sat a winsome maid and her stalwart beau,
And a rivulet rippled along below,
With the hills for a background, comme il faut.
[Sketching's conducive to love, they say.]

Her little pastels were prissy and prim;
[Lavender, madder and mauve and blue!]
His rainbow rhapsodies sizzled with vim;
[You've noticed the wows that the ultras do?]
They were young and earnest and fair to see;
They fell in love, but they couldn't agree
On the colors to use when painting a tree.
[If your spectrum's false, can your heart be true?]

They argued and squabbled till love was slain;
[Raillery, ridicule, razz and roast!]
They parted with hatred and wrath and pain;
[Neither would yield, which annoyed them most.]
He married an heiress, in case he's sunk;
She opened a shoppe and sells tea and junk;
And neither is happy—ain't love the bunk?
[Chippendale, candles and cinnamon toast!]

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

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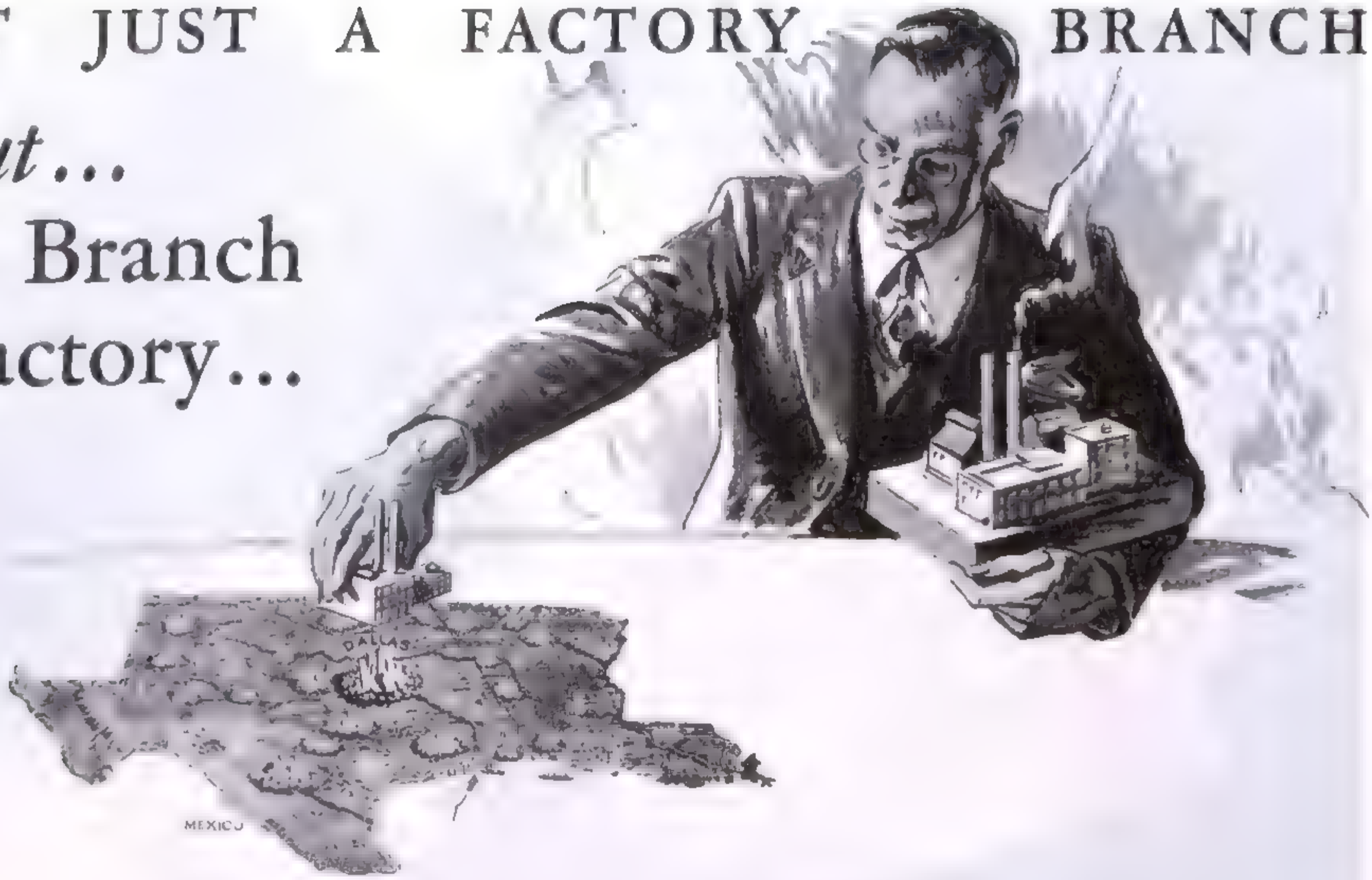

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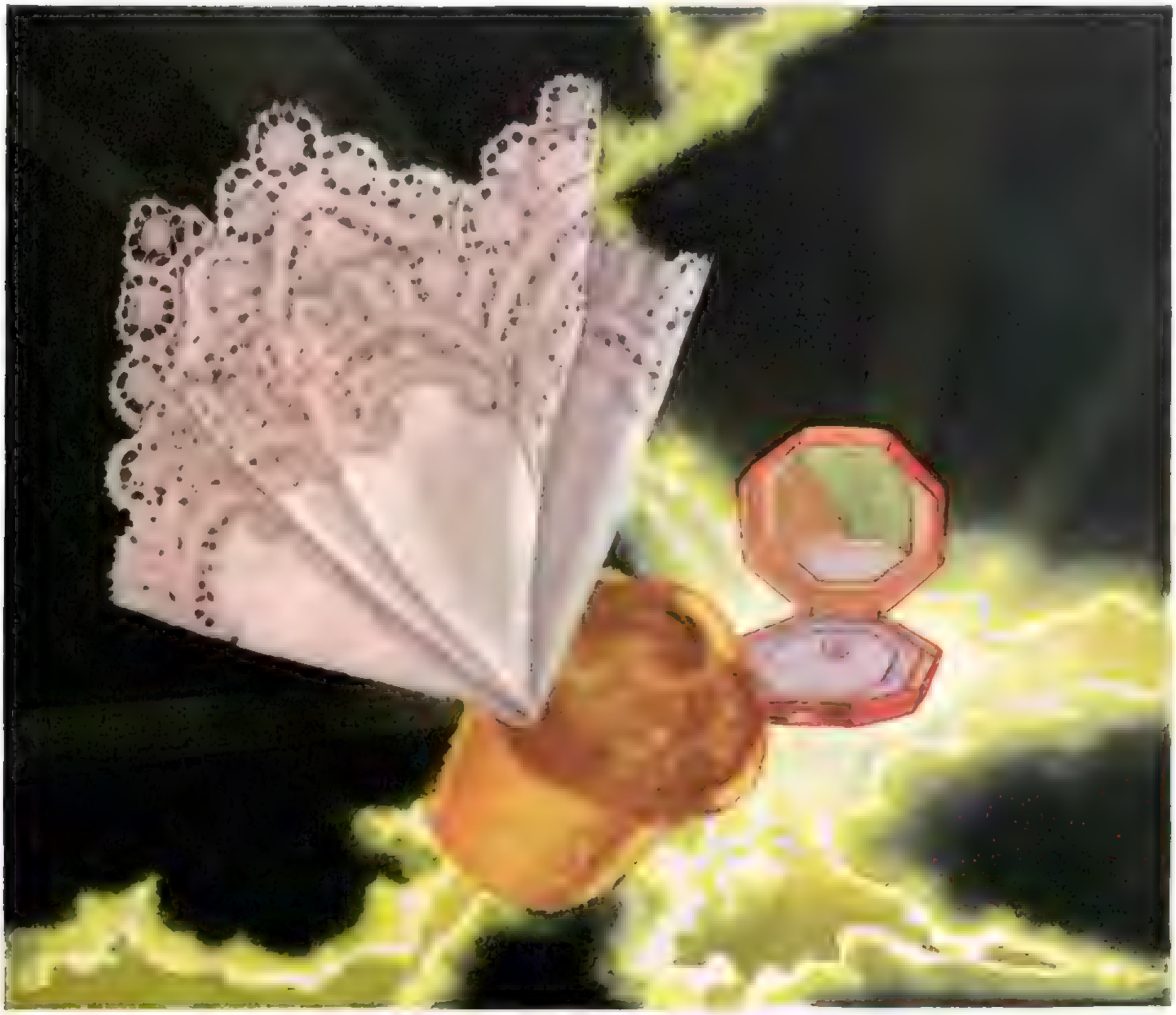

"MUFFINS FOR SUPPER!"

Even when she goes out into the kitchen to start supper she can't quite get the magazine story out of her mind.

It was almost as if it had been written just for her, today—about herself—and her husband. Perhaps it *was* true that every married couple must go through the same thing. Like that little quarrel that she and Jim had had at breakfast. Just a spat . . . nerves . . .

But it was so easy to say "Just nerves". So easy to let things drift until they found themselves

really apart. The wife in the story hadn't. *She* wasn't going to either. Why, Jim meant everything in the world to her. Nothing else *could* matter. It was so silly—ridiculous—to imagine . . .

And suddenly she wishes Jim were right there so she could tell him—in some way—how she feels. That their life together was too important to let *anything* spoil it.

He'd be coming home soon. Perhaps if she put on her rose-colored dress. And did her hair the way she used to . . . Yes, there was time . . . And for supper—why, *of course,* she'd make *muffins.* Jim did so love her muffins and they hadn't had any for weeks . . .

And presently there's a familiar step on the gravel path. And from the porch, Dorothy's ecstatic "Daddy" . . . And a mixing spoon clatters into the bowl. And before she knows it she's out at the front door, holding out her arms to be kissed and to tell her husband, a little breathlessly, that there are muffins for supper even before she asks him whether he's tired.

This little story about what happened in a certain home on McCall Street is based on a letter, written to us by one of our subscribers. It gave us a new thought about the privilege and the obligation of editing a great woman's magazine.

Fiction *is* important. But more important still is the fact that from McCall's fiction and its departments, the women who live on McCall Street are drawing inspiration for a way of living. This is the simplest explanation we know why McCall's adds, each month, new homes to its 2,300,000 circulation.

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

Still–That Schoolgirl Complexion

Youth retained by Nature's ways in skin care, means natural loveliness. These precious oils embodied in a beauty soap

THE art of keeping young—of staying beautiful—today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty.

No matter what the calendar may say, *youth* lies in a youthful skin—in a naturally lovely complexion that defies the touch of Time. That natural loveliness—that charm of youth retained—can only come from following Nature's rule.

Nature's great cosmetic beautifiers are the oils of the palm and olive trees. In their crude state they were prized by ancient beauties—today, scientifically blended, they are found in one soap only—Palmolive.

Only a pure beauty soap—to keep that schoolgirl complexion

The gentle cleansing oils soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

Nightly cleansing with the rich lather of this famous beauty soap—a soap made for one purpose only, the fostering of good complexions—is a sacred rule with millions. Fresh radiance, natural charm, result from its regular use, this way, each night.

Do this at least once daily

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish, but never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Illinois.

In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

Retail Price
10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

MIXED BAGS

Continued from Page 25

creek that flowed into the river at a point some five miles west of town, the favorite route being up the bottoms to the creek, up the course of the creek for a mile or more, then back through the hills. It was my intention to go well beyond that creek before commencing earnest operations.

Not so much as a fox squirrel was bagged in the timber, not a covey of quail or a cottontail flushed from the thickets or weed-grown openings, not a flock of ducks to be seen on the frozen snow-clad expanse of the river. A few long-range shots at wary crows constituted the only diversions. Like the reloading operations, I have now no recollection of shooting at crows on that particular morning, but it is quite certain that it occurred, for the reason that one always took long-range shots at crows during the course of that five-mile hike up the bottoms. It was an invariable feature of every trip. The crows were always there, quite accustomed to long-range bombardment by youths and sufficiently wise to remain well out of shotgun range.

I kept on for some three miles beyond that creek, disregarding the temptation of occasional rabbit tracks that crossed my route, then turned off into the hills to explore new territory. In the course of half an hour a rabbit track pointed in the general direction of my choice, so I followed it. A second joined in, and eventually there was something of a beaten trail. This led to a clearing at the outer edge of the timber, an expanse of perhaps twenty acres that had been cut over for cordwood, most of which had been hauled. A few remaining corded ricks presented a likeness of snow-roofed cabins.

Missed Shots

But what was much more to the point, the brush had been piled neatly and these brush heaps resembled a village of igloos, their rounded tops surmounted by a heavy blanket of unmarred snow. A network of rabbit trails led from one to another of these white mounds and small dark holes in the snow indicated the entrances and exits of the rabbit clan. In addition to the rabbit highway that I had followed to the spot, other arteries of travel entered the slashing from all directions.

I mounted to the top of the nearest mound of snow and jumped vigorously upon its crest. Two cottontails spurted forth and bounded along different trails. The roar of the old black-powder gun was followed by the billowing fog of smoke that was the usual accompaniment of that type of ammunition. When this had been dispelled, a cottontail was revealed upon the snow. The other was bouncing merrily across the far end of the clearing and it disappeared in the thicket of brush that flanked it. I marked down its point of departure for future reference, retrieved the fallen one, reloaded the gun and experimented upon another brush heap.

A single rabbit burst forth and was promptly missed. It sought shelter beneath another white-garbed mound. The shell—not an unusual occurrence with reloaded ammunition—refused to be extracted. This necessitated a hasty trip in search of a slender sapling that would serve as a ramrod. Two rabbits that had been bedded in the open took to their heels and bounced from the clearing while I was engaged in this operation.

When the shell had been tamped from the chamber and another inserted, the brush heap into which the missed rabbit had disappeared was trounced with strenuous feet. The cottontail declined to be dislodged. Suddenly another rabbit hopped into the open some fifty yards away and reared on its haunches as if to determine the cause of the commotion. A shot laid it low. The cartridge, too, swelled and stuck in the chamber. The ramrod had been retained and was brought into use.

The cottontail that had declined to be driven forth from its retreat by repeated jumping upon the top of its domicile and by the subsequent shot, as if alarmed by the tamping clicks of the ramrod upon the recalcitrant shell, now darted forth in company with another. While endeavoring to mark down the route of both, I managed to lose sight of both and was uncertain whether they had left the clearing or had sought shelter beneath other mounds of brush. This would not do. Already more cottontails had been flushed in a half acre than fell to my usual lot in a day's hunting, and but two had been bagged.

Hastily selecting a few shells that seemed to be less afflicted with bulging centers, I tried them in the gun. Those that slipped easily in and out of the chamber were transferred to one pocket, segregated from the others, in the hope that this same freedom of extraction would prevail after firing. Then the hunt was resumed.

For the next half hour that little slashing with its igloo village of snow-buried brush piles resounded to the thunderous roar of black powder. Rabbits spurted everywhere as my feet stamped upon the brush piles and shook them to the bottoms. Some were missed and many were hit. Most of the survivors left the clearing, but some took refuge beneath adjacent brush heaps, from which they were promptly ousted for another shot. Also there were numerous occasions when operations were slowed up by shells that swelled in the chamber and necessitated a hasty application of the ramrod. It is impossible at this late date to recall the exact number of cottontails that were bagged, but it was somewhere round fifteen—about a capacity load for one of my then dimensions. No further hunting was indulged in and my footsteps turned homeward.

That day fixed in my mind the desirability of rambling sufficiently far afield to get outside the limits of the rather fixed radius that was subject to continual hunting operations by the boys of the neighborhood. Pursuant to that idea, I struck out before dawn one Saturday morning for a point well up the course of the creek that emptied into the river five miles west of town, striking it some three miles back from the river. On this occasion I was accompanied by a companion armed with a .22 rifle. Our cross-country skirmish had resulted in a bag of three cottontails. While crossing through a cornfield, just before reaching the timber of the creek bottoms, the tracks of quail showed on the surface of the snow.

Tracking quail, no doubt, is a new wrinkle in the experience of most hunters of America's favorite game bird, but among the youth of my early acquaintance it was a common practice when the snow was on and it is a very simple matter. A quail does not travel any considerable distance as a rule, and when one is tracked in the snow the trail ends soon where the bird has taken wing, or it leads to the spot where it has taken shelter for the day, usually in company with the other members of its particular covey. This single quail track soon joined that of others. The snow was literally tracked up with quail sign as we approached the thicket that reposed between the cornfield and the timber.

A single flushed from the edge of it and at the blast of the black-powder shell there was a roar of wings. The air seemed full of winged projectiles. The dead bird was retrieved and we started on in hot pursuit of the others that had pitched down to the brush a hundred yards or more ahead, only to flush another bunch within a few yards. There were too many quail in the air at once and I scored a clean miss. The shell stuck, while singles, doubles and triples continued to rise on all sides.

Some thirty or more quail flushed stragglingly from the immediate vicinity and we could see others running across the snow while I worked feverishly at the base of that shell with a pocket knife without budging it. I was almost reduced to tears of rage by the time my companion had succeeded in cutting a sapling to serve as a ramrod.

It proved too large for the barrel and we were forced to select another, our minds harassed by the fear that the quail would escape us. No doubt it was such harrowing experiences in early life that preserved me from too violent attacks of buck fever later on.

That was one grand swarm of quail. Several coveys had combined and there must have been close to a hundred. That narrow strip of brush, much of it clogged with windblown weeds, extended for half a mile between cornfield and timber. We had progressed less than fifty yards when a single flushed, to be promptly missed. That occurrence was repeated within a few yards and again just beyond that point, much to the disgust of my companion.

A Montana Fur Trapper's Hut and Horse

Trespassers

As I was rather deadly on cottontails, he considered me quite a game getter, but his faith was sorely tried. For two hours we flushed quail, tracking down singles after the big coveys had been scattered. I must have fired more than twenty shots and my ammunition was two-thirds exhausted, when a farmer put in an appearance on a saddle horse and halted proceedings.

At first disposed to be irate, when he observed the diminutive size of the transgressors and had examined our armament, he laughed. His place was posted—very unusual then—and we had crossed through between no-trespass signs. He really had no objection to people hunting over his land for game other than quail, he explained, but had discovered from sad experience that the temptation was too great for the hunters, many of whom had violated this injunction after obtaining his permission to hunt rabbits. Could we be trusted to respect his wishes in the matter of the quail if he permitted us to hunt for other game? We eagerly assured him that we were the most trustworthy of mortals.

Rabbit tracks were everywhere and we had slain several during our harrying of the quail. The leafless trees of the creek bottom—hickory, walnut, hackberry, sycamore, elm, oak, maple and cottonwood—had revealed literally scores of the big leaf nests of fox squirrels. Yes, we would promise not to molest the quail. He gave us permission to hunt whenever we pleased if we would call first at the house and make known our purpose so that the sound of

(Continued on Page 145)

The New NASH "400"
a quality car throughout-depends upon Auto-Lite performance

For nearly a score of years Auto-Lite has maintained highest standards of excellence in engineering, materials and workmanship in building automotive electrical units. Auto-Lite was chosen for the powerful "Twin Ignition," 12 spark plug, high compression motor in the new Nash "400." Another demonstration of confidence in the absolute dependability of Auto-Lite units that has inspired leading motor car manufacturers to equip their cars with Auto-Lite . . . . . Today millions of motorists touch the Auto-Lite button, confident of quick action—reliable performance. Motorists realize that Auto-Lite on a motor car is an indication that the manufacturer has used quality materials throughout . . . THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY . . OFFICE AND WORKS: TOLEDO, OHIO . . . . *Also Makers of Dé Jon.*

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(Continued from Page 143)

firing would not cause him an unnecessary trip to evict strange hunters. No doubt his permission was accorded not so much from any profound faith in our assurances as by the fact that we exhibited but five dead quail as the net result of the sustained bombardment that had summoned him to the spot. This probably convinced him that even should we violate injunctions, our activities would not result in any serious inroads upon his quail.

At the time, I fancied myself as a trapper, though it must be confessed that I was more industrious than successful at it. His land was chiefly pasture, extending well up into the hills at the head of the creek, and he assured me that fur was plentiful and that I could trap at will.

After his departure we turned our attention to the timber in search of fox squirrels. The day was bright and warm despite the heavy layer of snow, and a few fox squirrels were out enjoying the sunshine. These big red fellows retire to hollows high in the trees or to their big leaf nests in cold weather. Tracks revealed the fact that squirrels had been abroad, descending to the snow and crossing it for brief distances to ascend other trees. A litter on the snow testified to the fact that a squirrel had been engaged in shelling acorns in the oak above.

Presently there was a flash of red high in a tree ahead, the whisk of a tail. There was no sign of the creature when we reached the tree. I circled it cautiously, knowing that the squirrel would move round to the opposite side. This is a characteristic trait of the fox squirrel, one that does not seem to be so commonly practiced by others of the tribe. I have seen the little pine or red squirrels from near the Arctic Circle in Alaska to the mountains of Wyoming, the big Maltese and black squirrels of Colorado, the Douglas squirrel of California, the rare and flashy Kaibab squirrel and its relative, the Abert, of Arizona, and they seldom seem inclined to flatten upon a limb and remain motionless until danger has passed, or to remain clinging to the off side of a trunk, high up, and move furtively round it to keep on the side opposite the hunter. The fox squirrel, however, resorted to such maneuvers very frequently.

As I circled, the squirrel moved round within sight of my companion, who had stationed himself behind a near-by tree, and he dropped it with a well-aimed shot from the little rifle. Not another squirrel appeared in the open, but there were other ways. As we advanced through the timber my friend fired a .22 bullet through each one of the big leaf nests that we encountered. The first few shots produced no results. Then a great commotion followed the flight of the tiny projectile as a punctured fox squirrel flounced round in the heart of the nest, fought clear of the leaves and fell to the snow.

In the Wrong Nest

There were a few more empty nests, then an unhit squirrel flashed from a nest through which a bullet had passed and leaped into flight through the tree tops. Following him over the barrel of the shotgun, I laid him low. Out of perhaps another twenty-five nest shots my hunting partner bagged three more squirrels.

When a .22 bullet passes through an unoccupied nest it makes but little sound, differing materially from the solid plunk that results when the tiny missile finds a squirrel at home. A squirrel is seldom struck in such fashion that his subsequent reflex struggles fail to free him from the nest. Occasionally a solidly constructed and thoroughly water-soaked nest would give off the same solid plunk when the little bullet collided with it, resulting in a climb in the hope that it contained a squirrel that had been hit too hard to struggle.

We drew beneath a big nest in an elm that supported a mass of wild grape vines. The little .22 pellet plunked solidly, singing of another kill, followed by a violent threshing, during the course of which it seemed that the nest would be completely disrupted. Then a big opossum plunged down to the snow. Within fifty yards this occurrence was duplicated.

Out of all the thousands of squirrels' nests that were bombarded by the .22's of myself and early associates, I know of but one other instance of an opossum being shot from a squirrel nest, and I chanced to witness that occurrence also. It fell to the lot of a very small boy who was so much a novice that it required three shots from his little rifle before he hit the nest with such gratifying results.

The squirrels fashioned a new crop of nests every summer when the leaves were on, and in the stretch of bottom-land timber along the river previously referred to as a favorite hunting ground, it is doubtful if any one of each year's crop failed to receive a half dozen bullets during the first month of the hunting season. By spring they were literally shot to pieces. Naturally, plugging squirrel nests in that area was not very productive. Perhaps, too, the squirrels, as the result of long experience, domiciled themselves in hollow trees and used the nests but little after the hunting season began. Probably the squirrels of that stretch of timber along the creek had not been subjected to this nest-shooting practice. Certain it is that this, my first gala day of squirrel shooting, produced results that I have never since seen equaled in nest shooting.

Trailing Prairie Chickens

We followed that timber to where it played out in the hills at the head of that stream and succeeded in bagging close to a dozen fox squirrels in addition to the two opossums and a few additional rabbits. Two-thirds of the squirrels had fallen victim to the little rifle of my companion. His last half dozen shots were nonproductive. Shotgun ammunition was much too expensive to be utilized in such fashion and it was seldom expended on squirrel nests. But after my friend's success with the rifle, there were still a few nests to be attended to and no rifle ammunition was available, so I was tempted to expend the last of my own shells upon nests, saving only two shells, which was soon to occasion regret.

The hills of the adjacent pasture lands were rugged, decorated with ledges and outcroppings of limestone and studded with patches of buckbrush, sumac and other such cover. It was out there—which we soon discovered upon striking across them in a direct line for town—that the cottontail clan held forth in numbers. My remaining two cartridges would have been expended save for the fact that before jumping a rabbit we struck a trail that was of far greater interest to us—the tracks left in the snow by a covey of perhaps a dozen prairie chickens.

I have tracked quail not once but on scores of occasions, though one seldom associates tracking with bird hunting, but that is the only experience of tracking prairie chickens that I can recall. Chickens had become extremely rare thereabouts and one had never fallen to my lot up to that time. We tracked that covey of chickens for round half a mile across that pasture, refraining from shooting at the many cottontails that we jumped en route.

It was getting on toward evening and the rabbits were beginning to come out and hop about. Possibly the chickens had started walking in search of their evening meal, or perhaps the bombardment over in the timbered bottoms had occasioned them sufficient uneasiness to cause them to walk in the opposite direction during the day. In any event their trail led on and we passed up all rabbits. They had become small game. Nobler prey was in prospect. We approached an old stone wall flanked on either side by brush. When within twenty yards of it the chickens flushed with a roar and one collapsed at my shot and we watched the flock speed on—swift whirring of wings and sail, swift whirring and sail—until they passed out of sight.

The next time you see a worn spot remember this

Koverflor; unretouched photo micrograph. Note flawless super-sealed surface.

Super-seal the surface and you stop floor wear. It's the easiest way to make floors waterproof, greaseproof and practically wearproof

Ordinary floor paint; unretouched photo micrograph. Note imperfection.

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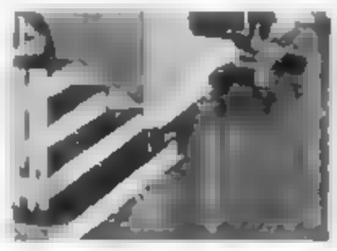
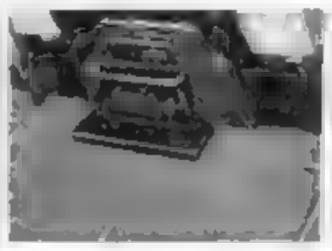
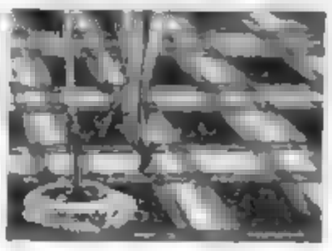


At points of hardest wear: doorways, porches, stairs



Good-bye dusty cellars: puffy clean now



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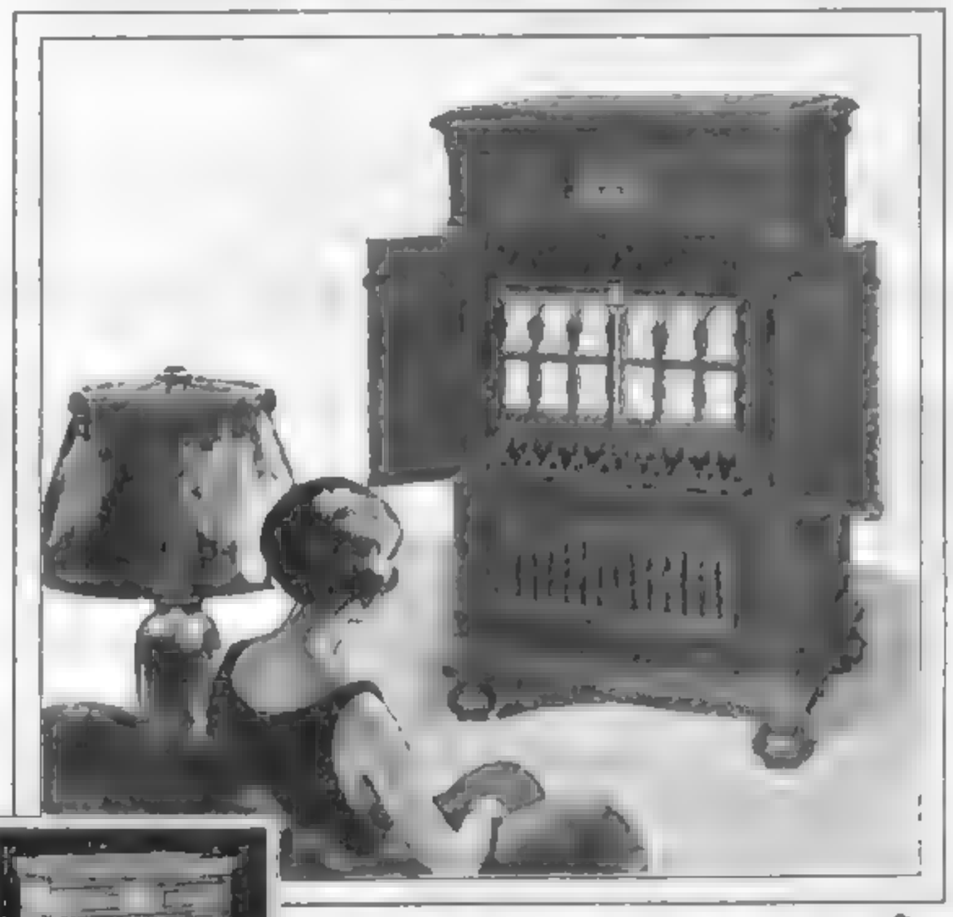
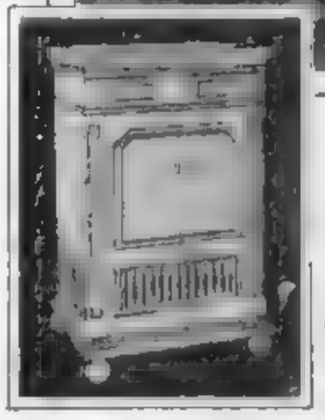
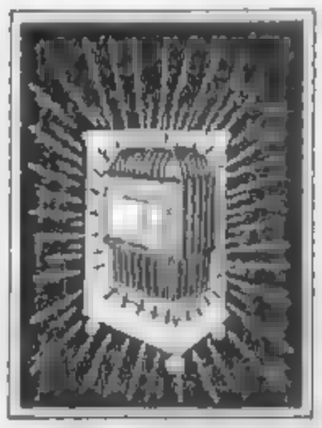




With its classic design and walnut, porcelain enamel finish, the ALLEN resembles a piece of beautiful period furniture.



Heating unit exposed to show heat radiating fins.

An interesting, historical sketch on the subject of "Heat." Free on request.

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Happy traditions of the old-fashioned fireplace are linked with the modern idea of home comfort in this newest heating system. Because of its patented design, ALLEN'S provides the glow and cheer of an open fire, but with the heating efficiency of a basement furnace. By circulating large volumes of moist, warm air, ALLEN'S heats the whole house in coldest weather. It is quickly installed and easily operated. Thousands giving satisfaction in homes, churches, schools and stores.

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Increased heating capacity is provided by means of heat radiating fins which are built into the heating unit. ALLEN'S burns any kind of fuel and saves from 25% to 50%. Also made in special gas-burning model. Ask the nearest ALLEN Dealer for a demonstration and the names of nearby users.

ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Stove Specialists for a Quarter Century
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

It was more than a year before I set eyes on another prairie chicken.

It was a long period before that day's hunt was equaled, in either variety or quantity, by any youthful Nimrods of my acquaintance, including myself.

Previous to my entrance into that snow-clad slashing where cottontails jumped faster than I could shoot, and the subsequent experience with that swarm of quail, reloaded shells that swelled and stuck in the chamber had not seemed anything of a handicap. With a single-barrel shotgun, either one scored on the first fire or the game escaped before it could be reloaded, so it made little difference if the shell should stick and require the expenditure of some time in its removal. Those two occasions, however, made factory-loaded ammunition that would work smoothly and without delay seem doubly desirable.

We peddled a sufficient portion of our day's bag to provide the funds for ammunition and in this manner I fell heir to several boxes of factory-loaded shells.

The scene of that day's hunt became a favorite haunt of mine. The owner had not exaggerated when he informed me that fur was plentiful. During a subsequent winter my traps yielded more than twenty big prairie skunks and numerous opossums and civets, or little spotted skunks, for the limestone ledges were honeycombed with small holes that afforded ideal retreats for fur bearers.

My favorite companion was a dog of doubtful antecedents that I fondly imagined was a hound. Some of the older boys of the neighborhood possessed hounds which they used for coon hunting of autumn nights. After one disastrous experience, my alleged hound was sternly tabooed from all such excursions, though I was permitted to be among those present at the hunts with the provision that my dog should be firmly locked up elsewhere—elsewhere consisting of a shed on the premises. He was possessed of a wonderful voice, and on such occasions he uplifted it in sustained lament that added to my unpopularity for blocks around.

On my next trip to the new-found mecca, this dog was my sole companion. I was always firmly convinced that he would turn out all right, and on this occasion he came more nearly vindicating my belief in his potentialities than at any other point in his career.

Playing Tag With Cottontails

He was an ardent and enthusiastic hunter. Whenever we went afield he knew that hunting was the order of the day and he hunted passionately, everything from snowbirds up. Looking back, it is evident that he saved the life of much game by chasing it beyond shotgun range, or even rifle range, but at the time I was convinced that he was a great help. At least he was a most jovial and satisfactory companion.

I had scarcely entered the confines of those upland pastures when the dog picked up a rabbit track in the snow and was off at right angles in full cry. I hastened to the top of a lofty knob from which I could look down through the tops of the brush on its flanks. The only reason that the suspected hound failed to chase that cottontail clear out of the country was the fact that rabbits were so numerous that he could not follow the trail of one for any distance without jumping others. He was absolutely impartial in such matters and always hotly pursued the nearest bunny.

He was soon pouring back in my direction, and a rabbit, perhaps two hundred yards ahead of him, came bouncing along through the brush below my stand and a shot left it stretched on the snow. The dog usually rallied to the sound of a black-powder explosion in an effort to be first at the kill and engage in an effort to devour the result. But on this occasion rabbits popped up before him and swayed him from any such purpose. He was off after another and presently returned, hot upon the heels of a third. This one also cruised below me on the far flank of the knob and a shot accounted for it.

That dog put in a most delirious hour. My stand afforded a magnificent view and a running cottontail was discernible against the snow for a considerable distance. Always, when watching one, there was the tense hope that it would come my way and pass within range. There were tense moments when three or four rabbits were within sight at the same time. From that one point of vantage I shot about a dozen cottontails

The dog had transferred his activities to another area by that time. Gathering the slain, I made tracks for another high knob a half mile away. The cream of the shooting had been harried to cover or to distant parts before my arrival on the scene, so the bag was not so good. A few cottontails were bagged, nevertheless, at that point and on some subsequent stands, so the long walk home through the snow after nightfall found me struggling under a burden of game almost too weighty for my powers.

A Combination Dog

That flock of prairie chickens persisted in my thoughts, and there was always the entrancing prospect that they might be flushed again somewhere in those pastures. Another youth in my neighborhood was the proud owner of a dog which, he contended, was a bird dog. His faith was about as well-founded as my belief that my own dog was a hound. His canine was part setter, as mine was part hound. But there had been a slip-up somewhere in his immediate family tree. It seems that there must have been a trace both of hound and greyhound in his make-up as well, for he would, on occasion, follow a trail, and he was an ardent courser.

If only one could have predicted just which strain would be uppermost at any given time, all would have been well, but his moods were erratic. I have known him to point a sparrow and hold it well, then charge a covey of quail, scatter them and gayly rout the singles, all before we could attain to within reasonable rifle range, much less draw within the limited range of a scatter gun. His impartiality and his talents exceeded even those of my own esteemed canine, for I have known him to tree squirrels.

It seemed plausible that his dog, with his varied accomplishments and his ability to stir up anything from a ground squirrel to a coyote, should prove a great addition in locating that elusive covey of prairie chickens, so I roped his owner into a Saturday hunt for them. We scanned those pastures for miles. The dog pointed some rabbits nicely and we bagged them. Others he coursed, his greyhound blood uppermost. At times, too, he coursed meadow larks and other birds for so long as he could keep them in sight.

Occasionally, his hound blood coming to the boil, he followed a trail with eager yelps. We found no chickens.

Those birds apparently had set sail for parts unknown, never to return. But the hunt was more or less successful and we gathered a couple of squirrels and a nice bunch of rabbits.

During the day the dog made a point and we hastened to the spot, our hopes centered on chickens. There was a small patch of marshy ground near a sidehill spring whose waters had freed a small area of snow. We might have suspected the dog of increasing the scope of his activities and pointing a frog—since we hunted bullfrogs of summers—except that a lone jacksnipe flushed from the spot. Both of us fired and down came the snipe. A jacksnipe was no novelty to either of us, and in all likelihood the bagging of this one would not now stand out in memory save for the fact that one does not hunt jacksnipe when there is a foot or more of snow on the ground. Those pastures were graced by many a sidehill seep whose waters did not freeze over, and this one snipe had remained behind, perhaps

Continued on Page 149

Why they come to Louisville

IN six years and without spending a dollar for national advertising, Louisville has added to its payrolls more industrial workers *than any other city east of the Mississippi.* In six years Louisville's industrial output *has doubled.*

In six years the population of Louisville (latest estimate over 320,000) *showed a larger percentage of gain than any city of approximate size.*

And Louisville is still growing — *growing as much each year as it did in the entire ten-year period of the last census. Why?*

The Reasons Are Obvious

Louisville's steady industrial advance reveals no mushroom characteristics. American industry is simply discovering that Louisville combines to an exceptional degree *all* the essentials for efficient, low-cost production and distribution for *all* branches of manufacture.

Market Center of America

Virtually the center of population, Louisville is the focal point of *all* market centers east of the Rockies . . . Within a radius of 500 miles, 47% of the population of this great eastern area; 41.5% of its taxable incomes—within a radius of 1000 miles, all its principal markets.

Abundant power from the largest automatically-controlled hydro plant in the world . . . *Coal, oil, timber* and a wide variety of raw materials in outlying districts . . . *Contented, willing labor* (97.3% native-born) . . . Low-cost plant sites with five-year exemption from city taxes . . . Fast, economical transportation over eight major rail systems, river packets and interurbans.

Midway between Boston and Denver; on the very threshold of the rich, growing South—yet nearer Canada than it is to Memphis

To Far-Sighted Manufacturers

Send for a copy of the newly-published book, "LOUISVILLE, Center of American Markets." In it you will find convincing, unembellished facts about Louisville and its rare combination of advantages for plant, branch plant or warehouse. A specific survey, pertinent to your individual requirements, will be made in confidence and without obligation. *Address* Louisville Industrial Foundation, Incorporated, 300 Columbia Building, Louisville, Ky.

* * *

—and a Wonderful Place to Live

To those who feel that life is not all business and that business is not everything in life, the genuine hospitality of Louisville people will be a refreshing revelation . . . Golf in America's most beautiful civic natural parks . . . Riding . . . Boating . . . Clubs . . . Fifteen minutes, *in your own car,* from office to home and the hills.

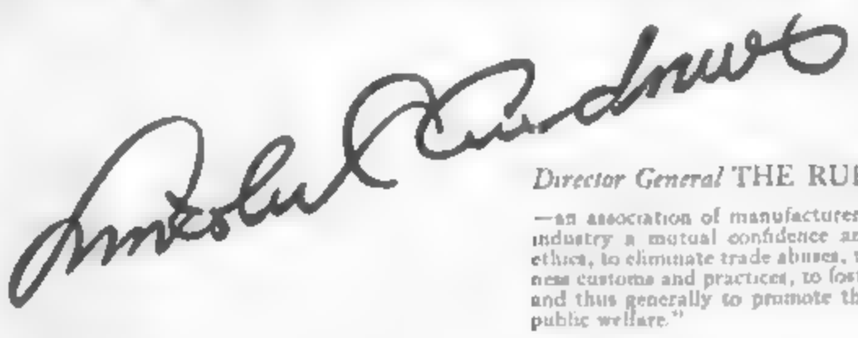
LOUISVILLE

CENTER OF AMERICAN MARKETS

STANDARD WARRANTY FOR PNEUMATIC CASINGS AND TUBES

"Every pneumatic tire of our manufacture bearing our name and serial number is warranted by us against defects in material and workmanship during the life of the tire to the extent that if any tire fails because of such defect, we will either repair the tire or make a reasonable allowance on the purchase of a new tire."

This broad warranty against tire defects, unlimited as to mileage or time, is the most constructive guarantee of service ever offered the public.



Director General THE RUBBER INSTITUTE, *Inc.*

—an association of manufacturers organized "to promote in the industry a mutual confidence and a high standard of business ethics, to eliminate trade abuses, to promote sound economic business customs and practices, to foster wholesome competition . . . and thus generally to promote the service of the industry to the public welfare."

The tire industry has taken great steps forward in the past decade.

Tire quality has been improved immeasurably; tire prices have been reduced to the lowest levels in history.

And now the industry has taken another great forward step . . . *the manufacturers of 95% of the tires made in the United States guarantee tires bearing their names and serial numbers against defects for the life of the tire.*

What an improvement this is over the old days of the now outworn "definite mileage guarantee."

The era of the mileage guarantee came to an end when users realized that good tires are made of rubber and cotton—not printed promises.

They discovered that "there are no miles in a bottle of ink."

They discovered that you cannot put mileage into tires by written guarantees—it must be built in. No mileage guarantee will hold the tread to the carcass:—nothing but craftsmanship does that.

They discovered that no mileage guarantee will toughen the rubber or strengthen the cotton cord:—only the know-how of experienced tire builders does that.

They discovered that no mileage guarantee will extend the life of a tire to its utmost capacity:—only good driving and care for your tires do that.

On the other hand, car owners found that the definite mileage guarantee had these failings—

It benefited the driver who misused his tires and misrepresented his mileage, at the cost of the honest and careful driver who did not abuse his tires, and who was truthful in stating his mileage, or honest in admitting he did not know his mileage.

It put a premium upon heedless driving by removing the penalty for traveling with tires underinflated or wheels out of line.

Its cost was a buried expense that bore on the tire user without adding any commensurate value.

The first year following the elimination of the definite mileage guarantee, over thirteen million dollars was saved by doing away with adjustments against neglect and abuse of the careless driver, and was put back into the product *for the benefit of all drivers alike.*

The industry simply converted non-productive cost into good sound rubber and cotton. Every user benefited equally; tire prices came down; tire quality went up. *Today the American tire user is enjoying the lowest-cost tire miles in the history of the world.*

The high quality of present day tires has made possible the prevailing standard tire warranty, extending over the life of the tire—*the broadest and most constructive guarantee of service that can be written*—a declaration that enables the manufacturers of over 95% of the production in the country to stand squarely behind the quality and serviceability of their products, as they wish to stand.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
THE BADGER RUBBER WORKS
THE BRUNSWICK TIRE CORP
THE COLUMBUS TIRE & RUBBER CO.
COMBINATION RUBBER MFG. CO.
THE COOPER CORPORATION
CORDUROY TIRE COMPANY OF MICHIGAN
THE DENMAN CORD TIRE CO.
THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO., INC.
DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
EMPIRE TIRE & RUBBER CORP. OF N. J.
THE FALLS RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
THE FEDERAL RUBBER CO.
FIDELITY TIRE & RUBBER CO.
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
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THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.
THE GIANT TIRE & RUBBER CO.
THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
HAMILTON RUBBER MFG. COMPANY
HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
INDIA TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY
LAMBERT TIRE & RUBBER CO.
LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
LEVIATHAN TIRE & RUBBER CO.
THE M & M MFG. CO.
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MARATHON RUBBER CO., INC.
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MURRAY RUBBER COMPANY
THE NORTHERN RUBBER COMPANY
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OVERMAN CUSHION TIRE CO., INC.
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SAMSON TIRE & RUBBER CORP.
THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
STANDARD FOUR TIRE COMPANY
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Members of THE RUBBER INSTITUTE, Inc.

(Continued from Page 146)

slightly wounded, two months after his fellows had migrated on into the South, and had found life livable round the open spring bogs.

There was one other instance when my dog vindicated my faith in him. Jack rabbits were almost as rare as prairie chickens in those parts, and there was an unwritten agreement among young hunters of our neighborhood that no jack rabbit was to be shot. One of our number never hunted with a gun, but he possessed the only really good dogs to be found among us—a fact that may be stated now without danger of contradiction, though a subject for debate at the time. One of his dogs was a well-trained hound with which he hunted for coon, opossum and other fur-bearing varmints at night. Also, he owned two greyhounds that were swift and sure, and by day he scoured the countryside in search of jack rabbits. Shooting meant nothing to him, but the baying of a trail hound on a hot track at night or the sight of his two speedsters flashing in pursuit of a big prairie hare was to him the ultimate in thrills.

Jacks were so scarce that on many an occasion we resorted to the more open country and plodded from dawn till dark without jumping one. On such excursions my dog could do but little harm, so we took him along.

One morning we started out for a long hunt. While tramping along a country road less than a mile from town, with many more to go before we should reach a region favorable for jack rabbits, my hound suddenly gave tongue at the edge of the road and bawled lustily off across a field on some track, with the two greyhounds romping gayly along. Our shouts of protest proved unavailing.

Suddenly our cries were transformed into high-pitched yelps of encouragement, for some fifty yards ahead of the bawling hound a long-eared jack bounced from its bed and the two greyhounds flashed into immediate pursuit. That chase lasted more than two miles, as the jack passed through various strips of cover where the pursuers lost sight of him temporarily. Before it was ended and the dogs picked up the jack, both pursuers and quarry were run down to a point bordering on exhaustion. Thereafter we always took my alleged hound on all jack-hunting excursions, but he failed to duplicate the performance.

BIGGER AND BETTER SLAMS

(Continued from Page 19)

walk like Mr. Lenz. Your very best efforts, please."

It has come to be as much a part of a debutante's training that she learn how to play a good game of bridge as it is that she know how to enter a drawing-room. In New York are several teachers who specialize in such instruction and receive fat fees for it.

Though primarily taken up by fashionable society, a circumstance which helped to give it its vogue, the game has never enjoyed social prestige in exactly the same degree it now does. The difference is that where it used to be popular merely as a plaything of fashion, this phase of it has long since been forgotten in the intensity of its hold on those who have become acquainted with its fascinations.

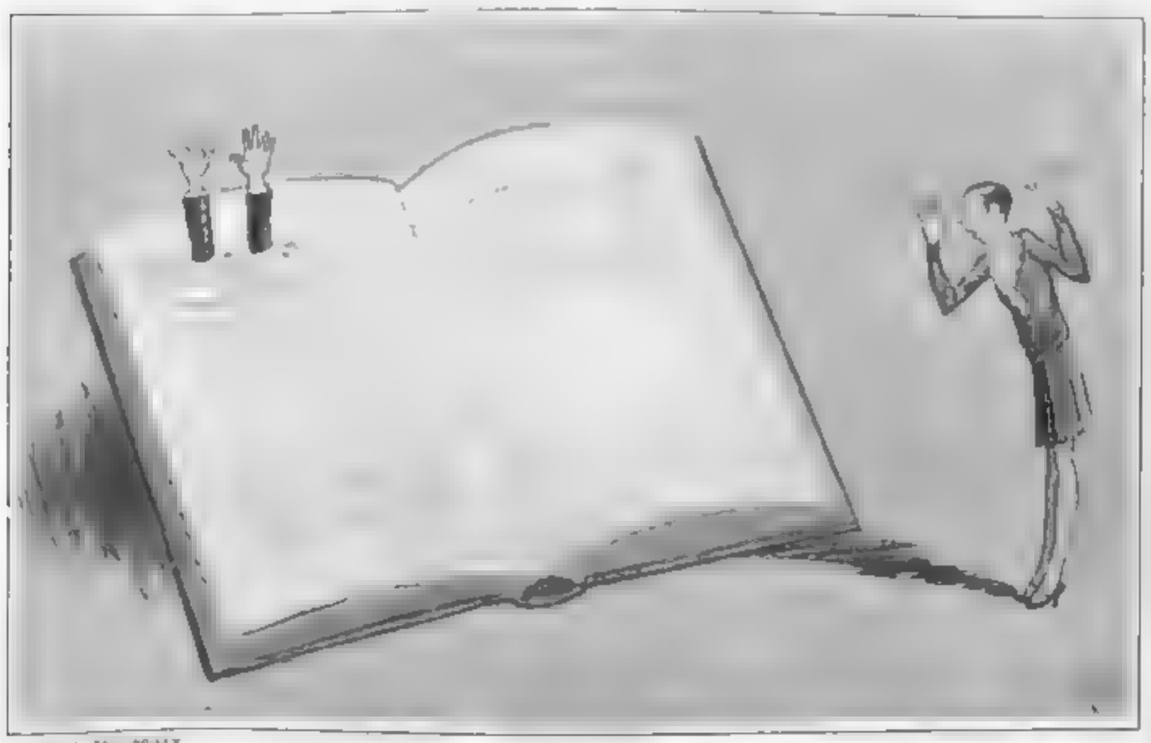
One of the charms of bridge in its regenerated form is its freedom from class distinction. You will find it played everywhere, but you will also find it in greatest favor among persons who are intellectually capable of working out the new problems which are presented in practically every deal of the cards. Because of the premium it places on the exercise of sound judgment and analytical study, and because of the complete mental relaxation it offers and the stimulus it gives to the operation of the mind, bridge more closely approximates the ideal card game than any diversion of its kind ever devised. If this truth is disturbing to old-timers who have always regarded poker as almost as much of an American institution as baseball and the Constitution, there may be a modicum of comfort in the fact that bridge, although of foreign birth, has grown to its present dimensions largely through the support we have given it.

Bridge by radio has some strange side lights. The broadcasting of these games began on October 27, 1925, in purely an experimental way. It was not known whether the listening-in public of this country had yet become sufficiently interested in auction to tune in on a period devoted to a description of auction played by the leading experts and subsequent comment by Mr. Work or Mr. Whitehead, or both, on the reasons for the bidding and the play of the cards.

The more enthusiastic followers of the game were certain the people of the country would welcome these direct lessons; the more pessimistic predicted that it would merely be irritating to nonplayers to have the air cluttered up with a lot of meaningless talk on a subject toward which they were entirely cold.

The optimists won. After a two-year trial, interest in the radio games had grown to such an extent that seventy-eight stations were sending them out last year.

The common practice of the radio-bridge fans is to lay out the hands and play them at the moment the leads are announced on the air. This has resulted in a situation unique in the history of mankind—that of a great host of persons



Almost Any Book. "Is it Deep, Elwell?" "It's Over My Head!"

POOLEY

Proportions, carving, inlays and finish make this a most attractive cabinet with unique values in utility, durability and economy. Note the generous spaces for writing materials. Detailed description and specifications are given in the catalog—send for it.

Model 7400—Radio-Desk Cabinet

By thoughtful design, Pooley has combined the housing of radio with complete desk usefulness in one cabinet—all for one price. Complete with speaker, ink well and large desk blotter but without receiving set—$85

"Beautiful" —not a bit too strong a word

POOLEY Radio Cabinets are as modern as the marvelous Atwater Kent Radio they accommodate. One of them is pictured for you here.

Would you consider it first a desk, or first a radio cabinet? It is both, in full measure. Pooley has made radio bring beauty into the home—and usefulness. A look settles that.

The radio arrangements are convenient and simple to the last degree. Atwater Kent Radio, you already know. But the *buying* test is to examine this unusual radio furniture—to try it for yourself at a Pooley dealer's. No photograph can do justice to its beauty and usefulness.

This is only one of many new Pooley models, ranging from a simple speaker table at $45 to a magnificent radio-phonograph combination at $1150—every one designed to house the famous Atwater Kent Radio. A handsome booklet that pictures and describes all of them is yours on request. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies, in Inter-Mountain States and Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm & Hill, [illegible] Canada.

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1600 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Please send me, free, your illustrated booklet describing the new Pooley Radio Cabinets.

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SEP 2

RADIO CABINETS
for ATWATER KENT RADIO

When her first admiring glance takes you in from head to foot — will it still be an *admiring glance?*

Ankle-fashioning, exclusively Nunn-Bush, is a feature noticed the moment you put these oxfords on and that lasts throughout their long, comfort-giving life. No unsightly gaping, no slipping at the heel.

$8 to $15. Style Book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold at the exclusive Nunn-Bush stores listed. We sincerely believe our Superfine quality shoes are as fine as manufactured at any price.

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New York, 1462 Broadway, 133 Nassau St. *Chicago*, 42 No. Dearborn St., 32 W. Jackson Blvd., 115 S. Clark St.—*Detroit*, 1247 Griswold St.—*Cleveland*, 809 Euclid Ave. *Norfolk*, 245 Granby St.—*Milwaukee*, Four Downtown Stores—*Kansas City, Mo.*, 1006 Walnut St.—*Omaha*, 1506 Farnam St. (World-Herald Bldg.) *New Orleans*, 109 St. Charles St. *San Francisco*, 60 Kearny St. *Denver*, 607 16th St.—*St. Paul*, 400 Robert St.—*St. Louis*, 706 Olive St.—*Boston*, 6 School St.

1543—"Swagger" $9; also in tan.

Nunn-Bush

MILWAUKEE NEW YORK

distributed over a huge area going through identical motions at exactly the same moment.

"Mr. Work," says the announcer, "now leads the king of hearts and Mr. Lenz discards the four of diamonds." And simultaneously some millions of Americans lead the king of hearts and discard the four of diamonds. It is not surprising that one statistician submits evidence that next to working, sleeping and eating, bridge occupies more of the American people's time than any other individual activity.

Over the entire country bridge clubs are springing up by the wholesale. Among the oldest and best known nationally are the Whist Club of New York and the Knickerbocker Whist Club, which have acted jointly with the American Whist League in formulating and revising the code of rules observed in this country. Two of the most important additions of recent times to the ranks of organized playing have been the Cavendish Club, also of New York, and the American Auction Bridge League, founded December third of last year by Ralph Reed Richards, of Detroit. A new note in the club aspect of the game's development is struck by the Cavendish, with its mixed membership of men and women. For its existence furnishes illuminating testimony regarding the changes in social standards which have taken place in recent years. One does not have to think far back to recall that nothing could have been much more preposterous than the idea that women would some day sit as the peers of men in a card club formed for their mutual entertainment. I dare say that nobody would have been more profoundly shocked than the man after whom the Cavendish is named — Henry Jones, English statistician and whist genius, who wrote under the pseudonym of Cavendish.

The Dinner-Dance Bridge

The mixed-club principle—that is, with membership open to both men and women—has begun to take firm root in this country. London supports 600 or more of such clubs, and now that the American man has overcome his traditional prejudice against women as companions of the card table, it seems a safe prophecy that mixed clubs are destined for a mushroom growth here. The social aspects of the game are in the ascendant. New York's newest organization is the Berkeley Club, recently established with elaborate quarters in the Vanderbilt Hotel. Mr. Whitehead, the Berkeley's moving spirit, has introduced the dinner-dance bridge as the game's most modern development. These combined dances and bridge parties take place once a week.

If it seems incredible that a game of cards should have taken such a firm hold on a nation as bridge has on the American people, a cursory glance at the history of its accepted precursor, whist, helps immeasurably to explain the mystery. Whist—or as it was one time known, whisk—was played as far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century, and there are repeated references to it in the literature of that day. It is supposed to have been a development of the French game called *triomphe*, which was introduced to England as trump. For generations it held sway as the outstanding card game requiring skill, but it was not until early in the eighteenth century, when the patrons of the Crown Coffee House in London established new principles of play, that it began its march toward its present preeminent place.

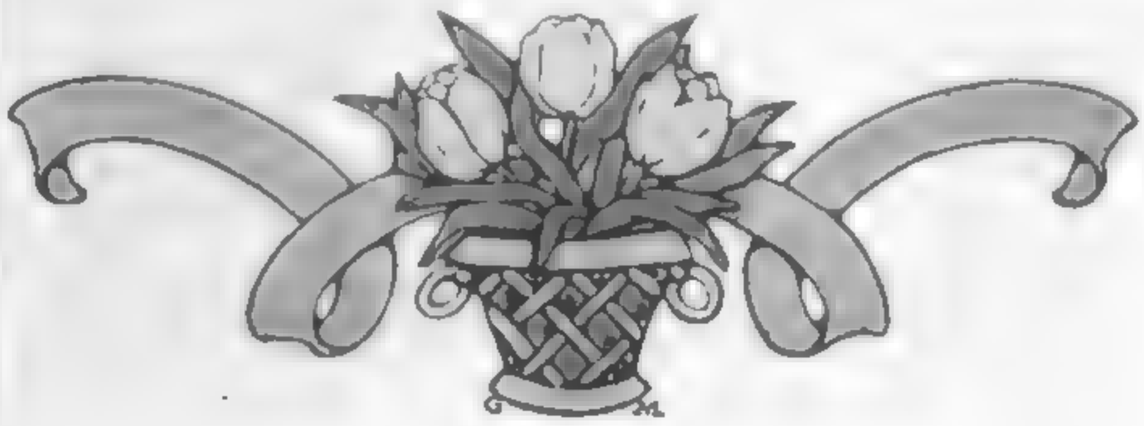
Bridge whist, the parent game of auction and contract, is presumably sixty-odd years old, having made its first appearance in the clubs of Constantinople and Egypt. Where it came from originally, how its name was created and who invented it are issues clouded in uncertainty. Though by the nature of the game, bridge would seem to be the offspring of the English pastime of whist, there is documentary evidence to prove that it was known in Constantinople as biritch, or Russian whist. The trouble is that the word "biritch" is itself of unknown origin. One theory is that the British players in the Near East dropped into the habit of calling whist bridge because of the privilege of the dealer to pass the bid to his partner, or to bridge it, and that Russian followers of the game, finding that a tongue-twister, pronounced it "biritch." The status this leaves the puzzle in is that Russians invented the game and that the English residents of Turkey named it.

Auction or Contract?

Henry I. Barbey brought the game to the United States in 1893. It caught on rapidly, but it was not until fifteen years or so later that auction appeared here and embarked on a campaign which was destined eventually to see a large portion of the American public go slightly dotty on the subject of cards. It is auction, and not the preceding variations of the game, which appeals so strongly to our imagination. Under its régime, with the penalties it imposes upon an indifferent knowledge of the game and the benefits it bestows upon sound reasoning, the quota of players has expanded from a comparative handful twenty years ago to the present enormous proportions. A psychologist accounts for it all with the explanation that the game is gaited exactly to suit the American temperament.

A thorough understanding of the established conventions of the game has at last come to be recognized as the only known medium by which the real delights of the bridge table may be gained and the evils eliminated. Of these, the old familiar spectacle of the wrangling husband and wife is the most familiar. Bridge authorities contend that domestic infelicity over bridge is the most needless thing in the world; that a perfect understanding of the principles of play will enable a married couple to team together as bridge partners in complete harmony. And when this Utopian condition is finally reached, there will be no further need for that strange device which Colonel Cook has so laboriously worked out—a schedule for progressive bridge parties which keeps husbands and wives from playing at the same table.

Where the new game of contract bridge is headed for is largely a matter of disagreement, for though it is now in high favor at such clubs as the Knickerbocker and Cavendish, there are those who believe that it will never take the place of auction—and there are also those who are as firmly convinced that it will. It took bridge whist many years to encompass the downfall of whist, and it took auction bridge only a relatively short time to rise superior to bridge whist. But whether auction can be dethroned now that it has such a vast following is for the future to tell. You will hear plenty of arguments pro and con.



H.G.Wells disagrees with Napoleon on sleep

An Interview with the famous English Author

by Audrey Scott

REMEMBERING how greatly most people differ on the subject of the amount of sleep a human being requires, my first question to Mr. Wells was:

"How much sleep do you need?"

The answer was quite definite. "I don't mind," said Mr. Wells, "what Napoleon said about six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool—I want eight hours of dreamless, motionless sleep and I cannot do without it!

"If I do not get that allowance, then in a few days my nerves and mind are threadbare. In addition to my regular sleep I can snatch a little nap in the train with my mouth shut—on a sofa in the afternoon—on the grass under olive trees. And I wish I could sleep through some plays as a certain well-known dramatic critic used to do. I slept once through the reading of an author's play, but that was one of my less fortunate slumbers."

"Do you ever suffer from insomnia?" I asked.

"Some twenty years ago I began to come awake about three in the morning. Lots of people do. It is champagne, coffee, cigars, stimulating talk, nightingales and distant dogs that set this habit going. After a time I got that right again without renouncing the normal life of over-eating, over-assembling, minor excitements, etc., which is so amusing and so unavoidable in our world.

"Whenever I found myself awake I tumbled out of bed, made myself tea, and went on with my work. Far better that than counting sheep for tranquilizing the mind. After an hour or so my bed and I were friends again.

"Nowadays these nocturnal spells of work are rare.

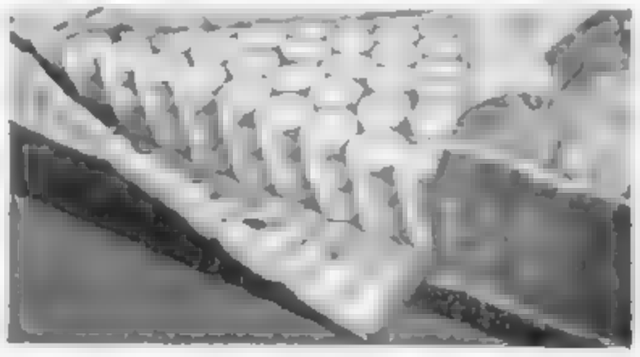
"I'd rather slave than go sleepless."

Copyright, 1928, The Simmons Company

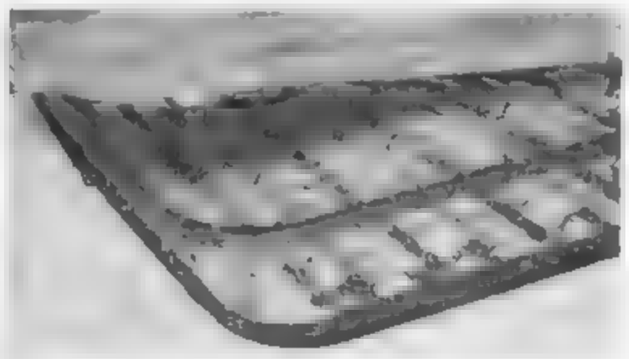
H. G. WELLS,

Author of the famous OUTLINE OF HISTORY. *Mr. Wells is one of the world's best known living writers. His works include a great number of popular romances, fantastic, sociological fiction, and articles on contemporary English life and manners.*

Clear thinking men recognize the tremendous advantage of a well-rested mind and body. Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs and mattresses, have developed scientifically the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. This extraordinary comfort, embodied in their Beautyrest Mattress and their Ace Spring, is within reach of every income. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50; Simmons Ace Spring, $19.75 (slip cover additional). Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



Simmons Beautyrest—Hundreds of small sensitive coil springs, each cloth-encased to insure independent action and greater resiliency. Over these, thick layers of soft, luxurious upholstering—covered with beautiful new damask, an exclusive Simmons innovation. Two patterns—six lovely colors.



Simmons Ace Spring—The perfected modern coil spring. Light weight, yet with the coils so close together, so skilfully reinforced that maximum comfort and wear are assured. Smartly tailored slip-cover at slight extra cost protects the spring and gives it a finished appearance.

SIMMONS

BEDS · · SPRINGS
MATTRESSES

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

An Ancient Heritage Re-Discovered

DOWN through the ages, the destinies of nations have been shaped by it. On the possession of it have turned the hopes, aspirations and material advancement of the peoples of the earth. Most deeply it has entered into the lives of generations without number. Rightly it is called the Mother of Civilization. Wrought Iron!

* * *

With the birth of modern steel making in 1856, wrought iron seemed destined to become a mere memory. The eyes of the world were fixed on the new metal; and its possibilities appeared well nigh infinite. Now, while the unbounded hopes for its success have in the main been realized, the years have also thrown into bolder relief the peculiar virtues found only in wrought iron.

* * *

The iron implements and weapons of the ancients; relics like the Pillar of Delhi, dating from A.D. 300; the temples and monumental buildings of the Middle Ages, built of stone and iron; the ornamental gates, fences and grilles of our early Colonial days; the fence wire, pipe, chain and sheathing of the nineteenth century—countless such things, by their survival to this day, have established the fact that wrought iron is extremely resistant to corrosive attack.

* * *

Under constant vibration and shock, as in modern railroad operation, wrought iron possesses dependability and endurance found in no other material available at so low a cost. Because this is true and because it is so vitally important to them, America's railroads use annually upward of 100,000 tons of wrought iron for small parts alone.

* * *

Where dependable welds are needed, as in chains, wrought iron has demonstrated a like advantage.

* * *

As a result of these and many other observations and practical proofs, wrought iron is again taking its place in industry and the arts. Engineers and architects are rediscovering its virtues and in it they find answered some of the most exacting requirements of their work.

An Announcement—In order better to serve the needs of the users of metals; to establish and maintain the highest standards of quality; to prevent the substitution of inferior imitations for wrought iron and the use of its good name for things that only outwardly resemble it; to disseminate information about the sources of supply and the logical uses of their product—the makers of genuine wrought iron have formed an association.

Requests for more specific information will receive careful attention without delay. Address the

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The Poets' Corner

Baddeck, From Beinn Bhreagh, Nova Scotia

Acknowledgment

BRAVE world of wind and weather,
Stern world of blame and praise,
How long we've been together
In good and evil days!
You reared me and you bred me
Among your milling throngs,
You clothed me, housed me, fed me;
I sang you little songs.

Wide world of endless stories
Of canyons, seas and skies,
What prodigies and glories
You've spread before my eyes!
What mountain chains and valleys
And elephants and whales
And avenues and alleys;
I've told you little tales.

Good world of honest neighbors
Of gentle word and deed,
Of wise and useful labors,
How shall I speak your meed!
You've nursed me and you've healed me
With blessed air and sun,
You've lent your strength to shield me;
And I—what have I done?

Grim world of strife and hardship,
Sweet world of love and glee,
When I resign my bardship
How large my debt will be!
You give me sport and laughter,
You give me work and sleep.
I wonder if hereafter
You'll say I earned my keep?
You give the joy of living
And noble friends and true.
Dear world, for all your giving
I'm much obliged to you.

—Arthur Guiterman

Old Things

OUT of the fragments of old things
I try to make things new;
For I have learned, in many springs,
'Tis all the meadows do.
I do not think the woodland grieves
So very long for last year's leaves;
For when the wind's no longer north,
Upon each bough new hopes break forth.

Out of the fragments of my sins
I build myself a shrine;
For many a soul to heaven wins
In some such way as mine.
These only are the lost of men,
Who sin, and sin, and sin again,
While many an angel fashioned wings
Out of the fragments of old things.

—Douglas Malloch.

Indian Summer

THE wigwam corn waits, solemn, in the field;
The pumpkin peeks up with its frosty head;
The maple on the knoll is burning red
In a still fire, with autumn's signet sealed;
The ancient oak stands lessening and alone
Where sumac crowds in clusters crimson-grown.

Within a lake that smokes at dawn with mist
The wood stares deep at its transfigurement,
And the hills view themselves with hushed content
Where leafy lapse and contour coexist;
Where rock finds rock, each cleft its arrowy way,
And clouds and skies observe a double day.

Then whisking leaves dance to a phantom drum;
An aboriginal, sky-hidden flute
Measures the wind's invisible pursuit
Of them; slow files of what were warriors come
Ochred with reds and yellows, prancing past;
Some think them leaves that tread the broken blast!

—Harry Kemp.

The Remembered

NOTHING can ever take from me
The beauty of old days—a tree
Tossing its green head in a gale,
The rippled sunlight on a sail
Bound for green islands, or the green
Patina on old bronze, the sheen
Of macaws, in a silver cage,
Taunting a lazy cat, the rage
Of black winds hurling through the sky,
And all wild things that run or cry—
Or quiet nights when ceaselessly
Sounds the low heartbeat of the sea!

—Bert Cooksley.

Stop

BECAUSE I gave a smile to you,
Because you gave a kiss,
Is there the slightest reason to
Build up a dream on this?

A dream's a costly edifice
Too frail for living in.
So let us, in our wisdom, stop,
Before we quite begin.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

For these handsome modern offices this was selected as the

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W. B. Foshay Co., *Minneapolis*
Evening Journal—Morning American, *New York*
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Pie, or Shall We Say—PIE!

(Continued from Page 15)

superb pie, which is at its best in the deep-dish form, with a top crust only; and if you want to add the last little touch, serve with whipped cream to which have been added a few drops of bitter-almond extract. But this is only for those who don't mind being stylish stouts.

Prunes make good pies, though not imagnative ones. Raisins make wonderful pies—simply wonderful. And again a culinary note comes from the land of the Pennsylvania Dutch. I had a school friend whose father was a minister of a church in Lancaster County, and it was she who first expatiated to me on the raisin pie—because, if you please, they were always served at the big funeral dinners in the country round about her father's parish, and she, piggy little rascal, always begged to go along when her father was called to preach a funeral sermon, knowing that they would be obliged to stay for the dinner and she could eat her fill of raisin pie! And in all probability the bereaved family thought it was sweet and sympathetic of the preacher's little daughter to have insisted on coming with him! So are ignoble motives sometimes misinterpreted.

A pie for wintertime, half raisins and half cranberries, tastes far better than it sounds, and the all-cranberry pie has almost as many devotees amongst the male sex as cherry pie. But thrifty housekeepers frown at the idea on account of the amount of sugar it takes. I am told—I haven't tried it—that by cooking the cranberries in a double boiler and putting no water at all on the fruit, the sugar needed is much lessened. Some day I'll page a domestic-science expert and find out why—not that I think it matters. The same holds true about rhubarb—first of the springtime pie fruits and wearing proudly in many localities the very name of pie plant, as if there could be none other. Rhubarb, cooked without water in a double boiler, needs only about half the usual amount of sugar, and rhubarb must be cooked before it goes into a pie, cooked to a fair rosy hue, the lengths of the stalk melting lusciously into a thick bland sirup until no one can truly tell where sirup begins and stalk ends. The mean acid green filling which is seen in far too many rhubarb pies is a disgrace to the baker. The person who makes that sort of rhubarb pie ought to be forced to eat it and suffer agonies of indigestion.

Those of the Custard Family

That robust popular group of pies loosely headed Custard embraces many worthy varieties—plain custard pie, coconut custard, chocolate custard, cream custard, maple custard, lemon custard, orange custard, caramel custard, coffee custard and many, many more—but last, though far from least, old-fashioned cheese custard. This is the pie sublime! Let no dark-browed alien waiter offer you a slice of any dry and crumbling cheesecake and tell you that it is cheese custard pie! He lies in his teeth! Cheese custard pie is delicately flavorsome, with a rare distinctive subtlety—a most more-ish tasting pie! It can be had at its best only on a farm where the hens and cows have liberal habits and eggs and cream and butter are therefore still lavishly used by the cook. There are other ingredients now almost unobtainable. I have an old, old recipe for cheese custard pie which I will write down here, that gourmets may read and weep:

Cream one-half pound of butter with one-half pound of sugar, add two wineglassfuls of wine and two of brandy, and the yolks of eight eggs beaten light. To a large dipperful of cottage cheese add a pint of cream and beat together, then beat into the first mixture. Stir in a pound of stale cake crumbs, whites of eight eggs beaten very stiff, one small nutmeg grated, cinnamon and grated lemon rind to taste. Spread very thick on a single crust. Bake slowly.

There was a pie for you! None of your hanky-panky weak-kneed desserts, but a pie for stalwart men and buxom rosy-cheeked women who didn't have to run to a doctor every three months or so for nerves or glands. And speaking of good substantial and also delicious pies, let no proud Northern wight sniff at the sweet-potato custard, made on its native heath by one who knows. Rich with butter and cream, sweet with its own natural sugar, thinned and lightened with eggs aplenty and baked in a crisp fluted crust, the sweet-potato custard pie becomes a pie for company, not a mere family fill-up. A dash of lemon, a whiff of nutmeg may enliven it, but it must not be spiced too highly or it loses its distinctive merit.

There is another custard pie, a green-apple custard, invented by a Southern lady known to her friends as Miss Lucy, and made by her alone, which deserves wide imitation and enduring fame. Miss Lucy is one of these magic creatures who go out into the kitchen, look about casually, assemble a few commonplace ingredients, busy themselves for a short time stirring and mixing, and soon thereafter offer to their friends a culinary masterpiece. It is, alas, impossible to put down the exact quantities which she uses, for she is a cook by inspiration, not by measure.

No Pie for a Novice

But this green-apple custard pie—first make a smooth strained apple sauce from the youngest best-tasting green apples you can find, flavor it with a little grated fresh lemon peel and a bit of lemon juice, and sweeten to your taste. To sufficient of this sauce for one pie add two well-beaten eggs and three tablespoonfuls—or maybe only two, or two and a half—of milk, also a little butter, and beat all together. Have your crust ready, lining the pie pan, pour in the apple mixture and bake like any custard until nearly done. No, I don't know how long this will be. Take out your pie, cover it with a lavish top of meringue, slip back into the oven, and as the meringue delicately, exquisitely tints itself with the most modish shade of brown ever worn by meringues, the pie itself will complete its cooking; and if properly timed, the custard will not whey, the meringue will not fall and your apple custard pie will be, when cut, the sort of dessert to make French pancakes, peach Melbas, plum pudding and their friends and relations look simply silly.

But remember, I do not recommend that you try to make this pie. My suggestion is that you travel down to the Eastern Shore of Maryland and go on your knees to Miss Lucy and beg her to give you a taste of one of her pies, because I do not believe anyone else can equal hers.

Returning to earth again, let me repeat the warning I uttered against overspiced sweet-potato pies in connection with pies of pumpkin and squash. I have eaten these pies when their own flavor was lost completely in strong cinnamon, ginger and clove. Some people go so far as to put in raisins also. But I say, what is the use of going to all the labor of making the squash or pumpkin filling—and paring pumpkin is a tedious task—and then turning the whole affair into a Roman holiday for the spice box? Better not bother with pumpkin pie at all than treat it ignominiously. Go make yourself one of those gooey, mussy cream cakes and leave the sterner task for those who like their pumpkin pies to be pumpkin pies and naught else. Of course, if you don't like pumpkin pie, that is something else again.

There is one noble and difficult pie which I have left unmentioned until now—lemon-meringue pie. That is not a pie for the novice to undertake. Ninety-nine out of a hundred lemon-meringue pies are washouts. The hundredth makes up for all the failures.

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 154)

Even the most reliable, the most experienced, of cooks cannot guarantee success with lemon-meringue pie; yet when it is successful it is incomparable. The crust must melt in the mouth; the lemon underpinning must be tenderly quivering, but not tough and leathery, nor yet so soft that it bleeds itself into attenuation when cut; and the meringue must hold itself high and haughty, all snowy fluff inside, with a top of golden beige beaded here and there with little amber drops of aromatic sweetness

Such a lemon-meringue pie is as rare as a perfect pearl. To the taste it must be sweetly piquant, without roughness or any suspicion of acidity. And one point more the perfect lemon-meringue pie must not be a thin and shallow affair; no, it must be two and a half to three inches in height, from crust to meringue top, with the filling and meringue fifty-fifty in proportion.

So far as my observation goes, the Middle West leads in perfect lemon-meringue-pie production. There is something in the air of the Mississippi Valley which seems to conduce to skill in making this pie. Maybe some domestic-science expert can elucidate that one too.

I pause here for a moment to pay my cheerful disrespect to the domestic-science experts who have made all these funny rules about pie crust. You mustn't touch it with your hands, forsooth; you must cut the shortening and the flour together with a knife, gadzooks; and you must have ice water handy to mix it with—in fact, all the ingredients must be very, very cold. You must work fast, and when your desecrating hand of necessity does touch the dough, let the tips of the fingers only officiate. You really ought to have a glass rolling pin filled with cracked ice. Or a long narrow bottle filled with ice water will serve as a makeshift.

Well, it's a grand little fairy story and, like all fairy stories, it simply ain't so. I have seen pie crust made in a seething hot kitchen on an August day, with nothing chilled, no ice within a mile, and a pair of large efficient hands mixed freely into the dough from the first to the last of the process, a large unchilled wooden rolling pin to roll it out—yes, and when that dough was amalgamated with a great big bowlful of custard or peaches or whatever pie filling was round about, and it had all been baked in a wood-fired cookstove, vintage of 1880, no domestic-science expert could ever have bettered its taste, its texture or its color.

No Strings to This Recipe

Making good pie crust is a gift, not an acquired craft worked out by rules. You've got to put your hands in it to know exactly the moment when the flour and the shortening have reached the one and only correct proportion; you've got to keep your hands in it when you pour in the mixing fluid, to feel for the proper malleable moisture, which is never quite wet. And pie crust that is handled and patted and petted and worked with the hands of an experienced cook is the pie crust that is perfect. Don't tell me different, for I know I'm right, and there's no use starting an argument.

So far I have said nothing about that outstanding institution of the winter dinner table—mince pie. Looking back into the past I can recall—and I beg you to believe that I am no Mrs. Methuselah—when every good housekeeper made her mincemeat along in the fall at about the same time she baked her fruit cake, and stored it away in tall stone jars to ripen and coalesce. Suet was bought and put through the food chopper, lean beef was boiled and chopped likewise. Raisins were stoned—huge fat raisins, wine-red in color and winy in fragrance. Apples were pared and cut into little cubes, and citron and currants and sugar and spice were measured out with care. The kitchen smelled like Christmas. When everything had been combined in proper quantity, and the jars had been scalded and stood yawning for their rich treasure, the good lady of the house would unlock a certain closet where there were certain bottles, and choosing one, would go herself to the kitchen and pour upon the waiting mincemeat a certain liquid, pale-gold in color, with a heady, fruity bouquet, blending and stirring it in until the whole rich mass melted together in felicity.

After this last solemn rite the mincemeat sat in its stone jar and aged and mellowed and softened and refined its flavors until the day when, with the first snowfall, the first mince pies were made. There are not many more glorious moments in the life of a young barbarian than the day of the first snow and the first mince pie. And even the young barbarian's elders, I have observed, reacted favorably to the festal atmosphere.

In our neighborhood there were certain mince-pie makers who stood for individuality. One in particular always cut up watermelon-rind preserve in her mincemeat. Another thought a glass of wild-grape jelly gave it a superior flavor. A third invariably used no sweetening but rock candy, the white kind that comes on strings. [N.B. She took out the strings.] But in my home there were no idiosyncrasies about the mincemeat, save that only a minimum of suet was used, the taste being considered coarse by my mother. But they were supreme pies.

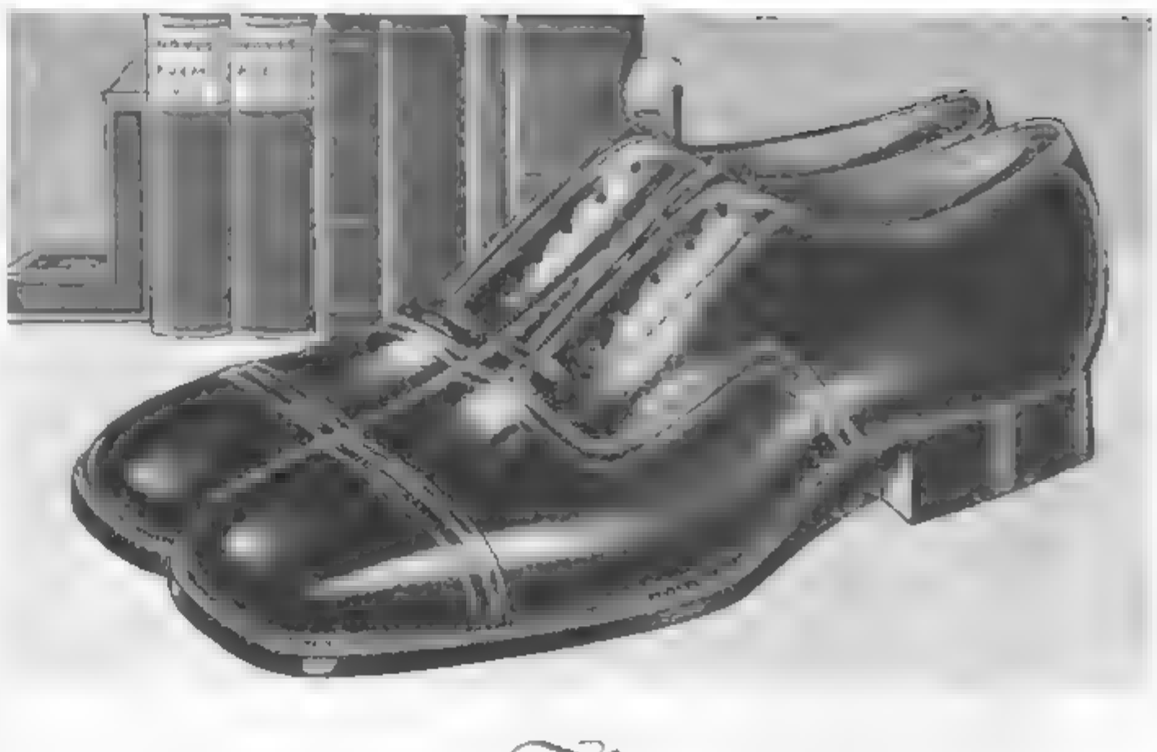
A Meal of Pastry

Today we buy our mincemeat in cans, large or small—enough for one pie, for two, or even for three; and very good it is, even excellent. Yet it has not quite the taste of the mincemeat scooped out of the deep stone jar—it could not have, for that mincemeat was flavored with something beyond spices and sugar and the certain liquid. That mincemeat was flavored with home, and that is a flavor unique, beyond price.

Here let me insert a vehement protest against certain concoctions of the present age which are called pie—concoctions which, though all very well in themselves, are sailing under false culinary colors and should be renamed according to their proper sphere. A pastry shell lined with sliced bananas, covered with cream filling and covered again with whipped cream is a dessert dish certainly, but it is not and never can be pie. Washington pie is nothing in the world but Washington cake, and why Washington I cannot imagine. The date-and-nut mixture that bakes its own crust is another dessert dish, and very delicious, but it is not pie. Chess pie, frangipane cream pie and butter-scotch pie are desserts also, but not pies. The time has come, in my opinion, when they should be read out of the party. Let them stand on their own merits and not masquerade as members of the pie family.

Looking back at certain supreme pies I have met, I want to chant a few loud pæans for a noble pastry which is not on the dessert list, but which, with a salad, makes a complete and filling meal. How about, for instance, an old-fashioned oyster pie, made of oysters which have not been out of Chesapeake Bay more than a few hours, and are still snipping and snapping their shells if you bend a listening ear toward them? Oysters full of the tang of salt water, fresh as morning dew, succulent, hearty, but—oh, joy to the stout ladies—not at all fattening!

These oysters are opened carefully and the shells drained, that every drop of the delectable liquor may be saved. They are lovingly laid upon a thick rich crust of pastry, their own juices poured over them, salt, pepper, butter and a dusting of flour supplied by a knowledgeable hand, another layer of crust to top the dish, and the whole put at once into an oven and baked until the top crust is nothing but tawny-tan flakiness halfway through, with a creamy jelly for an eighth of an inch next to the oysters. If you want to put in half a dozen tiny oyster crabs to lend a touch of piquancy, well and good. Some cooks add a few cubes of home-cured side meat, lean and fat well mixed, but that is gilding the



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For a limited time, we will gladly send, prepaid, a New Acousticon to your home for a ten-day demonstration without charge or obligation of any kind. For we want you to know the merits of this wonderful instrument before you invest one penny in it. Merely sign and return the coupon below.

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Sunday nights, from 5:30 to 6 P. M. Eastern time—over WEAF and 16 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. . .

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"Thanks for the $68.20!"

THAT'S what Harold Wells said when he received our $23.00 check, bringing his spare-time earnings for two months up to $68.20. We know he is proud of his record, and who wouldn't be? For when a fellow earns $68.20 *EXTRA* in his spare time, it's something to shout about!

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You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Send the coupon TODAY for full details.

Harold Wells of California *earned $68.20 in his first two months* of Curtis spare-time work.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
741 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please answer this question: "How may I earn money in my spare time?"

Name ..... *Age*.....
(Please print name and address)

Street

City *State*

Clip Here

lily. A good oyster pie need contain nothing but oysters. And a good dinner needs nothing but a good oyster pie, some hearts of celery, crisp and tender, and afterward nothing more than a scarlet winesap apple; or, if this is too, too simple, a dish of sliced mandarins and tangerines, ice-cold and hidden beneath an alpine avalanche of honest-to-goodness fresh grated coconut.

I resent mildly the inclusion of salt pork in my oyster pie, yet I know that to a certain extent it is a traditional combination. But whence comes the outrageous license of putting vegetables and meat into a chicken pie until the taste of chicken is lost in onions and bacon? I ask you! Here is work for the reformers. And this is not the only sin against the ancient and honorable chicken pie as is chicken pie. When and if the confirmed chicken-pie addict orders his favorite anodyne to the sorrows of the world, he does not want to be given (a) a small bird-bath covered with pastry beneath which hides one good-sized hunk of salt pork, three onions, four potatoes, six carrots and one sliver of the dark meat of chicken; nor (b) a portion of creamed chicken with a baking-powder biscuit sitting on it. Vegetables and salt pork are all very well in their proper places, creamed chicken is a legitimate use of the bird, and baking-powder biscuit can be a delight to the palate, but these separate items have no connection with chicken pie, nowhere, no time.

There should be nothing, nothing at all in the interior of a chicken pie except chicken and gravy, generously bestowed. And there should be no such thing in existence as an individual chicken pie—the term alone is an abhorrence. Chicken pie is something which, to be at its best, must be cooked in one large unit of tastiness and savor. There should be crust at the bottom of a chicken pie, crust at the sides, and crust over the top—crust at least one inch thick when cooked; but the pan itself should be five to six inches in depth and should be completely filled with the meat and its sauce.

A fat but not too old hen makes the finest chicken pie, and such a bird having been obtained, it should be jointed and gently stewed with plenty of seasoning, especially whole black pepper. Some of the fat of the chicken should be used with the other shortening for the pie dough, and the dish in which it is cooked should be a good heavy one—iron or earthenware. I favor an oval shape for this pan, but that is mere window dressing and a matter of custom.

Indigenous to Britain

When the chicken is stewed, the liquor about it must be slightly thickened for gravy, but not made into a stiff militant paste. Then, the pan being lined with pieces of the dough, slightly overlapping here and there, the pieces of the bird and the gravy are poured in and the top crust added. At the end of the baking the result should be very much like the crust of the oyster pie mentioned above—the crust should be flaky and light halfway through, and a soft jellylike tenderness within where the gravy has cooked into it. It will be necessary to serve this pie in large helpings and spoon the gravy lavishly along with it; otherwise anarchy and rebellion may be expected from the diners.

Meat pies have never been an American specialty, and cold meat pies are practically never seen on the American table unless a loyal British or Scotch cook presides in the kitchen. Now and then a thrifty housekeeper uses up scraps of steak or roast as a pie, sometimes with a pastry crust, sometimes with a covering of mashed potato, making what is called shepherd's pie—and a very good dish, too, on a cold day, provided you are not one of those who have left potatoes off the diet list. But the grand old British war cries, steak-and-kidney, veal-and-ham pies do not figure in the American menu to any appreciable extent. I have never dared taste steak-and-kidney pie, being one of those persons in whom the very smell of innards rouses an unconquerable nausea, if you know what I mean. But I have eaten cold veal-and-ham pie of a marvelous quality and felt well-nigh equal to waving the union jack thereafter.

My English friends tell me it is made by first preparing a stock with a veal bone, celery, onion, bay leaf and other savory seasoning. Then a deep dish with straight sides is lined with dough and filled with thin slices of veal and ham in alternate layers. The stock is poured over, a top crust is added and the whole is slowly baked for a long time. When it is cold, the pie is removed whole from the dish and sliced down. The stock will have jellied and the flavors of the veal and ham will have formed, mingled and blended in epicurean proportion. So far, so good. But personally, I don't recommend that the crust be eaten. It is, it always is, not so good; at least to the American palate. It never seems to have much taste and its texture is apt to be distressingly firm.

A Model Pheasant

At this point every reader with a drop of British blood will rise up and demand that I be shot at sunrise. I am going to receive a deluge of letters pointing out to me my utter ignorance of British pie and the inadequacy of my description of it. So, in order to save all this emotion and all these stamps and envelopes and labor, and so on, let me admit at once that I am ignorant of the complete gamut of English pies, but that these few notes at least represent actual experience and honest opinion, so far as they go. If they do not go far enough, that is my hard luck. There may be, there probably is, far more merit and variety and charm in the British pie than I have yet encountered. I hope so sincerely.

Once in Paris, at a noble restaurant where the proprietor in person presides over the stove which occupies one corner of the room, I ate a pheasant pastry which was so wonderful a dish it must not be omitted from mention here, even though it is no more than second cousin twice removed from a real honest-to-goodness pie. Seemingly, the giblets of the pheasants had been pounded to a paste with divers unknown condiments and formed into a long narrow shape. Then the birds must have been boned and the skins removed and the meat reduced to a firm pulp, with many more delicious condiments and seasonings. This pulp was molded around the giblet paste until the shape of the whole resembled a giant sausage, perhaps two feet long and at least six inches through. Over this sausage a fine pastry dough of even thickness was placed—I don't know how, but at any rate there it was—and the whole thing was baked and sliced down hot for the fortunate patrons who happened to be there on that notable day of early October. And you could have a second helping, if you asked for it, and no extra charge! And Monsieur the Proprietor watched you eating it and beamed upon your manifest ecstasy. Afterward you could take nothing but a cup of coffee—the best coffee in Paris, or in France, or in the entire Continent, for that matter—unadulterated, fragrant, keeping strictly to the one recipe for all good coffee—"Pure as an angel, sweet as love, black as the devil and hot as hell."

The name of the genius who invented pie is unknown. No statue has ever been erected to his—or her—memory, as the good French dame who invented Camembert cheese was honored. In old manuscripts of centuries gone by there is mention of pasties of various sorts—and I dare say they were pasty, indeed, considered by modern standards. But as ancestors to one of the most popular dishes of today there is no need to sneer at their simplicity or their crudity. It is enough that pie in many forms, in many lands, has long had an honored existence. And for my part I hope this existence will continue down the ages—always with the slogan, More and Better Pies! Down With All Substitutes and Imitations!

The 4th Great Nation-Wide WINCHESTER STORE SALE

September 27th thru October 6th

6,400 STORES—Individually Owned and Operated

There's a Winchester Store Near Your Home

Superior quality pocket knives. Values up to $3.50

79c - 98c - $1.29

Brume Rake — takes up the leaves perfectly. Convenient size. Regular $1.25

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EXTRA VALUE

Sturdy—easy folding—standard size

$1 50 Value **98c**

Best cast skillet—large number 8 size. $1.00 value

69c

World's standard flashlight—Winchester — focusing type with batteries. Regular $1.75. Sale price **$1.40**

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Winchester dry battery—higher test—longer life for all battery uses. Special

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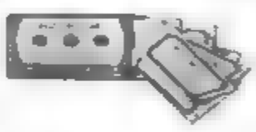

Winchester extra quality double edge razor blades. 50c value..... **35c**

BROOM FREE

10 bars 10c size pure Dona Castile Soap

98c

60c standard size broom **FREE**

Standard Fuse Plugs—always be ready with a spare. 5c each everywhere— **5 FOR 15c**

WHIP AND BOWL

Excellent for cream, eggs, icings, etc. $1.00 value. Complete

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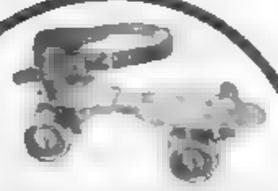
Extra Special

Turkey size—extra quality—self basting—seamless oval enameled Roaster. Regular $1.25 only **98c**

High Quality Price Reduced

Winchester heavy copper wash boiler —Standard size with hook handles. $5.00 grade **$3.98**



Winchester adjustable Roller Skates. For sale week only

Boys' **$1.79**

Girls' **$1.89**

RAZOR FREE

Winchester Shaving Cream—extra large tube,

50c

Winchester Razor Free

BRUSH FREE

1½ inch Brush free with 1 pint high grade varnish for floors and other uses

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Extra special—2 quart colored enamel utility pans—40c value

27c each, **2 FOR 49c**

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Wire Dish Drainer, Regularly 90c	.69
Metal Waste Basket, 50c Value	.39
50 feet Wire Clothes Line, Reg. 40c	.19
Winchester Can Opener	.25
2 Way Electric Socket, 35c Value	.19
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3 oz. Can Winchester Utility Oil	.25
6 foot Step Ladder, $1.95 Value	1.69
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Winchester Food Chopper	2.50
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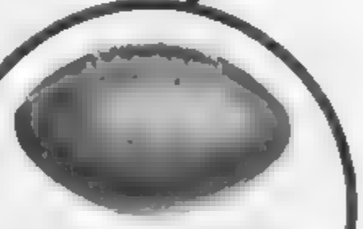
Alarm Clock, Regularly $1.00	.89
Winchester Thermometer, Medium	.25
Large	.50
Stainless Steel Paring Knife, Reg. 25c	.19

EXCEPTIONAL

2 for the price of 1—two quart aluminum sauce pans—25c grade—sale price

2 FOR 25c



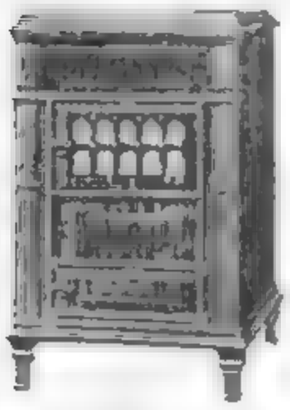
Genuine cowhide—Foot ball—Official size. Extra special

$1.98

FREE — FREE — FREE

Girls—Boys—Attractive school pencil box set with pencil, pen, ruler and eraser—If you bring a parent to the Winchester Store—during this great Nation-Wide Sale.

(Prices slightly higher in the West)



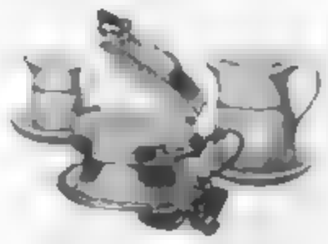
Beautiful mahogany porcelain enameled circulator heater. Standard household size—for coal or wood.

$70.00

MOPS

Winchester floor mop—removable head — standard size with handle. Regular 75c

59c



4 piece syrup and batter set free with each Winchester waffle iron.

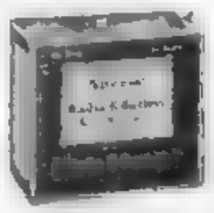
$12.00

Buy The Best

Winchester Electric Heater—gives instant heat where you want it—large copper reflector.

$6.00

RADIO



45 volt extra heavy duty radio "B" Battery. Regular price $4.00.

$2.98

Winchester Vacuum Cleaner powerful suction.

"Takes up all the dirt—none of the rug."

Try It You'll Buy It

Complete with all attachments **$34.50**

Stop and Shop at the Winchester Store

Thursday, September 27th — THROUGH — Saturday, October 6th

IT is not necessary to declare aloud to the world that Commander Byrd is a man of remarkable achievement. ¶ Even though one had never read a line about him the merest checking up of his deeds and record would be sufficient to stamp his merit deep into your mind. ¶ And as with great men so with great products. ¶ Their very manner of existence and daily accomplishments tell all that the observer needs for appreciation and endorsement. ¶ Kolster Radio is a good example of this. ¶ Such faithfulness in tone quality, such extraordinary selectivity and such distinguished appearance have created, by their presence in thousands of homes in every State, a powerful structure of confidence within the public mind. ¶ How natural that the Byrd Antarctic Expedition should order complete Kolster Radio equipment for its arduous service! Science recognizes science. ¶ Little wonder that one hears on all sides the quiet remark: *"Oh, yes, Kolster is a fine set."*

HAROLD I. JUNE
. . . experienced in army and air-mail flying, will be one of the pilots on the South Pole flight.

BERNT BALCHEN
. . . famous aide to Commander Byrd, is an important member of the South Pole Expedition.

"Drawn from the Crucible of Science"

KOLSTER RADIO

TORONTO, CANADA — NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 37)

Nunnally Johnson

Having achieved little or no success on small papers, I set out for New York after my honorable discharge, and soon, to the city editor's discomfiture, I was on the staff of the old Tribune, where, I see no need to explain, I was not a star, what with such able ones there as Boyden Sparkes, Fred Van de Water, John Leary, Bob Peck and others. But I was given banquets to cover every night and I was one of the best-fed young men in New York, small recompense though that was for the fact that I got but twenty lines in print during the six weeks I was there.

On the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, the next stop, where I remained for more than six years, I got nearest the top of the staff—but not quite. There were still two or three ahead of me. The last two years there I was removed from the news staff and given a kind of column to write; more accurately, I did a daily feature story of my own choosing, which was printed under a standing headline: One Word After Another. Nobody noticed it very much, save a few people to whom I pointed it out.

About that time I wrote a short story named Scarehead and sent it to the old Smart Set, which bought it for twenty dollars—that is, twenty dollars and pleasure. That last year this lamented magazine was under the editorship of H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan I sold it probably a dozen; and at the same time I "confessed" for magazines that bought such stuff. I confessed for both sexes, becoming quite a hand, in fact, at revealing my past as a betrayed factory girl. I was fairly good as a betrayed chorus girl too.

A little more than two years ago I went to the Herald-Tribune, where for a year I held a somewhat better position than when I left the Tribune some years before; and then to the New York Evening Post, where I am at present tastily described as the Evening Post's Roving Reporter. Meanwhile I have been fumbling still with short stories, around twenty-five being my sum in the three and a half years since Smart Set folded up on me and other satisfied contributors.

As for the rest, I am married to a beautiful young woman who seems to me to be fetchingly dressed. I am the father of a charming and talented daughter, age eight, and I sit in a house which is mine, all mine, excusing the mortgages. I do not like dogs. I've given up night clubs. I regret that I have no disposition to live in Paris, and I play golf around 115. (Why, Nunnally Johnson, you great big old liar!) And once or twice a year I return to Columbus, Georgia, where I was born, and assure my mother and father that in New York everyone thinks the world and all of me, which is an exaggeration justified by the pleasure it gives them.

Charles Francis Coe

So that is that. Despite what rising young reviewers may say, I am honest, industrious and no more mentally deficient than the average. I love to write and I try to write things which, without harming any individual, good or bad, will contribute in some way to the understanding and defeat of crime.

Personally I have nothing about me that would make interesting reading. My diets do not work, my routine is disorganized and I do not write in pajamas or a bell diver's suit.

Just at the moment I am in Hollywood making pictures of Me, Gangster and The River Pirate. I like it a lot, but I shall enjoy leaving too. I enjoy anything that makes for change. I do not own any real estate because I never want to own anything I cannot smile upon and leave.

Anything that savors of a bond, a restraining influence or tie, I taboo. No one place is good enough to spend a lifetime in; no people are so fine you do not need to meet others.

The thing I am proudest of is my list of friends. I have hundreds and they are all loyal and steadfast. That is the best thing life has given me. Wherever I am, and I "am" many places in a year, friends are as close as my telephone. May that never change.

When the editors asked me for this expression, I presume they had in mind something about my writing. I agreed to send it in along with, as specified, a picture. Being in Hollywood I decided to use a photograph of John Barrymore, but my secretary insisted upon Dick Turpin. We finally compromised and that man that looks like a trio is really me—or should it be I? I never know.

The unknown with me is Victor McLaglen. Vic, in a few short weeks, has become my distinct and lasting pal.

Oh, yes. How I started writing. My first was a letter home for money. This went on with varying degrees of success for several years, but I never attained true stardom. Later I got into business and wrote notes. When the notes fell due I was able to judge perfectly the value of my writings. Thus I became an author.

To go back a moment, the same Victor McLaglen that you see in the photographs is portraying the part of Sailor Frink in the picture we are making of my River Pirate. I simply had to include him because I insist upon being seen in good company.

You will also see Nick Stuart, who is Sandy in the same story. Another reason why I am so proud of my list of friends.

You do not find their like under hall carpets or wet rocks. That is why I keep moving. Even the taking of the photographs proved an event sure to remain a high light of my colorless career.

Advance Proofs of Pages From "Who's Who in Italy"

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SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL
BAND SAWS
Too tough to quit on the hardest job!
You should use Simonds Band Saws because their remarkable tension and edge-holding qualities permit faster feed and better cutting, thereby increasing lumber production and raising the grade of the output of the mill. The endurance and superior life of Simonds Saws decrease expense and increase mill profit.
Specify Simonds for Economy
SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
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BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

He Wanted Extra Cash

GEORGE WELSH wanted extra cash to help pay for his new car. In that "he hasn't anything on the rest of us," for whether or not we have a new car we certainly want the extra cash.

Where Mr. Welsh won out is that *he got the cash!* He made it, first, by clipping a coupon from an offer which folks have been reading about in *The Saturday Evening Post* for nearly twenty years and, second, by following through with the suggestions which the coupon brought him.

He simply forwarded renewal and new subscriptions from his locality for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. And in just a few hours recently, he earned an extra $8.00!

George Welsh isn't the only one that can do it. And Ohio isn't the only state in which it can be done. You can earn extra money too—earn it easily, pleasantly, without a bit of experience. And what's even better, you can earn it, when you feel like it. To prove it send the coupon below. It will cost you only the price of the stamp for mailing.

Clip and Mail the Coupon!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
761 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Tell me how to earn extra cash.
Name Age
(Please Print Name and Address)
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City State

O. W. Hendee
(Nebraska)
$175 a Month

Elizabeth Gibson
(Pennsylvania)
$200 in One Month

W. H. Guscott
(Ohio)
$90 in One Month

YOUR QUESTION:

How Can I Make More Money?

OUR ANSWER:

Sell Us Your Spare Hours!

HUNDREDS of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

You are invited to share in the earnings. ***You will find the work easy and pleasant, and, above all, profitable.***

Commissions
For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

Monthly Bonus
In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $300.00 a month.

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Once you get fairly started, we'll be in a position to offer you bigger profits for your subscriptions in return for a definite yearly production.

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There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work.

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The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit for part-time or full-time work:

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Less than 1 a day	15.35
Less than 3 a day	47.00
Less than 4 a day	64.00
Less than 10 a day	167.00

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Earn $5-$10 an hour SPARE TIME
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EXTRA MONEY
FOR YOU ... SELL BEAUTIFUL HERTEL Cards
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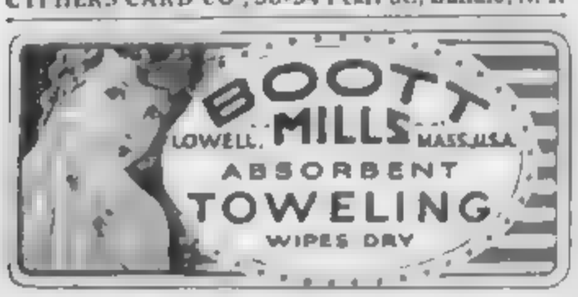


MUFFLED

(Continued from Page 46)

"Carbon monoxide, beyond any doubt." Doctor Curran was young and given to cocksureness. "Of course a blood test will show, but it's hardly necessary. You can see what happened. He drove his car in here and didn't shut off the engine—been drinking, and between that and the cold he'd be sleepy. See, here's a flask." He sniffed at it. "Empty." He nodded. "That's it—I don't need a coroner's inquest to tell me. Went to sleep with his engine running and the door shut. Hold on! How would the door come to be shut with him in the car?"

"There was a stiff wind last night," said Lester Hoban. "The door must have blown shut."

"Of course—of course!" The doctor nodded. "Well, there's nothing to be done. He's been dead four or five hours. I'll notify the coroner and the constable. There'll have to be an inquest, I suppose, but it's just a form."

"I don't see what killed him, doc." Hoban was still puzzled. "What was it you said? Carbon ——"

"Carbon monoxide. It's formed pretty liberally when a gas engine isn't getting perfect combustion, and it's always present in the exhaust to some extent. It's very deadly and it hasn't any smell or taste. A lot of people have been killed this way. Never let your motor run in a small closed space like this."

"I don't use a car," said Hoban. He drew away from the door into the friendly sting of the clean wind and filled his lungs deep. As soon as he was excused by the coroner and constable he moved away from the crowd that had gathered to stare and whisper in the lane. Some of them would have gone with him, eager for his first-hand account of the accident, but he had his own way of getting rid of undesired company. He was alone when he reached Dan Crow's garage.

Crow, hammering at resounding metal on his bench, greeted him with a nod. Hoban told him his news gravely. Crow wagged his head.

"He'd been duh-drinking," he said, "when he stopped in here last night. Kind of dozed off in the chair two-three times."

"Drove home all right, though," said Hoban. "Made out to get in the barn without hitting a thing."

"Must 've been 'most asleep while he was duh-doing it. Buh-beats all how a man can drive a car as long as his eyes'll stay open. Duh-done it myself wuh-when I wasn't much more'n half awake."

Hoban turned to the table. The tattered magazine had disappeared.

"Don't know much about cars," he said. "Ain't rightly got it through my head yet what happened to Ed. But I noticed a piece in the paper that was here yesterday about hitching a hose on to the exhaust pipe of a car and shooting the gas down a hole to kill moles and rats and ——"

"I know. Read it myself. Claimed it was the surest way to get shut of any kind of"—Crow's voice checked, stumbled on—"any kind of buh-buh-burrowing vermin." He repeated the final phrase, this time without a stutter. "Burrowing vermin! Guess likely it's a first-rate way, Les."

Hoban did not speak for a moment. "Ed tell you what he'd been up to over at Binchester?" he asked at last.

Crow's twisted eyes moved away. "Let on he'd been—burrowing," he said.

"Tell you what he found out? Anything to do with—with me, Dan?"

Crow swung abruptly about to his work. "It don't matter, Les. Ed ain't going to talk and I ain't no more apt to. Luh-leave it go at that. Mum-mum-muffled, the both of us."

Hoban watched him for a while. Then, holding his lean shoulders a little straighter, he went back to the hospital and Annie.

Getting On in the World

How to Find the Right Job

BECAUSE work is such an important thing in life, many people become overanxious about it and needlessly tie themselves up into mental hard knots about it; whereas, if they would just go ahead and do the thing that they really want to do, most of their difficulties would vanish, because they would not have time to think about them. This is the opinion of a young woman in New York who has made a profession of helping people to find themselves in their work.

The one piece of advice that she has occasion to give again and again is to go ahead and do what you want to do; not just think about doing it. If you cannot make a living by doing what you want to do, then do it on the side. Make an avocation or hobby of it. Perhaps it will come in handy some day

She recounted to me dozens of cases that she has known of or had contact with in which a hobby or avocation has helped people to solve vocational difficulties.

"I come across a great many people who do not know what they want to do," said this young woman who helps people to find the right job. "Many of them have tried a hand at a variety of occupations without making a go at any of them. But if, with all their changes from this to that, they have been seriously cultivating an avocation, or perhaps several of them, that they really like, I can almost always be of help to them.

"A man came to me who had studied medicine, but had never practiced it. He had taken up medicine more to please his family than because of any definite interest of his own in this direction. But he had had various artistic interests which he had followed with considerable persistence. He had mastered the organ well enough to be able to secure a position playing it in a church in a large Eastern city. He had an interest in painting and had become proficient enough in this to be able to sell several murals. And he had a gift for writing which he had cultivated to some extent. But he had had to depend for his living upon occupations divorced from his real interests.

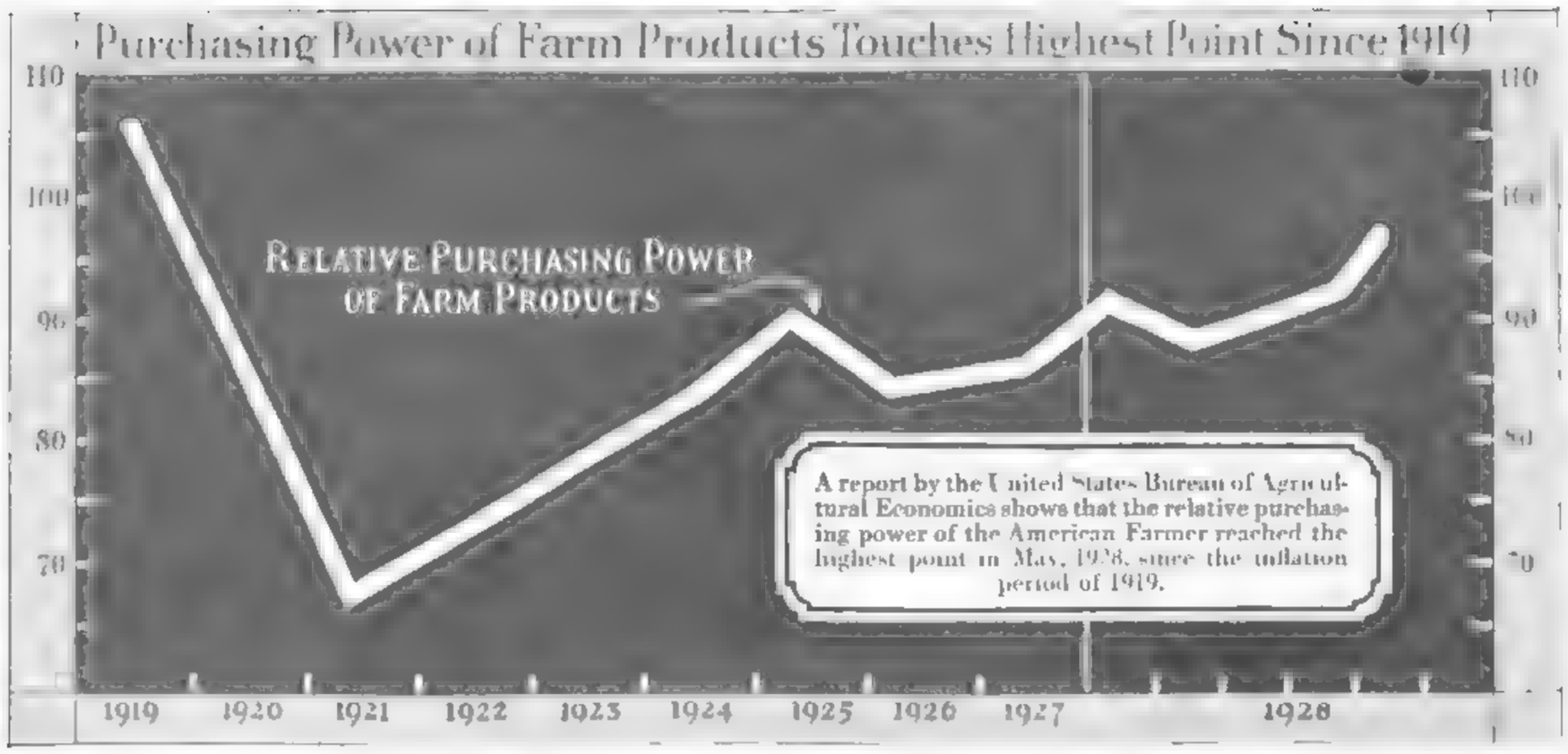
"When he came to me he was doing work in an advertising agency almost purely routine in its nature. His interests in art and writing eminently fitted him for the advertising field, but he had not happened to get into quite the right niche.

"I found, in talking with him, that aside from his interests in art, music and writing, he had one hobby which took a culinary turn. He had always been interested in various forms of cookery, and especially in the art of giving an attractive appearance to food. He had dabbled in cooking quite a bit, and liked to get up elaborate meals.

"I arranged to have him meet people in the advertising profession who had similar interests. Eventually he secured an especially good position writing advertisements for food products. And as it turned out, his training in medicine gave him additional useful background for such a position.

"In most cases the people who come to me want to find work that will pay them larger incomes. But that is not always the case. There was a young man who had been engaged as an advertising writer for several years, but had not made much

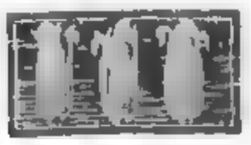
(Continued on Page 166)



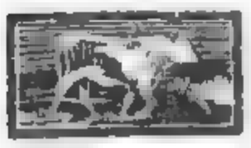
Farmers Are Ready to Buy

A National Market That Has Been Undersupplied for NINE YEARS is waiting for your goods

The American Farm Family has money to spend—and they buy for cash. They need automobiles, radios, shoes, talcum powder, food stuffs, dress goods, tractors, cold cream, chicken feed, men's clothing, tooth paste, fertilizers . . . The government chart reproduced above and these few facts tell why rural America is so prosperous:



CORN—A bumper crop of good corn and the price is very satisfactory.

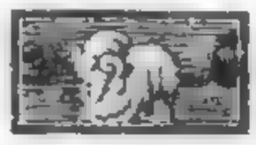


CATTLE—Fat cattle $3 per cwt. higher than a year ago. War prices again!

LAMBS—Prices are sky-high. And everything points to continued high prices.

POULTRY AND EGGS—Next winter and spring should see the highest prices in many years.

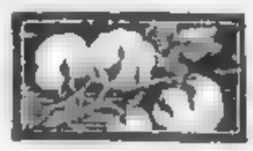
WOOL—Bringing 20% more than last year with a promise of at least five good years.



DAIRY—This industry is flourishing and has many good years ahead.

HOGS—Prices are steadily climbing. Export demand is increasing.

COTTON—The influence of the rayons bringing it back as a style factor.



Almost half of our population lives in small villages or in the country. Their buying power is equal to war-time days.

To reach this prosperous class *The Country Gentleman* is the accepted medium. It is the leading rural publication in editorial influence, in circulation and in advertising volume.

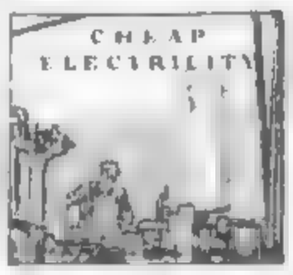
Advertisers who depend chiefly upon the farm market spent more for advertising space in *The Country Gentleman* during the first half of this year than in any previous year.

And in the October issue advertisers invested $495,768, a gain of $46,946 over any other October Country Gentleman issue.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA • PENNSYLVANIA

BUFFALO
alone offers all these advantages...



BUFFALO leads all Great Lake ports in value of freight handled. 13 railroads deliver this freight to 90 million people within 12 hours from Buffalo.

Canada, the United States' best customer, is only 3 minutes away. Over 75% of American Railway Express shipments to Canada go through Buffalo.

Buffalo's power cost is about ⅓ the average for the United States . . . one cause of Buffalo's industrial versatility. The American Encyclopedia says: "Buffalo has a more diversified line of industry than any other American city."

Buffalo banks are progressive and adequate. The Marine has resources of $225,000,000 and an earnest desire to co-operate with sound industrial enterprises.

MARINE
TRUST COMPANY
OF
BUFFALO

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $27,000,000

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

One man in every four wears a 6⅞ hat

The percentage is fixed . . . . You can't change it

"Mad as a hatter." Where did that phrase come from? Like as not it started with a hatter who had overstocked on hats, size 6⅞.

"A mile too large," grumbled his first customer. "'Way too small," growled his second. "Don't fit," muttered the third. And by then the hatter had learned that the law of averages can't be beaten where head sizes are concerned. Business proceeds largely on the famous law of averages. The modern hatter knows that one head in every four fits nicely into a 6⅞ hat. The haberdasher has found out that one neck in every three should be dressed with a 15-size collar.

You can't raise *these* percentages. But nearly every other sales law can be split wide open with the proper amount of pressure.

For instance, automobile salesmen usually *expect* to sell every twenty-fifth caller. Life insurance solicitors *hope* to interest ten in every hundred men to whom the girl at the gate takes their cards. The washing-machine road man *figures* to sign up one new dealer for every seventeen calls.

And so it goes all through business. So many calls, so many sales; so much effort, so much result.

These percentages are *not* fixed. You *can* set a new law of averages here.

Send good printing ahead of your salesman—and soon he reports better interviews, more sales.

Let the postman carry a mailing piece to your customers—and watch the added volume your old trade gives you.

Mail interesting literature to the homes from which your prospects come—and observe how much closer to the buying stage they are brought.

The first rule in breaking the law of averages is to interest more people in you and your wares. That's a job for a good printer and good printing!

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list. Or write S. D Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Warren's Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

One house in every ? ? ? will buy your goods

That percentage is not *fixed . . . . Printing will raise it*

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

Come on, motorists!
enlist in the crusade *against*
Spark Plug Paralysis

MANY car owners will say: "Why should *I* join the Crusade? I don't have any spark plug troubles. My plugs are O. K."

But—does your car still run as lively as when new? Still zoom up hills like a young fellow? Still dart away from a stand-still? . . . If not, look out for Spark Plug Paralysis!

Many cars on the road are crippled by this common disease. So the chances are *that your car is a victim*, even though you don't know it.

The most common cause of Spark Plug Paralysis is carbon. An inspection of over 1,000 cars has revealed this fact. Carbon lodges in the crevices of the plug and forms leak holes through which part of the electric current escapes. *If only this carbon could be burned away before it hardens—then a spark plug might defy paralysis for the life of your car!*

That is exactly what happens in the new Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plug. One factor in the Pyro-Action of this plug is the insulator. It will not crack even at the high cylinder temperatures of combustion. It absorbs and retains sufficient heat to burn up excessive oil and liquid fuel as fast as they touch the insulator. Thus Spark Plug Paralysis is baffled!

Without risk you can join the Crusade against Spark Plug Paralysis, by trying a set of Pyro-Action plugs in your own car for 30 days! If you are then not entirely satisfied that your car has new pep, new power, new youth, you can return the plugs and get your money back.

Every Robert Bosch dealer offers you this remarkable guarantee. Or you can join the Crusade direct, in which case please write us the make of your car, the model and year. Enclose check, or pay the postman on delivery, as you prefer; at the rate of $4 a set of plugs if 4-cylinder car; $6 if 6-cylinder; $8 if 8-cylinder. (Exceptions: Chrysler Red Head, Falcon, Pierce-Arrow, Reo Flying Cloud, $7.50; Marmon 8, Studebaker President, $10.00.) If not satisfied in 30 days, return the plugs and your money will be refunded.

Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs. For your protection, Pyro-Action Plugs for passenger cars, busses, trucks, tractors, motor boats, airplanes, etc., bear the full name Robert Bosch and this trademark:

ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.
5601 P Queens Boulevard, Long Island City, N. Y.

The Original Bosch
Pyro·Action
SPARK PLUGS

Dealers: Write nearest distributor for information:

Allentown, Pa. Electrical Devices Co.
Asbury Park, N. J. Auto Elec. Serv. Co.
Boston, Mass. E. B. Atmur Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y. Comr. Router Auto. Ele.
Burlington, N. J. Motor Parts Corp.
Camden, N. J. Electrical Parts Corp.
Cincinnati, O. Motor Car Service Co.
Cleveland, O. Wagner Ign. Serv. Co.
Columbus, O. Auto Elec. Serv. Co.
Dallas, Tex. Dallas Auto Elec. Co.
Detroit, Mich. Brown Bat. & Ele. Co.
Detroit, Mich. Motor Car Service Co.
Elizabeth, N. J. Motor Car Service Co.
Fall River, Mass. E. B. Atmur Co., Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa. Atlas Battery Co.
Hartford, Conn. E. B. Atmur Co., Inc.
Jamestown, N. Y. Hause Bat. & Auto El. Corp.
Kansas City, Mo. Electrical & Mag. Serv. Co.
Lancaster, Pa. Penn Automobile Co.
Lynn, Mass. Parkhurst Auto Elec. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. Magneto Sales & Serv. Co.
Louisville, Ky. Koch Auto Elec. Co.
Memphis, Tenn. Motor Batteries Co.
Miami, Fla. Clayton Bat. & Eng. Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. Fowler Elec. Co.
Montgomery, Ala. Kendrick Bros. Co.
Newark, N. J. Tire Trading Co.
New Haven, Conn. Auto Elec. Sales & Serv. Co.
New Orleans, La. Sulzen, Inc.
New York, N. Y. Manhattan Ign. Corp.
Bronx Empire State Ignition Corp.
Philadelphia, Pa. Lentz & Shields Co.
Providence, R. I. E. B. Atmur Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va. Auto Elec. Service Co.
Rochester, N. Y. Starter & Ign. Serv. Co.
Rockford, Ill. Ira J. Carlson
Salina, Kan. Motor Service Co.
San Francisco, Cal. Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Scranton, Pa. Budget Ign. Service
Springfield, Mass. E. B. Atmur Co., Inc.
St. Louis, Mo. Motor Elec. Equip. Co.
Tampa, Fla. Electric Service Co.
Toledo, Ohio Port Motor Parts Co.
Toronto, Can. Auto Starter Co., Ltd.
Trenton, N. J. Electric Service
Troy, N. Y. Hirsch Electric Service
Tulsa, Okla. Elec. & Mag. Equip. Co.
Utica, N. Y. Auto Gear & Auto Parts Corp.
Vancouver, Can. Battery House Ltd.
W. Palm Beach, Fla. Sutcliffe's Auto. Elec. Serv.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Watson Stabilator Co.

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progress. And he had always been interested in furniture. He had read a great many books on the subject and had acquired quite a stock of information about it. I assisted him to secure a position as a salesman in a furniture store. He utilizes his knowledge of advertising by supervising the store's advertising program. I do not know whether he is making more money than he was as an advertising copy writer, but at any rate that was not his motive in wishing to make the change. In his present position he is much more contented, and will for that reason probably also improve his position financially.

"A young woman of unusual brilliance was called from a university teaching position to do statistical work for a large advertising agency. She was very successful in this work and found it interesting, but not engrossing. Her father had been a doctor. Merely as a form of diversion she took some courses in chemistry and psychology at one of the large New York universities. And as a result of these studies she became interested in medicine. Furthermore, although she is now well on in her thirties, her interest in medicine has become far deeper than was her former interest in the study of mathematics, even in her early explorations of it. Because of her excellence as a student, she has won several scholarships, and she has been able to resign her position as a research worker and to devote all of her time to the study of medicine.

"Those who come to me without a hobby are the hardest to help. Most of them have ideas about things that they think they would like to do, but they have never actually tried to do any of them. My recommendation to such people is for them to take some one thing that they think they would like to do and actually to make an effort to do it. The person who is fortunate enough to find out one thing he likes to do, and does do it, is sure to gain in some way. It may not prove to be an open sesame to great ambitions. But in any case, doing anything that one wants to is worth while for its own sake.

"Employers, I have found, generally like to have their employes have some sort of interest outside of their regular work, provided it has a recreational aspect to it and is not merely a device for making more money. It is not, of course, a simple task for a person to find out what he wants to do. Certainly, it isn't often that he can discover it by theorizing or sense it by intuition alone. Usually it is necessary to experiment. And if the right thing isn't hit upon the first time, it does no harm to try again. The danger expressed in that old homily, Jack of all trades and master of none, is often exaggerated. So many come to me who are not enthusiastic Jacks of even one trade." —Franklin S. Clark.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada) Foreign prices quoted on request

Men, too, have quickly taken to using garments fitted with Talon—the original slide-fastener

Your average man is nothing if not practical—and lazy. Give him a chance, as the Talon Slide-Fastener does, to dodge the grief of missing buttons, to quit messing about with old-fashioned methods of fastening, and he's for you, as naturally as a duck is for water . . . You see Talon, the original slide-fastener, everywhere on garments men wear . . . lumberjacks, overalls, shirts and underwear. On things they use constantly, too, tobacco pouches, golf and traveling bags, brief cases, etc. The downright ease and comfort that Talon Slide-Fasteners afford have sold men 100%.

Underwear, Flannel Shirt, School Bag, Work Clothes—showing the application of the smart, convenient Talon Slide-Fasteners

Talon Slide-Fasteners always work, that's why they please men

. . . Women and children, too . . . A gentle pull and Talon Slide-Fasteners close snugly and securely. Once closed they never accidentally come open. Unlike buttons, snaps, etc., Talon Slide-Fasteners cannot be torn off, never need replacing. Their unbreakable grip assures absolute safety against gaping edges. Wash them, they will not rust. Flexible, can be run through wringer, stepped on, given all kinds of abuse and still they work smoothly and quickly.

Identify the Talon, the original slide-fastener, by the word "Talon" or "Hookless" on the pull.

Write us, the original manufacturers of Talon Slide-Fasteners, for names of companies making Talon-fitted articles

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHICAGO: 14 East Jackson Blvd. NEW YORK CITY: 393 Seventh Avenue

THE TALON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SLIDE FASTENER . . .

© 1928, Hookless Fastener Co.

"Pink Tooth Brush"?

Never neglect it--start with IPANA *today!*

A LITTLE tinge of "pink" upon a tooth brush may be a trivial and unimportant thing. But more likely it is an indication—a pretty broad hint—that somewhere in your gum wall is a tender, spongy spot . . . one which you can quickly restore to normal with Ipana and massage.

. . . or one which, neglected and uncared-for, could easily result in stubborn troubles, such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

. . .

One great element present in the lives of all of us is having a bad effect upon our gums. It is this soft modern food we eat, fibreless, robbed of roughage, creamy, and all too easy on the gums.

It does not give to the gums the stimulation they need to remain in health. It causes them to grow flabby and soft . . . to bleed easily.

How Ipana and massage help restore the gums to health

In half a minute, every time you brush your teeth, you can remedy the damage that your all-too-soft diet is doing to your gums.

For a light massage with the finger or the brush will restore to your gums the stimulation they require. Thousands of good dentists recommend it, for they know the good it does.

Thousands of them, too, recommend that the massage be effected with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana, because of its content of ziratol (a recognized antiseptic and hemostatic), has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gums fully as important as the massage itself.

Make a month's trial of Ipana

The coupon offers a 10-day sample, gladly sent. But the better way is to get a full-size tube of Ipana at the drug store today. Brush your teeth and gums with it, faithfully, twice a day, for one month. With its regular use will come a new sense of oral cleanliness . . . and a firm and healthy gum structure that will defy the ravages and threats of gum diseases.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P 982,
73 West St., New York, N. Y.

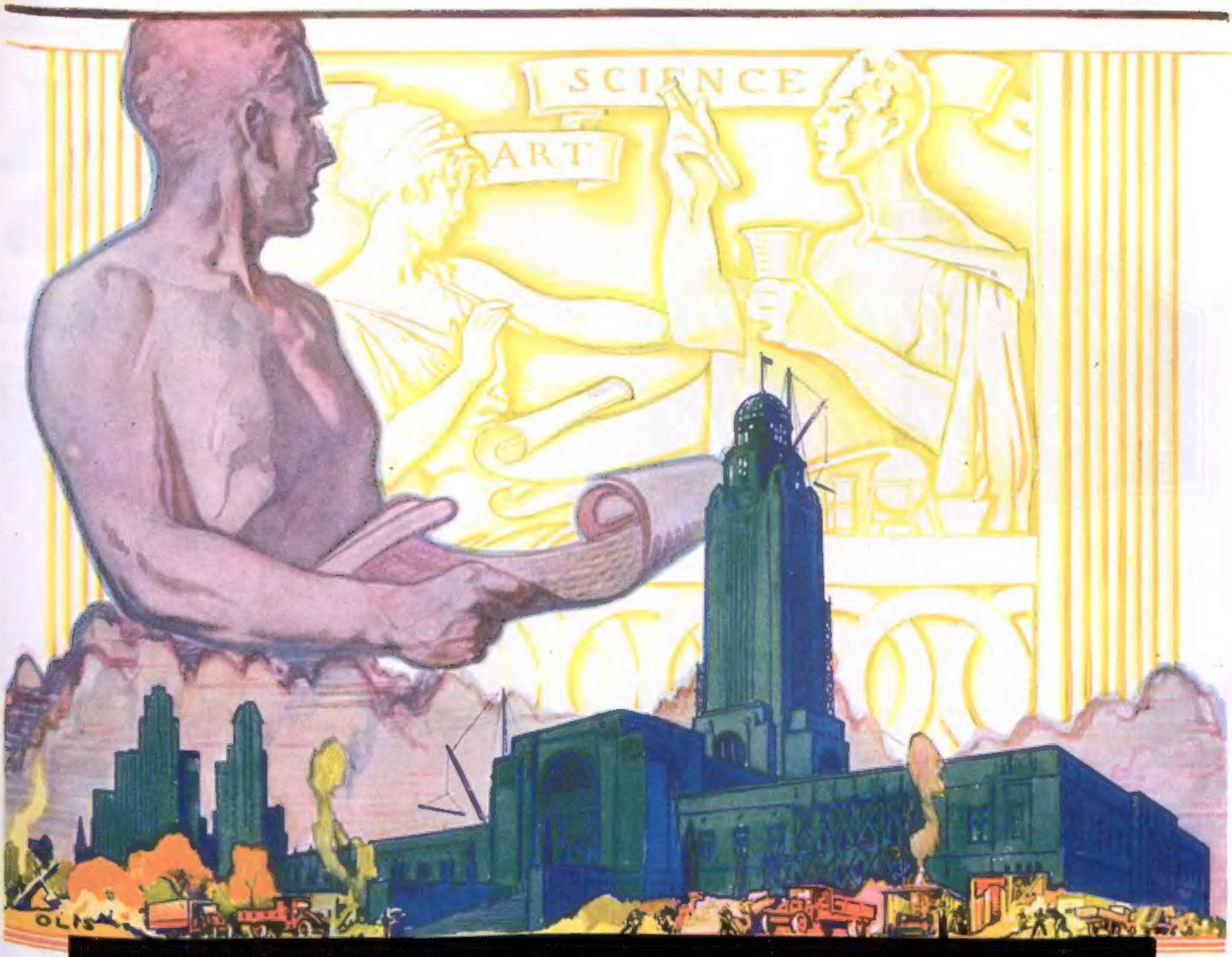
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

© 1928



Science and Art are Combined to Make Certain-teed Products the Standard of Quality in Modern Building

In modern building, remodeling and decorating, beauty of color, line and design is as insistently stressed as durability or economy. Thus, in the preparation of many Certain-teed products, staffs of chemists and engineers blend their scientific experience with that of artists and designers...The results are known and sought out in every part of the world.

Consider any one of the different Certain-teed Shingles—its design must trace interesting shadow lines on the roof, producing at the same time a method for secure laying and interlocking. Sometimes, years of research and experiment are devoted to the production of one shingle design!

The same care is given to the development of patterns for the scores of charming Certain-teed Floor-coverings. And through all the lines—Paints and Varnishes, Wall Board, Fibre Board, Building Blocks, Roll Roofings—science and art are combined to keep the name Certain-teed a symbol for progressive, satisfying products, of extra quality and extra value.

Certain-teed

ASPHALT ROOFINGS, ASPHALT SHINGLES, BUILDING PAPERS, BUILDING FELTS, ASBESTOS SHINGLES, PAINTS, VARNISHES, LACQUERS, LINOLEUM, FLOORTEX, NAPARA RUGS, OIL CLOTH, GYPSUM PLASTERS, BUILDING BLOCKS GYPSUM BOARD, FIBER WALLBOARD, INSULATING BOARD

"Acid Condition was My Trouble"

"My doctor discovered it, changed my diet slightly, and said, 'Drink lots of orange juice!' Since then I've felt like a different person."

"I had thought that oranges, being 'acid fruit,' could not be good for anything like Acidosis.

"But Dr. Barring soon reassured me with the statement that, while acid in *taste*, they have an *alkaline* reaction in the body and are, therefore, one of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

"So I began with orange juice three times a day—before breakfast and lunch and after dinner in the evening.

"In ten days my headaches left me, my appetite was better, my indigestion gone—in short, I felt like my old self again. That was two years ago. And since then I have been a better business man because my body hasn't been continually nagging at my brain.

"Try it, if you have sour stomach, indigestion, acid mouth, headaches; or have tendencies toward nervousness, sleeplessness, or any general disorder that you don't quite understand.

"Of course if your symptoms are in any way accentuated you should see your doctor, for your case may be different from mine. If like mine, orange juice will do you lots of good.

"Your physician probably will prescribe it if you have Acidosis in any form."

Write to address below for free book, "*Telling Fortunes with Foods*," explaining Acidosis in detail.

Sometimes people with Acidosis need more vegetables, milk and other alkaline-reaction foods in addition to the orange juice. Your doctor will know. In other cases an adequate amount of orange juice alone greatly increases the efficiency.

To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trademark on the wrapper and on the skin of the fruit.

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

Look for This Machine

It is being distributed by the Growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

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California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 109, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.